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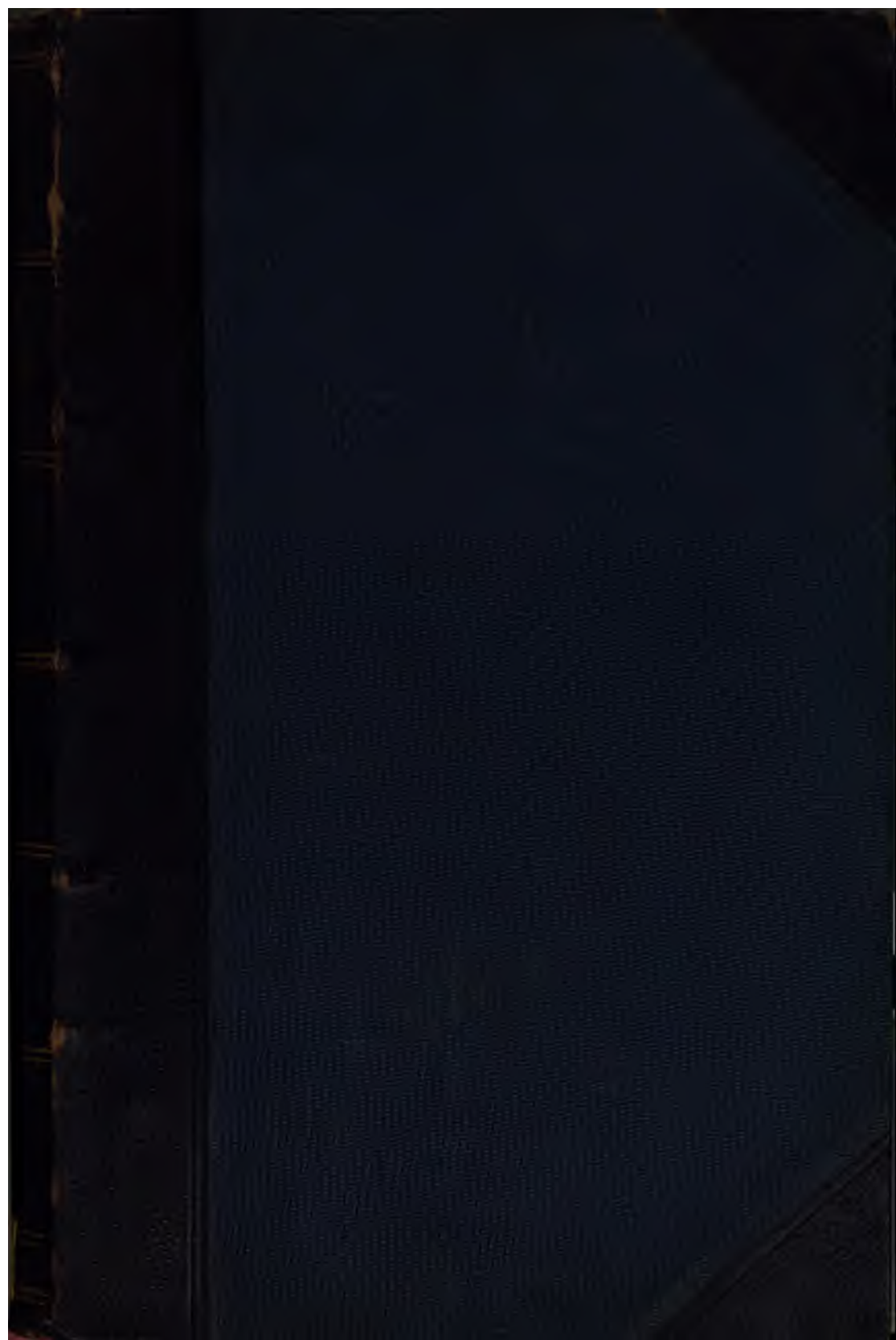
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CLARA ELPHICK.

18 January 1871.
W. T. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1867.

No. 109.

LIVING FOOD FOR LIVING CHILDREN.

MY VERY DEAR AND GREATLY INDULGED RUTH,—who profiteth much by gleaning, having found favour in the eyes of her God, Kinsman, Husband, and Redeemer, to whom the right of redemption belongeth, being near of kin, whose right it was to marry the damsel to raise up the name of the dead upon His inheritance; and He being a mighty Man of wealth, and you now manifested a joint heir with Him, you stand in possession of His person, and possessed with His unsearchable riches; and to you it is declared, by the Spirit of wisdom, "All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Therefore I wonder not at your jealousies which arise from pure love, that when there appears to be a stop at the bank of flowing cash, you importune so readily and urgently, and remind Him of His love, recite His promises, and point at His faithfulness, and say, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me;" but there is such a reciprocity in love, that whilst we say, "I will not let thee," it flows from His heart that He hates to put away: and I have thought, and believe the truth of what I write, that even His withholdings for the set time are all in love, and to me they are dear answers to our entreaties (think this over), because we are so fond of all indulgence, that we want to have it just as we like it; but there is a love-truth we must learn; namely, "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord:" and those that wait on the Lord shall renew strength; and to such Himself thus speaks, "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors; for whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord:" therefore as we have passed by the watchmen, and the keepers of the walls, and have found Him whom

our soul loveth, we certainly are assured that He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself; so that our feeling the need of certain things promised, is as much love manifested as to have our need supplied; but with us there is a wonderful difference in feeling, but no difference in life and love, union and interest; and I add, in love, that it is from want of duly considering this, and not rightly apprehending the truth of it, that we disquiet ourselves and get into that feverish excitement to encourage mistrust, and we being assured that all He is and has is ours, let us at all times ponder this over, and say, with David, "My meditations of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord;" and we find that in these meditations of Him there is a mixation takes place, His heart, mind, and love with ours, and ours with His; and we cannot refrain from being glad in the Lord, and sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted:" and no one can stop us from making our boast in the Lord, saying, "Behold God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song: He also is become my salvation." Thus by faith we always triumph in Christ, and it is by these simple acts of believing in Him that we honour Him, outmatch the devil, and have no confidence in the flesh. I wonder not at the Apostle's heart-felt expression in that tender admonition to the Church (2 Cor. xi. 3), and we need it as much as they did, lest our minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ; for Satan often tries to get me to be exercising myself in great matters; but I desire to be kept wholly from it, delighting myself in the Lord, and doubly delighted with the simplicity that is in Christ, to be wholly and fully satisfied with Christ my all, and my all in Him, believing that as I am a member of His body, so I have all that I shall need in time and to all eternity. As we are in Him new creatures, the simplicity is this: that we now live and stand in Him in all fulness of eternal life, eternal blessedness, salvation, and eternal glory: and with these hints I drop another, that this to me is more than all my enjoyments, though I love them more than all the world, yet they are not my daily bread and life, but Christ Jesus my Lord is that. I believe my Ruth hath one heart and mind with me in these truths, and with me understand their import; for it is by these truths demonstrated in the heart that we believers find Christ so exceedingly precious: and as the word *simplicity* signifies plainness without cunning or abstruseness, so our most glorious Christ, the wisdom of God in a mystery, saith, "They are all plain to him that understandeth" (Prov. viii. 9); and thus we find that the law or doctrine of the Lord maketh wise the simple (Ps. xix. 17), and the entrance of His words giveth light, and giveth understanding to the simple (Ps. cx. 13). As

we are led on by the Spirit, with a heart-felt experience of these truths, so we shall be satisfied and pleased at all times and in all circumstances with the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus, the Surety, Mediator, Advocate, and Intercessor, the Way, the Truth, and the Life: and "it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell;" "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" and we are the fulness of Him who filleth all in all. "O the depth of the riches!"

Be it observed, that the married wife hath no need to fear by night or day that any arrest can take place from law or justice, or that she ever can be again brought to the judgment seat, there to be tried and condemned; for the Judge of Israel, our Husband, was stricken, smitten, and afflicted of God; who by His holy obedience magnified the law, and by His personal sufferings, blood shedding, and death, satisfied justice, and He glorified the Father in finishing the work He gave Him to do: and the fulness of His words stand for ever the same unto us and for us, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." In this freedom we daily live, delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and because of this I live free from all things that many are grumbling about, and herein at all times to me Christ is precious, and I am perfectly satisfied that I shall never be more free from the substance of those things that our most glorious Christ hath made us free from. What say you to this, my dear child? These things are learnt in the garden of nuts; therefore I beseech you, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, to consider these things, and ponder them over; for herein we have the unfoldings of His suitability and preciousness, with the simplicity there is in Christ: and as I have you in my heart to die and live with, and those with you that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth, I say, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost:" and I desire you to look minutely at the divine order of these words, and see how it embraces the word believing, which word to me is more than all my experience and enlargements; for without believing, what is all religion and experience so much contended for? Hear what the Lord saith by His servant, "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." Hear what our precious Lord Jesus saith, "This is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." Then again, "Unto you therefore that believe He is precious:" and the God of hope fills us with all joy and peace in believing. Thus we say, "We believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This is

the truth I love, and this is the precious Christ whose I am, and whom I serve; and we will praise, adore, and crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

Beloved, the contents of yours greatly comforted me, and you may rest assured you will never trouble or tire me with such epistles of love, in love, concerning Him whom our souls love; for His words of love written by us are as apples of gold in pictures of silver. Your hint of caviling in some quarters made me very glad; for I hope never to speak to the people of God anywhere if there is not an uproar made; for I have observed for years that whilst the lambs feed after their manner, the dogs will snarl and bark; and I say, with David, "Let them return in the evening, and go round about the city, and let them grudge if they are not satisfied;" but the Lord will be admired and glorified in them that believe.

My love to my Mary, the afflicted one, and say that if she hath faith to be healed, she will become like the man at the gate of the temple, or like the poor cripple before Paul and Barnabas. I expect you have talked over your love stories and sung your love songs together since I saw you. May peace and prosperity abound in Zion, and Jesus and salvation be increasingly precious unto you all! Love to Mr. and Mrs. N——, Mr. and Mrs. R——, Mr. and Mrs. —, the Doctor and his spouse, Miss C——, the dear widow Wilson and her children, and others besides, whose names I do not recollect; but they are in the book of life. Great love to you and dear mother. The blessing of the Lord that maketh rich be with you.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

A REVIEW.

Memoirs of Mercies and Miseries. By Mr. James Godsmark. Second Edition, revised by the Author, with Second and Third Parts. London: Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate Street; or direct from the Author, Leverton Street, Kentish Town, N. W.

MANY of our readers will remember that the *first part* of the above *work* was reviewed by us some years ago, and some not being satisfied with the extracts then given, purchased the *work* for themselves; and from the direct and indirect testimonies that we have

received, our brother did not write and publish his work for naught. Since then, according to a conditional promise made by the author, our friends have been on the look out for the Second Part, and though it has been "a good time coming," we now have the pleasure of announcing to our friends that it is come; and we heartily hope that the children of God scattered abroad, and the readers of our monthly especially, will see to it that our much tried brother shall not be a loser by its publication.

As a whole, the book contains more *sighs* than *songs*, more *lamentations* than *exultations*, more *adversity* than *prosperity*, but not more *miseries* than *mercies*. How is this? Because we do not believe that a child of God can be subjected to any *misery* which is not, directly or indirectly, sooner or later, more or less, a real *mercy*. The great Apostle of the Gentiles settles this point at once by saying, "We know that all things work together for the BEST to them that love God: to those who are called according to His purpose."

Our brother's pathway throughout has been a most trying one, but we will not detain our readers with further preliminary remarks, but at once introduce our author to their notice.

In August, 1840, I was sent to Old Shoreham to work and fix some new windows in the church. The archdeacon was much pleased with the work, and gave me half a sovereign. Other repairs were then looked out, and the churchwarden—a farmer, who knew my father—expressed much interest in my welfare, and advised me to remove to Shoreham, adding that subscriptions were being raised for extensive repairs, which would employ me all the winter. I then removed to Shoreham, with a very grateful heart to the God of my mercies for such a kind interposition of His providence; for my master at Worthing had nothing to do. One evening, about the end of November, two masons called on me for a little help, telling me of the sad falling-off of work—that a large job had been stopped, throwing out about sixty of them. The next morning I went to the church, as usual; but I was too light; pride was fermenting in my deceitful heart, which is

"Hurtful when perceived;
When not perceived, 'tis worse."

HART.

But I *had* to perceive it, and that very shortly, by a terrible dash of my confidence. As I walked about the church that morning, I said to myself (vain fool that I was!) "See what it is to be a good mason and a steady man. I shall be comfortably housed this winter, while so many are out of work," and so on. Thus, instead of humbly acknowledging the goodness of God to such a wretch, I was canvassing over *my* goodness, abilities, &c. Saturday afternoon the churchwarden came down, as usual. I never felt more secure, and yet in a moment his embarrassed manner sent a shot right home to my defenceless and foolish heart, and then in came the volley; "I am very sorry, Godsmark, but I have received a letter from the archdeacon, stating that the works must be stopped till the spring, unless I can advance more money, which I cannot do. They wish to consult the bishop and the architects of Magdalen College, and see what money can be raised before they proceed any farther. I am very sorry, Godsmark, indeed; but you see I can't help it. I hope you will get a job somewhere." I neither looked up from my work, nor made him any answer. I was quite full, but it was not pride now. He saw the effect of his message, and left. I picked up my tools and went home, quite crushed, told my wife that it was all up, I was discharged, and that there was another '38 winter for us to endure. This was a night of darkness and sorrow. I had built so much on this winter's work, I expended what little money I had saved, to make my cottage comfortable; but I could soon save more. And

many little pleasing interests spring up in future calculations; but now all was swept away with one cruel blow. And the devil suggested how easy it was to be deceived; that I had praised God for mercies which He knew I should not realize. And, under the pangs of cutting disappointment in temporal things, spiritual matters were again questioned. I was conscious of the vanity of my foolish heart, and, instead of walking humbly as the chief of sinners, I was too self-sufficient. Thus this sharp trial was sent to purge out a little more of the cursed old leaven. In the morning my wife asked me if I were going to Brighton to hear the word preached? I told her that I felt more fit to go into the river headlong than to chapel; and expected that if she felt as I did, and considered the poor thing in the cradle, she would not take it quite so coolly. I then, like Naaman, went away in a rage. But his rage did not prevent his cure; but I don't think that he was cured till he was better tempered; and though then I was as rebellious as a tiger, humility and contrition preceded my deliverance. God had blasted the gourd which His kindness had prepared, and I thought I did well to be angry. God has blasted a great many gourds since; and it is well to know that the same love that prepares the gourd, prepares also the worm to gnaw it. I was walking up a lane a little out of the town, wondering what I should do; it was next to an impossibility to hope for work till the spring, for the severe winter '40 '41 had commenced in earnest. When quite hopeless, rebellion is apt to give way, and grief breaks the hard heart, from a sense of desertion; for there was a greater loss. I felt forsaken by Him whom I loved, and who had so mercifully revealed His love to me. The tears of godly sorrow will soon flow under this feeling, and the heart will express its bitterness. "Wilt Thou not, O my God, be favourable any more? Hast Thou in anger shut up Thy tender mercies? Thou has been my help: oh, leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation!" I crawled into the hedge, and thus poured out my complaint to God; after which I felt greatly relieved, and intended to go to Brighton to hear Mr. Vinal in the evening, having been many times comforted by his ministry. When I got home I found that some man had brought a note; he came on the Saturday night late, but could not find us out. I saw that it was from the churchwarden, and read as follows, verbatim:—

GODEFMARK,

I know that you were greatly disappointed this afternoon, and I felt for you. I thought that I would go the 'Squire, and ask him if he would be so kind as to give his subscription at once, as it was my wish to keep you on as a leading man for the spring. He at once gave me a cheque for £50; therefore you can come on again Monday morning.

How kindly and timely the interposition! How marvellously the Lord works with His children! What pains He takes to humble their pride! And when thus crushed, brought down into the lowest dust, how He remembers our frailties! The Lord is determined that His children shall live upon Himself and lean upon Himself. Hence He cuts off all creature dependencies. The evil fruit that grows upon that corrupt tree called *Independence* He is pleased to blast again and again. He will not allow His children, His favorites, to go with the multitude, to live as do the children of the bondwoman: and however His leadings and dealings may cross their fleshly way and will, He is determined to carry out—though it be to the creature's crucifixion—His own eternal purpose. The Lord will have His own way.

As a specimen of the trying pathway of Mr. G., and the opposition that he met with when called to preach the "Glorious Gospel of the blessed God," we quote the following:

I continued preaching in my cottage, and was favoured with much liberty in setting forth Christ as the Author of eternal salvation to all that believe; but there was very soon

a stir about Godsmark's preaching, and, as might be expected in a small town, a good deal of curiosity and mockery was excited by some, who said, "Well, to be sure, only to think, the bare idea of such a thing! Well, well, I wonder who we shall have preaching next!" I was afraid that my landlord would take part with my opponents; but, on the contrary, he allowed me to take down a partition, and throw the two rooms into one, making quite a commodious little chapel, which was licensed by the Bishop of Chichester, and, I trust, consecrated by the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. I now preached regularly twice on the Sunday and once in the week. Of course, this soon reached the ears of my employers, and a marked difference in their bearing was discernible. From that they began to talk with me very seriously, showing the impropriety of such a course, advising me by all means to give up preaching, as it would produce nothing but scandal. Also, the parson was very much annoyed, and the old incumbent of Portlade church, who christened me, begged that I would relinquish preaching, adding, that as the Almighty had given me ability to build churches of stone, I ought to be content; that himself with others were willing to do anything for me, providing I gave up all pretensions in matters concerning the Church spiritual, which belonged exclusively to those who were classically qualified and ordained, and he hoped for my own sake that I should prayerfully consider his advice. And so I did, for I considered that it was rather incompatible with episcopal discipline, to allow a dissenting parson to work in the Established Church; and especially where the narrow ways of a country village nurture prejudice and persecution, and where the parish Priest and Squire have the bodies, souls, and estates of their parishioners almost entirely in their secular and spiritual gripe; and Dissenting priests and 'squires are no better, but so far as I am concerned far worse. My position was now a very anxious one; a fair opportunity was offered me by my employers if I would give up preaching, if not, a winter of poverty awaited me. The point was now, whether I should obey God or man—that is, if He had really called me to the work, which was at times a serious question. But I determined to go on while God helped me, and blessed me in declaring His truth. The work was stopped, and the obstinate man discharged.

In the following winter I experienced much of the miseries attendant on poverty. My little flock subscribed fifteen shillings. This was my first tithe-gathering: afterwards they raised about three shillings per week. We were often driven to severe extremities. One afternoon, being almost in despair and tempted to give up preaching, Satan or my own heart suggested that it was quite evident that it was not from God, and that the few who did receive my testimony would soon get sick of it; also that I was thereby starving my wife and little ones, whereas I might have been comfortable and respected. That day we had nothing but bread, and that was now gone. It was preaching night, and the word of God was sealed up, save that which aggravated my case. I left my book, and went out, not knowing or caring whither I went. In crossing a field, I met the workmen from the old church, for the work was soon recommenced after I was discharged. They of course gave me a salute, "*Halloo, foreman, fine times for parsons! Stand a pot now, I reckon, eh?*" This about finished up my feelings of shame and despair; I was determined not to preach that night, and hastened towards home. I felt my confidence gone, and that it was folly to go on thus far; for if God had any regard for my preaching, things would be different. In going up the High Street, I met a man that I knew at Brighton. He asked me how I was getting on, and if it were really true that I preached. I replied that it was quite true, but that I meant to give it up. "Well," said he, "if God has not sent you, the sooner you give it up the better; however, I have heard a little about you: don't be too hasty, you must not mind a few rubs. I hope you'll turn out a right un, Godsmark;" and he gave me half-a-crown. I was at once meekened under a sense of God's goodness to such a rebellious wretch, which prepared my heart for the reception of this Scripture; "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." This served me for a text, and my soul was refreshed. My God *had* graciously supplied my temporal and spiritual wants that day, and my confidence in His mercy was re-established.

"This promise oft I call to mind,
As through some darksome path I go,
And secret consolation find,
And strength to fight with every foe." HART.

In mentioning these simple, yet to me, gracious interpositions of the eternal providence,

I am aware that it is not generally acceptable, nor do I write it with that view; for I know not that this humble narrative will ever see the light: for I am almost as poor now as then, knowing little else besides adversity and persecution these last twenty years. But God has and does add His blessing to those memorials which record His goodness and mercy in defending, supporting, and finally delivering, poor pilgrims from the tribulations of this wilderness through which all more or less have to pass; and many, if not the majority, are poor in pocket as well as poor in spirit; and therefore I beg to state that in mentioning these things I make no pretensions to benefiting or interesting any one else, no, not even the children of God, who may by His wise providence be placed in a very different and comparatively happy position. One Sunday we were quite run out, and I went to chapel for the first time (but not the last) without a breakfast: and I found it hard work to go and declare the goodness of God, for my soul was also destitute. That wretched morning an old man from Portadale wished to speak with me, but I was anxious to avoid him; not that I disliked him, quite the reverse; but he would not go, and at last he said, "I should like to stay for the evening service." I was obliged to tell him that I was very sorry, but really could not ask him this time. "Why can't ye?" said he. "Because," I replied, "if you must know, I have nothing to offer you." The poor old man said with tears, "I know'd ye an't; 'twas so fastened on my mind last night, that I was obliged to come over, or else I had made up my mind to have been at Brighton this morning to hear Muster Sharp. Lor-a-massy, how wonderful the Lord do work, surely!"

Whatever impressions this kind-hearted old soul might have had, it produced a most seasonable supply; for he had killed a fine rabbit, which he brought, with other provisions, enough to last us for several days; and if ever a dinner was sanctified by the blessing of God, this seemed more so. When he left he gave me two shillings, and an old woman gave me sixpence, and a poor man from Worthing gave me a shilling. This indeed was a little shower of blessings, and my evening song of praise was enhanced by the sorrows of the morning.

Reader, can you read the foregoing without sympathising with our tried brother, and admiring the wonder-working hand of our precious Lord? How true is this portion of His own word—"But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

Next month we hope to further notice this work. Meanwhile we ask our readers to send for the book. It can be obtained direct from the Author, *post free*, for 30 stamps.

The foregoing extracts some of our readers will perceive are taken from the first part.

A SISTER'S SYMPATHY.

BELoved IN JESUS,—Grace and peace be with you. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus;" "for this Man shall be the peace when the Assyrian cometh into our land:" and

"Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because He trusteth in Thee." The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind, and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet. How unsearchable are Thy judgments, O Lord, and Thy ways past finding out! Aaron held his peace; Eli said, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good:" David said, "Let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him:" and Paul said, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God: for as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."

I stand astonished at the things which you have written unto me, beloved. Your route seems like the Israelites, very zig-zag to the natural eye; nevertheless the Lord directed both their movements and their encampments; for so it was, whether by day or by night, when the cloud was taken up they journeyed; and whether two days, or a month, or a year, the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, they abode in their tents and journeyed not. At the commandment of the Lord they rested, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed; and they thirsted not when He led them through the desert. He caused waters to flow out of the rock for them; He clave the rock also, and the waters gushed out, and they drank of that spiritual Rock which followed them, and that Rock is Christ: and of Him you drink, and are refreshed, and to Him you look and are lightened, and He tells your wanderings, and puts your tears into His bottle; and in all these things you are instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need: you can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth you; for He says, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

My heart is very tenderly touched by the afflictions of your old age, and can hardly realise that you have indeed twice struck your tent and pitched it again since we met. I am ready to feel like Joshua when he fell to the earth upon his face in sore distress, and cried, "O Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?" And, "What wilt Thou do unto Thy great name?" Oh! may the Lord instruct you as He did him, for though appearances were then so dark, he was the man by whom great deliverance was to be wrought, and even at that very time when the "God who revealeth secrets" had shown him the hindrance, He gave him a door of hope in the valley of trouble, and led him on to victory where before he had got such sad defeat.

May He thus build again your ministerial wall even in troublous times, and so pour out His Spirit, that the grape gleanings of your hoar hairs may exceed the vintage of your youth. If He gather round you a praying people, who will provide you a place to preach in, and instrumentally maintain it and you, it may be well that you be thus released from the cumber and trouble of many things which must devolve upon you in having personal secular interest in the place itself; but your God will instruct you to discretion, and I shall affectionately watch with you for the little cloud betokening abundance of rain.

Cannot express how deeply I feel, though I can only declare it by words (which are no help), because of heavy relative weight which has been lately laid upon me; but I can cry to the Lord for you and look up; and Oh! what cause have I to say, "He is a strong-hold in the day of trouble, and knoweth them that put their trust in Him." Again and again has He put a new song into my mouth when passing through the waters of tribulation, and I am looking for more of His loving kindness which is better than life, and He will not lay upon us more than He will enable us to bear; for "underneath are the everlasting arms;" and He will nourish and cherish us as His own flesh, and cause us continually to smell a savour of rest in His sweet atoning sacrifice: and though He say to us, "Seek ye not to Bethel," it is only to bring us still closer to Himself the God of Bethel, who is our Home, rest, and everlasting dwelling-place. O come, let us sing unto Him a new song; for His right hand, and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory, and made us in all these things more than conquerors through Him that loveth us.

I do feelingly weep with you, and joyfully sing with you; for though we walk in the midst of trouble, He will revive us, and praise is comely for the upright; and truly the spiced wine of His love goeth down so sweetly, that it maketh our lips to speak His praise, and causeth our hearts to be joyful even in tribulation also.

Forgive these few poor lines from a feeble but feeling heart: the love of Christ constraineth me, and therefore I thus speak. Kindest love to yourself and dear Mrs. T.

From yours affectionately in our glorious Head. "Thy God whom thou servest continually He will deliver thee."

R. BRYAN.

"Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong,
Vents in His bosom all her woes,
And, leaning, moves along.

O'er Jordan's icy flood,
When call'd by death to go,
She, leaning on her covenant God,
Shall pass triumphant through."

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"The voice of my Beloved."—SONG OF SOLOMON, ii. 8.

WE know that this is exclusively the language of the Bride, and thus she speaks respecting the Bridegroom of her soul: none but those who are joined to the Lord and one Spirit can adopt these terms. Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me," and none but sheep hear His voice, none but sheep appreciate His voice, none but sheep understand His voice. To some in the days of His flesh our beloved Lord said, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you," showing beyond all power to dispute the point that none but living children of God realise His favour, hear His voice, or feel His power: none but these are privileged to lean upon Him, refuge in Him, and sit down under His shadow with great delight, finding His fruit sweet to their taste. Infinite mercy to be members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones! Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, and He has presented it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

"In His sight fair, cleans'd by His Word,
A Bride adorn'd for her Lord."

She is holy and unblameable, and unreprieveable, being clad in the spotless righteousness of her Kinsman-Redeemer, and nothing shall sunder her from His embrace. "He that hath the Bride is the Bridegroom." She was united to Him in eternity, and no time-circumstance can touch eternal relationship; what she is now, such was she then, for she was loved then, blessed then, and saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. "Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world," and "The works were finished from the foundation of the world." "There is no new thing under the sun." True, she fell in union to a natural head, but that altered not her grace-relationship; Jesus raised her from that abyss of sin into which she was plunged. He atoned for her transgressions, He answered every law-charge.

"Christ exalted is our song,
Hymn'd by all the blood-bought throng;
To His throne our shouts shall rise,
God with us by sacred ties."

Yes! Christ is our song now, our one object, our one subject; not only will He be our song when we shall leave the stage of time,

and arrive at home, there to see the King in His beauty, and to admire that land which flows with milk and honey, but we love to sing of Him in the lowlands of sin and sorrow.

"Shout, believer, to thy God,
He hath once the wine-press trod :
Peace procured by blood divine,
Cancell'd all thy sins and mine."

O ! can you realise this by precious faith? Are your sins cancelled, obliterated, put away by His atoning sacrifice? Has He applied the blood of cleansing? Have you heard His voice saying, "I have redeemed *thee*?" If so, what cause have you to sing His praise, and crown Him Lord of all!"

"The voice of my Beloved!" This is a holy exclamation, and it is the utterance of the Bride, the Lamb's wife. Are there not some of the members of the Church of the First-born which are written in heaven in our presence? Are there not some of the Household of faith here? Yes! and our gracious Lord has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." How do we know He is our Beloved? Only by the manifestations of His love, the communications of His grace, the developments of His mercy, the unfoldings of His covenant purpose, and we can call Him by this endearing name because He has called us His love, His dove. He has told us we are amongst the trophies of His blood, the jewels in His crown; thus we have groundwork on which to rest, and a solid basis on which to build. He has dispelled all darkness and removed all distance; He has dispersed all doubts and fears, and He has enabled us to rise in living oneness with Himself; our hearts have expanded into His fulness, and enlarged into the ocean of His love, our souls have been cheered, our minds invigorated, and we have said, "The voice of my Beloved! behold, He cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." He has bowed the heavens and come down, and the mountains have melted at His blest presence: He has chased away all gloom, and we have exclaimed,

"Tis the voice of my Beloved,
His dear face methinks I see;
Fraught with blessings, peace, and pardon,
Skipping o'er the hills to me;
Sweet the accents,
Whispering peace, and sins forgiv'n."

and as a blessed effect, as a glorious consequence,

"Now the shades of night dispersing,
On me dawn'd the welcome day,
Love divine, beyond rehearsing,
Chas'd the mist of sin away,
Whilst my spirit
Bask'd in His meridian beam"

O! child of God, to be enabled to say this is a privilege of the highest order. I believe there are thousands of God's living children, thousands of the blood-redeemed family of heaven now on the earth who cannot adopt this language: they dare not take it up, and why? Because the Lord has not yet claimed relationship with them, and until He settle the point they cannot call Him their Beloved. They may say, It is the voice of the Church's Beloved; the voice of the Bride's Beloved; the voice of the Beloved of all God's family, but they cannot exclaim, "It is the voice of *my* Beloved," until the Lord communicate to them this free-grace privilege, until He minister to them in word and doctrine in the power of His own Spirit, until He be pleased to assure their conscience of their part in the Redeemer's blood. But when He grants them this sweet assurance, then it is the joy of their heart, and the delight of their soul to call Him their own Beloved, and they feel He is as much theirs as if He were no one else's Beloved, as much theirs as if they were the only objects of His love, the only subjects of His grace. O! how blessed is it to be enabled to give one's own personal testimony, and to say, "*My* Beloved is *mine*, and *I* am *His* : He feedeth among the lilies." Yes! He mingles among His lilies; He meets with the assemblies of His saints, and there He blesses them, and manifests His favour to them. "We being many are one bread and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread." Jesus feeds upon His lilies, and they feed upon Him; He dwells in their heart, and they dwell in His heart; thus we see it is mutual. The Bride says, "Let my Beloved come into His garden and eat His pleasant fruits," and He sweetly responds, "I am come into my garden, my sister spouse." O! yes, it is His delight to answer her request, and the language of His heart to every individual member of His body is, "What is thy petition, and it shall be granted thee? and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed." No matter, child of God, how enlarged your desires may be, the Lord will grant them; He will pour down a copious shower of blessing, He will lead you to the house of banquet, He will feed you with the finest of the wheat, even the good old corn of the land, and He will grant you draughts of the wine of the kingdom.

"He'll cheer you with eternal smile,
You'll sing Hosannah all the while,
Or, overcome with rapture sweet,
Fall down adoring at His feet."

And again you will cry out, "It is the voice of my Beloved." Ah! you will feel His encircling arms around you, you will feel His heart of love beating toward you; His voice will echo and re-echo in your heart; it will vibrate and re-vibrate in your inmost soul.

He has promised to bless abundantly the provision of His house, and to satisfy His poor with bread, and we know His house is His Church, the election of grace. "The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation. This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell, for I have desired it." Oh to hear His voice! Oh to know His name! Oh to realise His presence! His words find response in our fire-kindled soul, and how glorious is it to be raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; raised up in resurrection blessedness, raised up in oneness with Him; and we rejoice to know there is no condemnation, neither can there be any separation. He has revealed to us the abundance of peace and truth, and He is our Beloved on the ground of relationship, on the ground of union. He will never contradict our claim, or disown that bond of love which exists between us. We have felt the constraining and the kindling of His love many times; His words have dropped into our hearts blazing with fire times and again; we have been overpowered with His goodness, and melted down before Him, and we have said,

" 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At Thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

"Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesu's feet,
What must it be to wear a crown
And sit with Jesus on His throne!"

To sit with that glorious Beloved who is high and lifted up, and whose train fills the temple! Oh may His love fill our hearts, and may He inspire our tongues to praise His name! May He strengthen us with might by His Spirit in the inner man! May He develop His favour, and lead us to shout again, "The voice of my Beloved!" Satan often tries to hinder us, the flesh rises against us, the world and time-cares press heavily upon us, and oftentimes keep us down; but when He causes us by His soft constrainings to rise up and come away, we rise above all surrounding circumstances, and we get away to the mountains of spices. How many here have heard His voice? In heart-affection we ask the question, for we well know with the poet that

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

"O," say some, "we do not believe in a *feeling* religion." Well! without union there can be no communion, and if you are not united to the Lord, you know nothing of the manifestations of His love, the communications of His power; if He has not placed your

feet on the Rock you have never known what it has been to exult in deliverance and freedom; but where union exists, communion will follow; there must be feeling, there must be an entering into His heart of love, and if there be a *communication* there must be a *receiving* it; if there be a *revelation*, there must be a *knowledge*; if there be *manifestation*, there must be *heart-realisation*; hence you who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, who have realised one manifestation, one sip of the brook by the way, one streamlet, one rivulet, have cause to bless His name. You would never have enjoyed His favour had not the relative tie existed. To know Him whom to know is life eternal; to hear His voice, to taste His love, are blessings beyond all expression. Do you not think Paul knew something of these things when he was caught up to the third heavens and heard unspeakable words which it was impossible for him to utter in human language? and in another place he testifies that Christ was seen after His resurrection of Cephas, then of the twelve; after that of above five hundred brethren at once; after that of James, then of all the apostles, and then he adds, "Last of all He was seen of me also." The Lord appeared to him in His resurrection power and glory, and most gloriously did He manifest Himself to the great apostle of the Gentiles when He made him a minister and a witness of His truth. He could say that he had heard the voice of his Beloved, and cannot you, in your measure, respond and say the same? Once you thought you should never hear His voice, and never realise His power: fears possessed your mind, and doubts perplexed you; but since then has He not manifested His transcendent glory to you, and has He not blown a gale from the eternal shore? "Well," say you, "I cannot say He is not my Beloved, but I have not felt His presence lately, He has not communicated with me lately, He has not permitted me in heart-realisation and soul-enjoyment to sit at His feet lately, and to wonder at His gracious words. I have not had so many gleams of glory as formerly, so many manifestations as in days gone by; nevertheless, I am constrained to say, I am compelled to acknowledge, He is mine. I feel nothing will satisfy me but His love; nothing will cheer me but His smile. Let those talk of eloquent discourses, and of flowing language who like, I want to hear the voice of my Beloved. I want to nestle in His heart. I want to recline upon His bosom of love, and to feel His wondrous power and His blessed presence. When He grants me these favours, "I have all and abound!" Yes, the child of God wants *power*; he loves to hear his Beloved's voice. The Holy Ghost says by Paul, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." This must be communicated by power divine, for if there were no voice, how could it be heard? The Lord's family

cannot take things for granted; they must have them sealed home before assurance can be realised. Once I thought I should never hear His voice and enjoy His companionship, but He has spoken home His word with power, and now without the shadow of a doubt resting on my mind I can say, "*My Beloved* is the chiefest among ten thousand." "I am *my Beloved's*, and His desire is toward me." If none beside can claim relationship, I can; if none beside have heard His voice, He has privileged me to hear it, and from His own loving lips He has whispered pardon and peace. Child of God, can you not look back to some blessed spots, to some Bethel-seasons, when perhaps you were walking in darkness and treading with faltering steps this dreary desert, and the Lord has appeared? You longed to hear Him say, Go forward; you feared to take a step in advance; the raging ocean was before you, and you could not turn back, for you knew that "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God;" refuge failed you, but by and bye He shot a darting ray across your pathway, and suddenly like Paul there shined round about you a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun; in the twinkling of an eye strength was communicated, He raised you up and poured consolation into your heart, and then you could speak of His goodness, and say, "The voice of my Beloved!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

PRESENT EARNEST, FUTURE POSSESSION.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot thank you half sufficiently for your precious letter, and for the hymn which you enclosed in it. May the Lord the Spirit reveal to us more fully the glories of our glorious Christ, and may He unfold to us His transcendent beauties! How wondrous it seems that creatures of a day should be united to that Almighty One of whom it is said that the heaven, yea, the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him; that worms of the earth should be heirs of God, fellow heirs with Jesus Christ, set among princes, and made to inherit the throne of glory! Yes! His Person far exceeds His gifts, and with one of old we are constrained to say, "Lord, how is it that Thou hast manifested Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" How few comparatively seem to know anything of these vital and blessed realities! They are satisfied with the husk, but we want the substance, the power, the heart-realisation; they are contented with the *letter* of God's Word,

but we want the *spirit* thereof, the dew and the unction. Who shall measure the blessedness of having oil in our vessels, divine fire in our souls! True, sometimes the spark seems well nigh extinguished, but anon it re-kindles when the Lord again sheds abroad His love in the heart, and causes us to go forth in the dances of them that make merry, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

“There’s no such thing as pleasure here,
Our Jesus is our All;
As He doth shine and disappear
Our comforts rise and fall.”

Now we have but transient rays of glory, but the droppings of the eternal ocean; nevertheless, how precious are these gleams! how glorious are these foretastes! and as you often say, “If the streams be so inexpressibly sweet, what must full fruition be?” When gazing on the King in His beauty now by faith, and sitting under His shadow with great delight, we feel we have all and abound, and we long to shake our wings from the dust of time, and to lay our staff and sandals by, to rise above time-changes, and time-circumstances, and to burst the bars of our prison-house; but, as you say, “the bird of heaven is still imprisoned in the cage of earth, the child of bliss is still dwelling in a tent of flesh.” It does indeed seem wondrous that time-things so much engross our thoughts, but we prove day by day that the carnal mind is *enmity* against God, and that in us, that is in our flesh, there dwelleth no good thing. I remember dear Mr. Doudney used to say that the “old nature, the natural mind, was ever beating earthward, but that the new mind, God’s new-covenant gift, was ever beating heavenward, and like the magnetic needle ever pointing towards its pole.” The needle may be held in a contrary position, but when free it will return to the attracting object; and the Lord says, “Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.” O! what an infinite mercy is it that our desires are above, and that to us the things of time are less than nothing and vanity, that we are spoiled for earth, and that earth is spoiled to us. With open face beholding as in a glass *His* glory, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, but how often clouds intercept our vision, and how frequently does the enemy come in like a flood! The thorns of the wilderness prick us, and the cry of our heart is, “O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.” “Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.” O! come again, come again. Yesterday’s supplies will not satisfy present necessities; it must be *daily* strength for *daily* needs. We would be ever living under the bright shinnings of His countenance and basking beneath His meridian beam, but

here we must expect wilderness fare; we must have conflicts, fightings without, and fears within; we must pass through the furnace, and through the foaming billows. Still,

"Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come."

Then shall we be "ever with the Lord." What a blissful anticipation! Does not the thought sometimes seem too glorious to be really true? I confess that often when I contemplate that height of glory which is reserved, and when I can in some measure realise my interest and acceptance in the Beloved, I am lost in wonder, adoration and praise; but, alas! faith and love oftentimes seem at a very low ebb, and the description of the mountains of Gilboa seems well to describe one's state and condition; nevertheless, it is only for the Lord to cause His still small voice to be again heard; it is only for Him to enable us to realise His presence, and then how blessedly does the response flow forth: "He is the chiefest amongst ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely!" I shall never forget the sermon that you preached from that text. Every word seemed fraught with blessedness.

"And if *His* voice be now so sweet,
Whilst in this mortal vale,
What will it be when we all meet,
And naught but love inhale?"

O! may the Lord, who has many times overpowered us with His goodness, still shower down His right hand favors upon us; and may He grant unto us "streams from Lebanon," and copious "showers of blessing."

Again thanking you most sincerely for your kindness in writing to me,

Believe me to remain, as ever,

Yours very affectionately,

E.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 283, vol. ix.)

AFTER realising joy after joy, comfort after comfort, and help after help, our lovely Saviour, who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," sees a "needs be for heaviness through manifold temptations;" sees fit to deduct a little now and then, all to make Himself more lovely in the long run. For a small moment He

hides His face, withdraws Himself, sends affliction, trouble, pain and sorrow; and this is all with a "needs be;" but, bless His name, there is always something remaining; for He does not take our all, Himself He gives us still. He is our covenant of peace. This He cannot, will not, take away; so then there is, after all our trial, something remaining—a little help, a little peace and comfort the world know nothing of. He may seem to take all; but Himself He cannot take; that is the sweetest part of all. All is contained in that full, and precious word, "everlasting consolation." This He never takes away. This adding and deducting "make wise unto salvation." "make wise the simple;" but mind you, it is in Christ Jesus that these simple ones are made wise unto salvation. Being emptied from vessel to vessel, I am compelled to look out of and away from self, and fix my everlasting all in Him. Bless His name for such teaching.

Now, what I am going to say about the next two rules, multiplication and division, I shall say and prove from experience in my own soul, and therefore speak with confidence. I have often found my spiritual peace, my joy, my strength, and help, to come from the troubles, the trials, and changes in the way; and in this way they are multiplied abundantly. Yes, the five loaves and two small fishes may seem to flesh and blood to dishearten, and unbelief will cry out, "What are they among so many!" but grace can multiply, grace can bless, and make a little go a great way. Why, my dear friends, our temptations and sorrows can do us no harm, they only confirm us more in grace, and wean us from an arm of flesh. This is the mystery which the natural man knows nothing of—joy out of grief, peace out of war, strength out of weakness ("when I am weak, then am I strong"), comfort out of trouble, and honey out of every carcase of the dead lion, who comes roaring against us; for all these things make us look unto Him, who by this means makes all grace abound.

This is what I call gospel multiplication, wherein we find the multitude of His mercies cover the multitude of our transgressions. "He will abundantly pardon;" that is, He will multiply pardon. Well, when I found by experience those sweet helps and mercies upon mercies, I was able to enter into division, which is a rule we must know before we go any farther; by which I am enabled in some measure to distinguish, to divide, and to "separate between the precious and the vile;" for every experienced believer is a discernor of spirits, both by the ear, the eye, the palate, and the nose. Mark you, I speak from what I have seen, heard, and felt; and I bless God for this knowledge. By the inward ear, called "an ear to hear," we hear and know and understand the joyful sound of free, full and everlasting salvation; can distinguish error from

truth, and mongrel nay and yea gospel from the glorious gospel of the blessed God. O what a blessing is a circumcised ear!

Again, by the eye. O for grace to keep it single. On one side we see wonderful things in God's law (gospel law), such inexpressible beauty in every part of the glorious chain of salvation, such unchangeable love in the eternal covenant, "ordered in all things and sure," such glorious perfection in all the Saviour's works, and such everlasting peace flowing therefrom, which fire our hearts, and kills to all below, when brought into the conscience by the Holy Spirit.

On the other hand, we see such beauty, comeliness, and loveliness in Zion, notwithstanding her poverty, weakness, and imperfection; and feeling a union with her, we cannot help loving her, and "favour the dust thereof;" for, notwithstanding her base original, and natural deformity, her sons are the "precious sons of Zion," "the excellent of the earth," and "of whom the world is not worthy:" and though she may and does appear in the eyes of "the natural man" and "wise men of the world" as covered with badger's skin, and destitute of carnal respectability, she is "all glorious within;" for her very sighs, groans, and chattering noise are lovely in her eyes of such as have spiritual discernment. Such see a loveliness in her trials, sorrows, temptations, persecutions, and afflictions, which are not beheld by the natural man; but are foolishness unto the religious carnal wise; yet these poor, weak, and despised ones are blessed with a sweet mercy in spiritual discernment, to see through the hypocrite, the bastard, and moralist, whether in the pulpit or pew, and can see the devil with his white coat on, and in many "transformed into an angel of light," and these whitewashed moving tombs are plentiful, both in the steeple and workhouse. Yes, and I will add another word. They move pretty thickly among your sound doctrine Calvinistic gentlemen too, with all their got up scholastic experience.

Again, by the palate, we taste the good and gracious Word of God, and the saving power of grace. Here let me note, it is one thing to taste "the good Word of God," and another thing graciously to "taste the Lord is gracious." To taste of gracious things, and graciously to taste are two different things; and I do hope the little ones of Zion will keep this distinction in view, and not like many letter fools stumble over that awful passage in Hebrews vi. 4—6. Many jumble these things together, and some have tried hard to prove from this passage the final fall of the saints, and Mr. Spurgeon in particular in one of his printed sermons on this very passage has laboured to prove these apostates, rebels, and reprobates to be eminent children of God, which plainly proves who is the author of that lying sermon. What a mercy to

have a gracious taste to taste the gracious words of our covenant "God of all grace," and find them exceeding sweet and cheering, and to distinguish between things that widely differ. "But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things:" and having this unction, anointing, or infallible teaching, "ye need not that any man teach you;" "but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie." Now, beloved, just a word about this precious, and sweet family portion, for sure I am no bastard or letter professor can get into it, and one reason is owing to that sovereign determination of Jehovah Jesus (Matt. xi. 25) in hiding these things from the wise and prudent, and to fulfil another portion (Jer. ix. 23). Therefore

Our letter men, with all their noise,
And learning got from schools,
They never can be truly wise
'Til grace has made them fools.

"Let him become a fool, that he may be wise;" for all true wisdom begins by finding ourselves fools by nature. Now, ye heaven-taught children, in this portion are two precious truths; first, ye are blessed with an inward, sure, abiding, and gracious knowledge of all saving truth, and one blessed consideration is, it is so sure and abiding that you cannot get away from it. "But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things. But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you." This inward testimony (2 Cor. i. 12), this "sealing of the Spirit," and anointing (2 Cor. i. 21, 22), this witness (1 John v. 10), this leading, instructing, enlightening, and blessing with, and into all truth, is abiding, and for ever (John xiv. 16). Precious truth. Now, to anoint, is to rub with oil, to consecrate, to appoint, to qualify for office, and to separate; and sure I am, where this teaching of the Spirit is, there is a separating, a coming out from among the world, and dead professors, in our feelings, principles, and practice. There is no union with, or resting among them, and this unction, anointing, and inward teaching is Christ the new man, the life, the divine nature, the new name, the incorruptible seed which abideth for ever; compare with 1 Cor. xiii. 13; and where "faith, hope, and charity, these three," which centre in our Almighty eternal Jesus Christ, are found, they are found for ever, and constitute the "more excellent way" (1 Cor. xii. 31), and a most blessed way it is; no vulture's eye hath seen it, nor have any of the old roaring lion's whelps trodden it, nor have any Armian, or Pharisaical workmongers ever walked one inch in it; but "the ransomed of the Lord," "the wayfaring man," though fools in the eyes of letter men, and with respect to letter learning, "shall

not," will not, cannot err therein (Isaiah xxxv. 3—10); neither shall they, nor can they stumble; for being "the children of light," they love their Brother (Christ); for the stones are removed, the stumbling blocks are taken away, and all the stumbling is in the flesh; but the new man is "perfect," "upright," and "created in righteousness and true holiness," and therefore "shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint." They shall walk up and down in the name of the Lord (Christ): up, in holy contemplation, joy, and peace; and down in gospel humility and self abasement; but all in the name of the Lord.

"And ye need not that any man teach you." Letter teaching, and college teaching are all out of the question: we need it not, it is not essential; "but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things and is truth," which is Christ, the substance, the vitality, the life, and sum of all truth, "and is no lie." All religious forms without the power or divine unction, or the anointing, is a lie: all that comes from and ends in the flesh is a lie; all dead ceremonies, carnal ordinances, and outward show is a lie; all dippings, sprinklings, washings, and pourings is a lie; but ye, beloved, know "that no lie is of the truth," and as "the truth has made you free, you are free indeed:" and this blessed unction, anointing, and teaching has enabled you to distinguish between the letter and the spirit, the form and the power, the shadow and the substance, the truth and the lie, the precious and the vile, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not; and between that holy acceptable sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise, in the fear and Spirit of the Lord, and that sour, unsavoury, unwholesome stuff, the swine's flesh and broth of abominable things, brought into the outer temple by dumb dogs, devils, and swine feeders, and that abundance of rubbish, and sickly stuff teeming from the press in these days of muddy, dirty milk and water vending;

For milk and water, "yea and nay,"
This is the preaching of the day.

This sickly, unsavoury preaching I have been many years starving under, which has kept me poor, thin, weak, unstable, unsavoury, and dwarfish, unto this day; and to tell you the honest truth, I have read and heard some of our so-called soundest preachers, men whom we looked up to as pillars and champions for truth,

Bring out the gospel pure and sweet,
Then foul the waters with their feet.

I was sick of these things in the days I now write of, and if I left the chapel and went into the steeple, alas! alas!

I found the parson in the dark,
And ten times blinder than the clerk.

But what a mercy to have a spiritual relish, and spiritual food which abundantly satisfies and replenishes the weary soul. How blessed to know and feel the Lord gives the appetite, is Himself the food, and the feeder, and the fulness of eternal satisfaction; and everything which is not of the Lord's providing, sending, blessing, and imparting, is like the white of an egg, unsavoury and without taste. But I must add, the Lord has blessed His people with a well set gospel nose, which is a choice covenant mercy or blessing, by which they not only smell the sweet scent of the Rose of Sharon, the lily of the valeys, the Plant of Renown, and the fragrant spices of the garden, and the eternal sweets of that all glorious cluster of grapes from Eschol; but they also can at times smell the goats from the sheep, and also the nasty stuff put into the food which turns the children's stomachs, and only sets them longing for pure gospel food.

Now, I say, how blessed to have an eye to see, an ear to hear, a palate to taste, a nose to smell, and a heart to feel, and understand, by which we separate, distinguish and divide the things which differ: this I call gospel division; and now I do say, these few rules, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, well understood in experience, enables us to enter sweetly into the golden rule of three, the eternal transactions of the ever blessed Father, Son, and Spirit, the three in one, and one in three. This is the golden rule by which are regulated and dispensed the golden blessings, golden doctrines, golden mercies, golden promises, golden comforts, peace, and joy, which are tasted, handled, and felt in golden experience, which shall in the Lord's time end in golden glory, and

There to bask in endless glory,
With the chosen, blessed few,
Dwell upon the pleasing story,
Sing the song for ever new.
Sweet employment,
Sweeter still with Christ in view.

Now, let my reader distinctly understand, that there is no getting into the marrow of these ancient settlements of eternity in their sweetness, riches, power, and glory, only in proportion as we are spiritually taught our need of them; then indeed they are precious, savoury, and consoling. Many know them in the letter, and by the letter of the Word, but there is no fire, no heat, no substance, no inward spiritual enjoyment, and they will only harden the heart, and I can tell you, from long and painful experience, you may sit under a letter ministry until your toes ache and your heart gets as hard and cold as Greenland ice. For twenty years I have been here, and so can speak truthfully, and feelingly; since then

I have been enabled to obey the injunction, "Come out from among them and be ye separate" (2 Cor. vi. 17); and let me drop a line to the spiritual reader, which he will be sure to find true in experience in the long run:

If you remain among the dead,
This teaching will becloud the head,
And if you will not then depart,
You soon will find it freeze the heart.

In writing the above I have wondered at the circumstance respecting the old woman (page 280, vol. ix.), and my writing this should come out in consequence. I had no intention of writing in this way until I had got into it, and what my brethren will make of this long tale about arithmetic I cannot divine; but a word about the point. The proper test for membership should be life in the soul, love to the brethren, with no opposition, but a desire to know, and love to the truth; such who feel their need of the Saviour, the daily plague of sin, and whose only hope centres in the blood and righteousness of Christ. To such quickened, seeking, loving, and sin-sick souls I give the right hand of fellowship, whether they understand the five points or not; for I see the fruit of their election in their little experience, and if they don't reach six feet in stature, I am satisfied if they reach six feet deep in self-abasement; neither do I wish to knock them down. Such will under a spiritual ministry "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord," and if they be that part of the body of Christ called the eye, they shall in the Lord's time and way see wondrous things in His law (gospel), "the eyes of their understanding being enlightened" with the light of life. If they be the feet, they shall manifest an humble, holy, and spiritual walk in gospel peace, when their little faith is enabled to put on those heavenly shoes, being shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace (Eph. vi. 15); it shall be said of such, "how beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O princes daughter (Song viii. 1). If they be the hand, they will be workers (not workmongers), and useful members of the Church, and the sweetest, greatest, and most blessed work will be, after they are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast, and are enabled to "put away childish things," and become men of "spiritual understanding," and they get a little knowledge of their union and eternal standing in Christ, to identify themselves with Christ, and to clothe themselves in His righteousness, and walk in and with Him in love.

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

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No. 110.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"The voice of my Beloved."—SONG OF SOLOMON, ii. 8.

(Concluded from page 16.)

OH what a wondrous voice is His! It is the voice of that Mighty One who created all things, and who now upholds them by the Word of His power; it is the voice of Him who said to Lazarus, "Come forth," and to another, "Stretch forth thine hand;" it is the same voice that said to Mary, "Thy sins are forgiven," and to one sick of the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Oh! child of God, we have heard the voice which they did; we have felt the same power which they did; we have enjoyed the same blessedness, and we can speak of the glory of His kingdom and talk of His power, and we know that none but sheep in the Shepherd's fold realise these free-grace favors. His kingdom is established in our heart, and He sways His sceptre there; He reigns there as King supreme, and not only so, but He is also a Priest upon His throne, and when He lays His right hand upon us, saying "Fear not," we feel it is a royal mercy to give Him the praise due unto His name. "Ah," says one, "ten thousand worlds would I give, did I possess them, to call the Lord "My Beloved." There is not one soul under the canopy of God's heaven who has this breathing desire kindled in his heart by God but shall say it in His time; there can be no living desire to say it without life. Child of God! you are afraid to take up such confident language, but you long to say it. O! cheer up: the Lord will yet

chase away all darkness from your mind; He will raise your troubled and drooping spirits, and He will cheer you with His blessed presence. Then you will say in the words of our text, "The voice of my Beloved," or you will join Peter and exclaim, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Those who are not in the secret of God's covenant know nothing of the sealing of God's Spirit. It is in the best sense, as it was formerly in a literal sense, "The lad knew not anything; only Jonathan and David knew the matter." Natural men cannot comprehend the mysteries of God's kingdom, but "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant;" He will give them to realise His favor, and to understand His still small voice. O! what should I do in this dreary waste without sometimes hearing the voice of my Beloved, and realising His comforting presence, and seeing a smile beaming on His lovely countenance? Should I desire to live another day? O! no. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of a. men most miserable." I should settle down in black despair, and be ready to give all up, but He has manifested His love to me; and rest assured, if He has given you an earnest desire to hear His voice, and to enjoy communion and fellowship with Him, He will not disappoint you. Hope on, "The vision is for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry." "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple," and by fire and by His sword will the Lord plead with all flesh. The fire shall consume all the wood, the hay and the stubble, and His sword shall cut you off from your Adam-standing, it shall sever you from creature-relationship, from all earthly and fleshly ties, and when He comes the voice of your Beloved will echo in your soul. "The Word of the Lord endureth for ever:" it liveth and it abideth.

"No other voice can calm my breast,
Or still the raging sea,
But when He whispers, 'In me rest,'
I'm lost in Deity."

O! how sweet is it to be lost in Deity, to be swallowed up in love, blood and salvation, to be enwrapt in glory. O! to plunge into this ocean of everlasting love which is without bottom, brim, or shore, to realise the waters, not only to the ancles and to the knees, but to be a river which cannot be passed over. To swim here is glorious indeed; we find it to be an abyss of love profound, a mighty deep which we cannot fathom. There are scanless heights here, and wondrous depths we shall never be fully able to explore. To have the droppings now and then is most glorious, to have

sweet foretastes of the "weight of glory" is beyond expression; but what full fruition will be we cannot conceive whilst in this lower world. Child of God! if the Lord were to grant you sips of the brook every day and all the day, every hour, yea, every moment, the fountain is ever full, ever free; it cannot be impoverished, it is a boundless deep of love. "But," say you, "I do not enjoy His favor thus; the Lord often keeps me waiting a long time for a shower of blessings; I pant for it, and my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God, and I say with the Psalmist, "When shall I come and appear before God? Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God. I am weary with my groaning, and I go mourning all the day long." Thus the Lord teaches you to profit, and makes you to understand doctrine; thus He exercises your senses to discern both good and evil. The heart of your Beloved is always toward you, the ocean is always flowing, whether you realise its streams or not, whether you enjoy the sweetness or not, and He will bring you to see that He rests in His love, and hateth putting away: the sun is ever shining, though you may not see it; the ocean is ever rolling, though you may not at all times be enjoying its healing and refreshing waters; the relationship remains unaltered, though you may not be continually feeling the drawings and the constrainings of His love.

"The voice of my Beloved." Oh! how blessed is it to hear His voice.

"It is so powerful and so sweet,
It captivates the soul,
And softly lays me at His feet,
While in His love I roll.
And if His voice be now so sweet,
Whilst in this mortal vale,
What will it be when we all meet,
And nought but love inhale?"

Perhaps there are some here who do not think it is possible to hear His voice, but we leave these outer-court worshippers; there are outer-court worshippers, and there are inner-court worshippers, and we rejoice to know we have many times heard our Shepherd's voice, and listened to His accents sweet. What an infinite mercy is it to belong to the heart-circumcision who worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh; to belong to the blood-bought family of God, to the Church of the Firstborn! What is religion without realising vitality and substance? An illusion, a mere shadow. Child of God! when you go to the house of God, do you not want to hear the voice of your Beloved in His Word, in the prayer, in the hymn, in the sermon? When you commune with the saints of the

living God, do you not want your conversation to be seasoned with salt, seasoned with Christ? Do you not want it to be in heaven, and do you not want to feel the savour of the truth you speak of? The Lord's children cannot be satisfied with what they have realised in past days; they would love to hear His voice far more frequently than they do; they would like His words to be continually dropping into their hearts. Once hearing His Word with power does not content them, and merely doctrinal statements will not cause them to go on their way rejoicing; they want the presence of their best Friend, and they would delight to hear His voice every day; if they heard it this morning, they long to hear it again to-night; if they hear it to-night, they will want to hear it again to-morrow, and the more often they hear it, the more will they long for still greater unfoldings, still greater developments; but, let me tell you, child of God, the Lord will not continually kiss you with the kisses of His mouth, for then you would be quite unfitted for the avocations of life, for all earthly pursuits: He will now and then manifest His love, and the more frequently He lets down heaven into your soul, the more will you be constrained to say to Him, "O! come again;" but when He shall raise you above all sublunary elements, above all the changing circumstances connected with this dusty, dusky stage of time; you shall see the face of your Beloved, and hear His voice once and for ever. Nothing will then eclipse your view, nothing will then intercept your gaze; it will be one full open vision, one continuous revelation, and then shall we sing "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." O! glorious consummation. O! blissful anticipation. We shall soar away from this clay tabernacle; we shall leave all that this world calls good and great, see the Lamb in the midst of the throne, and unite in one eternal Hallelujah throughout an everlasting day. O! do you not long to fly away, and to see your Beloved, and to hear His voice in the regions of love, in the realms of bliss above? Does not every fresh manifestation revive and re-kindle this desire in your hearts? "Yes," say you, "but sometimes when I have heard His voice and when I have been sitting under His shadow with great delight, when the sunshine has passed away, darkness has again o'erspread the horizon, and fears have perplexed me, and I have doubted whether the Lord has spoken to me or not, and I have thought, perhaps, all has been a delusion and only imagination, and that I have not really heard His voice." Ah! the enemy wants to cast you down from your excellency: he wants to bring you from your exalted standing in

Christ, that is, in heart-realisation, for we know nothing can touch your eternal blessedness, but you shall hear your Beloved's voice again; He has said, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

When He speaks, how blessed is it to eat the fat of His sacrifice, and to drink the sweet of His love; and if His Words be now so cheering, so soul-satisfying, so mind-ennobling, what will full fruition be? In His presence is fulness of joy, at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore, and if the drops be so precious, what will the Ocean be? If the stream be so glorious, what will glory be? We cannot tell: what the expanse of His love will be mortal mind cannot fathom. Christ will be eternity, immensity, infinity; it will be one uninterrupted gaze, one full view of the King in His beauty. All trouble and all trial will be left behind. The days of our mourning will be ended; the Lord will be our everlasting light, our God, our glory. There shall be no night there with its dark shades. There shall be no sin there, no satan there, no harassing circumstances there; we shall be eternally light in the Lord, and joyful and glad in our Beloved. All crying and all sighing will have passed away, all recollections of the wilderness will be eradicated from the mind. Some say that when they get home they hope to remember all the way the Lord has led them, and they hope to trace His dealings with them. But I believe that when we reach that land of bliss and go home to glory, His love will be as much as our hearts will be able to hold; we shall gaze on our Beloved, and our every thought will be swallowed up and concentrated in Him; we shall be filled with all the fulness of God; we shall fall before Him and adore Him for the wonders of His grace. Now we have the earnest grace, then we shall take full possession once and for ever; our inheritance is reserved for us, and we are kept to inherit it; and when we shall have done with the things of time and sense we shall enter into the joy of our Lord. The longest life is but very short, the youngest amongst us cannot live many years; but whilst everlasting ages shall roll on we shall be in the immediate presence of our eternal Beloved. "But," says one, "I should like to live a long while yet; I like the world, and I like the people in it, and I should be melancholy if I thought my earthly race were nearly run." Ah! the Lord's children find death stamped upon everything here below, everything without, and everything within; they find the sentence of death in themselves, and in all creature connections; they are spoiled for the things of time, and earth is spoiled to them. If they attempt to pluck a rose from thence, they find a sting in it. The Lord says, "From all your idols I will cleanse you," and He makes

them a cross, a scourge, a snare, so that we fly from them as from a furious foe, and then again we hear His voice saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Blissful words! O! may we realise them more and more.

Time fails, but this is a glorious and an endless theme, may we dwell more upon it. It widens, opens, and unfolds. Christ is our glorious object; He is our blessed subject; He is all and in all; He is Alpha, He is Omega, He is the first, He is the last, the beginning and the ending. Child of God! how sweet is it to forget time, and everything of an earthly nature, and to glide into eternity, to be taken up with eternal realities, with the chief things of the ancient mountains, with the precious things of the lasting hills! To have communion with our Beloved is a choice privilege, a free-grace favor. One sings,

"Communion with our God how sweet,
But O! the hours how few,
When we can sit at Jesu's feet,
And foxes not pursue."

May the Lord communicate power divine with the Word, and give you to hear His voice! There is nothing like the voice of our glorious Christ, it is music in the ear. We love to hear it now, and when in the swellings of Jordan, when called to pass through the narrow river of death, we shall hear His soothing voice. Shall we fear undressing and leaving this house of clay? O! no. It will only be quitting the prison for the presence-chamber; it will only be going home to our Beloved; and He will not leave us, neither will He permit us to go home alone, for He has said, "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

DELIGHTFUL CONTEMPLATIONS.

Afflictions, not joyous, but grievous, I find,
Becloud and bewilder this bodily mind,
That nothing can please me on earth:
But would such be the case if I were not one
With Jesus Jehovah the Father's own Son,
That treasure surpassing all worth?

Indeed I am certain of this very thing,
I'm bound in the bundle of life with the King,
Who reigns in the regions of light:
Then why should I murmur, when called to tread
This desert so dreary, where Jesus has bled,
To make me all fair in His sight!

I've reasons far greater to bless His dear name,
 With heart and with spirit, with fervor and flame,
 For what He has done for my soul.
 He saw me cast out in my sin and my blood,
 His love and His mercy flow'd down like a flood,
 And deluged for ever the whole.

And what is the happy effect to the mind,
 What pleasing and blessed results do I find,
 When favor'd to enter His side?
 I feel such a glowing all over my heart,
 A burning assurance that nothing can part
 My Bridegroom from me His fair Bride.

'Tis then with composure and safety I dwell
 In Him far remote from the regions of hell,
 The rage and the fury of earth,
 With a feeling of joy no words can relate,
 Exceedingly pleas'd at my blissful estate,
 My noble parentage and birth.

I lose all relation to Adam the first,
 From ties of the creature I joyfully burst,
 Releas'd from the wilderness clod,
 When, soaring in regions of love and of light,
 I find, to my joy and exquisite delight,
 Communion for ever with God.

No language can utter the depth of my bliss,
 No tongue can portray how delightful it is,
 To be bound in the bundle of life;
 To swim in the ocean of bottomless love,
 As King, reign for ever with Jesus above,
 Remote from the desert of strife.

Oh how it enkindles a flame of pure love
 In th' heart of my spirit, the soul of His dove,
 The mind of His beautiful Bride:
 With holy emotion, with pleasing delight,
 I will live in His presence, so dazzling and bright,
 With Jesus for ever reside.

With Jesus! And can it be possibly real
 That I, a poor outcast, shall 'ternally feel
 My happiness in Him complete?
 It carries the mind into regions of light,
 I live on His love, and I dwell in His sight;
 Contented, I fall at His feet.

The firstfruits of glory in Him I possess,
 What the harvest will be no angel can guess,
 The thought overpowers the mind:
 But this I can tell, and delightful it is,
 He'll be mine for ever, and I shall be His,
 My heart to His heart He will bind.

TO THE CHURCH AT HULL.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Were my hands as often employed by grace as they are by nature, I should write you much more frequently than I do now. Christ once said that the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. We prove it to be so indeed; and had not the Lord our interest at heart more than we have His, what would become of us poor worms of the earth! The poet might well sing,

“Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.”

The Lord says that “He will rest in His love;” and it is well for us that He does. He is not moved by our fickleness; for

“Nothing changes His affections,
Abba's love is still the same.”

We often think that the Lord is like ourselves; and yet His Word declares that “He is in one mind, and none can turn Him:” “and having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” “Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” This we prove day by day; and when we get a fresh taste of His love, another token of His free-grace favor, another sip of the brook by the way, another intimation of His tender mercy, we are constrained to say with holy delight, “He is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely.” He then is more to us than our necessary food; and we prove Christ our life to be more than meat. Indeed we can joyfully sing,

“Thy person is more glorious far
Than mortal language can express:
Indeed, dear Lord, Thy beauties are
Too great for me I must confess.”

When we can rightly think for a moment of being one with Jesus, eternally united to the Lord of life and glory, everlastingly joined to the Lord and one Spirit, we at once find our heart enlarging into His fulness, and are constrained to say with dear Peter, “It is good to be here.” But how often is it that we feel as barren as the mountains of Gilboa, as dead and empty as any poor sinner can possibly be. We long, sigh, and cry for a fresh token of His love. We want another convincing proof that we are

“Sav'd in the Lord, for ever sav'd,
And in life's bundle bound.”

We well know that to be bound in the bundle of life is to be blest to all intents and purposes. Well aware are we that if we are

"One with Jesus,
By eternal union one,"

that come life, come death, come trial, trouble, or affliction, that we are the living side of death, and that these things cannot hurt or destroy in His holy mountain. It is the Lamb in the midst of the throne who leads us. And where is the throne? Wherever He reigns and rules. Where does He reign? Wherever He dwells. Where does He dwell? "To this man will I look, and with him will I dwell, who is of a broken and contrite heart." "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God."

"O glorious plan of grace!
Who shall thy limits know?
Forbear, my soul, to trace,
With God 'twas even so:
'Tis like Jehovah's glorious name,
In heights and depths, and breadths the same."

Beloved, how cheering is the thought to the mind, that whatever takes place upon this sin-polluted earth, whatever we are called upon to pass through, whether afflictions, temptations, bereavements, family or personal trial and trouble,

"All must come, and last and end,
As shall please our heavenly friend."

There can be no variation in His eternal purpose. Whatever He has fixed upon, He will bring about, He will surely carry out, He will certainly accomplish. We may say again and again, "Not so, my Father;" but He is sure to say in His providential leadings and dealings, "I know it, my son;" "for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" His chastenings are at all times in keeping with the pure and constant love of His heart. However roughly He may appear to deal with us,

"His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love."

He has not promised us a smooth pathway in this dreary waste, and yet so foolish and ignorant are we that we are ever trying to cultivate friendship with the world. We want creatures to love us, and to make much of us; and when they do, what is the consequence? We forget our blessed Lord, we lose sight of our glorious Christ, we hardly think of our best Friend and precious Beloved. And what brings us round again? We have to prove that "the

best of them is a briar, the most upright sharper than a thorn hedge." What is all this for? "From all your idols will I cleanse you." This is severe work, beloved; but it is most needful. No matter what we are taken up with, or pleased with, the Lord sure to spoil it, or spoil us for it. The Lord will have no rival. He will be our sweetness, and He will make all bitter as the waters of Mara beside. He will be our substance, and will cause everything to be a very shade beside. He will be our life, and will make all to appear, what it really is, death beside. He will be our beauty; therefore will cause everything short of His glorious self to be nothing but ugliness and deformity. These are a part of His ways; but who by searching can find Him fully out? He is a mighty deep, too inexplicable for any creature line to fathom. But He leads us all *right*, though His outward dealings sometimes appear extremely *rough*.

We expect in this polluted world better treatment than the Word of God encourages us to expect. Christ said, "In me ye *SHALL* have peace; in the world ye *SHALL* have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." One *shall* we like very much, the other *shall* does not at all times meet with our approval. The *peace* we enjoy; for it is unspeakable and full of glory; but the tribulation is most distasteful. If it were not, it would not be tribulation: and what is tribulation to one, is not to another. What almost breaks the heart of one child, would not be a feather's weight to another. Hence we see all is according to the all-wise arrangement of "the only wise God our Saviour."

"To His Church, His joy, His treasure,
Every trial works for good:
They are dealt in weight and measure,
Yet how little understood!
Not in anger,
But from His dear covenant love."

Soon we shall get above all the thorns and briars of the wilderness, and be for ever with that same Lord Jesus who now endears Himself to our heart and refreshes our spirit by the communication of His love. The fogs now becloud our mind and depress our spirits, and the bogs weary our feet; but when we leave the stage of time, we shall be infinitely beyond and above all care and anxiety, all trial and trouble, all loss and cross, and it will be once and for ever, "Thy God thy Glory!" We now get glimpses of His glory, streams of that river which makes glad the city of God, first-fruits of the eternal harvest, foretastes of bliss and blessedness, and intimations of love and lovingkindness: but when we pass the narrow stream of Jordan's icy river, our glorious and blessed Lord will

receive us to Himself, and then we shall be for ever where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are eternally at rest. What the poet sings we prove *now* to be true:

"Zion's road's a chequer'd scene :
Sorrows mingle with our joy :
Lights and shadows intervene,
Here a song, and there a sigh.

Soon, with yonder blood-bought crowd,
We shall sing on Canaan's shore,
Songs of triumph, sweet and loud,
War with Amalek no more."

"No more," beloved, "no more." The last battle will soon be fought, the last victory gained, the last militant song of triumph sung, and then it will be "Jesus only" for ever and ever. Amen.

I know not why I have written thus, beloved; but the Lord knows. I am now much in the path of tribulation; "deep calleth unto deep;" but I do not think that I shall sink. There is a very heavy tempest now upon me, but I feel that the winds are in His fists and the waters in the hollow of His hands. This is consoling. It is no use to wage war with second causes. It is no use to find fault with instruments; for all these are His servants who obey His bidding. And if it be useless to find fault with instruments, it is extreme folly to find fault with the hand that uses them. If it be lost labour to find fault with His servants who obey His bidding, and perform His pleasure, it is far more inconsistent and unbecoming in us, as children, to find fault with their Lord and Master who says to one Do this and he doeth it, and to another Do that, and he instantly obeys Him. Indeed we have to prove that

" 'Tis sweet to lie passive in thy hand,
And know no will but thine."

Not a trouble can we have without His appointment. Not a foe can we be annoyed with, not a friend can we be grieved with, not an affliction can we be pained with, not a debt can we be exercised with, not a difficulty can we be perplexed with, unless the Lord, our own God, has appointed them for the very purpose. Oh, beloved, when shall we live as behoveth and becometh sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? We are constantly and continually murmuring or grumbling about something; and instead of daily and hourly blessing God that we are out of HELL, we are kicking and fighting against Him because He does not see it good to give us a smooth pathway. Is it not so? His daily mercies are lost and swallowed up in our miserable complainings. The devil cares no what the mind is intent upon, or what the heart is

captivated with, so as a glorious Christ is lost sight of and forgotten. He would have us waste away all our precious time with baubles. Murder every moment with the beggarly elements of this sinful world. Communion with our Beloved, pouring out our heart before the Lord, he hates with a deadly and cruel hatred. How he gnashed his infernal teeth when Mary washed the feet of her beloved Lord with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. How he roared out his deadly enmity when the alabaster box of precious ointment was broken! "Why this waste? Why was not this ointment sold? It would have fed many an hungry belly, it would have clothed many a naked back, it would have solaced many an aching heart." How reasonable! How prudent! How feeling! Satan then wore one of his finest cloaks; but our blessed Lord uplifted the folds of his dress, and what did He discover? "Not that he cared for the poor!" Oh, no; but was emitting the smoke of hell, and fire of the bottomless pit against the man of sorrows. Against Christ he waged war then, and against Him now, in His members, he still maintains the fight. But the battle is not pending, the conquest is not uncertain; for

"The Lord's the battle is,
Give Him the glory due,
To crush thine enemies,
He'll His salvation show:
Will save from sin, death, hell, and woe,
Then fearless on let Israel go.

Fear not the infernal powers,
Nor count their mighty odds,
The battle is not *yours*,
'Tis Israel's faithful God's:
Engaged to save from every foe,
Let Jacob's race still forward go."

Cheer up, beloved, "The Lord is a man of war," and He knows how to marshall His troops, He knows how to vanquish His foe, and He says to you—may He speak it with blessed power—"Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee." We prove all liars but the Lord; and yet not one of His children are to be called liars; for He says that "they are children that will not lie;" so that with Paul they are enabled to exclaim, "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." How is this? "Because as He is, so are we in this world." Hence the blessed result of union with our Beloved. Take away oneness, the Rock upon which we build is removed: and "if the foundation be removed, what shall the righteous do?" "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, of all men we are the most miserable." But we can bless and praise the Lord that our hope is immortal, our anchor is immoveable, and our ship indestructible. Our Rock is impregnable, our life imperishable. Christ is both Rock and Life, and we can sing, from the very bottom of our heart:

"Great Rock, for weary sinners made,
When storms of sin infest the soul:
Here let me rest my weary head
When lightnings blaze and thunders roll.

Within the clefts of His dear side,
There all His saints in safety dwell;
And what from Jesus shall divide?
Not all the rage of earth or hell.

Blest with the pardon of her sin,
My soul beneath thy shade would lie,
And sing the love that took me in,
And others left in sin to die.

And when that awful storm takes place,
That hurls destruction far and near,
My soul shall refuge in thy grace,
And take her glorious shelter there.

O sacred covert from the beams,
That on the weary traveller beat,
How welcome are thy shade and streams,
How blest, how sacred, and how sweet !

To shake this Rock thy saints are in,
Tempest or storm shall ne'er prevail,
"Twill stand the blast of hell or sin,
And anchor sure within the veil."

How firm our Rock ! How solid our foundation ! And how many millions of Adam's sons and daughters possess it not. Why do we ? "Are we better than they ?" "In no wise ; for we all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." We have been brought to embrace the Rock for want of a shelter elsewhere. We have been led to this Rock which is so much higher than ourselves. What a lofty eminence ! How it towers above the fogs and bogs of this sublunary state ! It is upon this rocky mountain where the feast is prepared, where the veil is destroyed, and where death is swallowed up in victory. It is upon this mountain top where the handful of corn is to be seen, and where the glorious Shepherd folds His sheep.

"On Israel's high mountain their fold it *must* be ;
To drink at the fountain they all *must* be free :
The dog and the lion I *must* keep at bay,
Not a sheep of the fold shall wander away."

For we have now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. We hear His voice, we realise His blessing, we enjoy His presence, we taste His love, and are constrained to sing,

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be !"

Well, beloved, how are you getting on ? It seems long since I heard from you, and much longer since I saw you. When shall we meet together again *literally*. We know that we always dwell together *spiritually*, because there is no schism in the body of Christ. This we know, but

"Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they love to speak of Him."

I believe that the portion the Lord gave me before I left Hull (Gen. xxviii. 15) will one day be fulfilled. The Lord hasten it in His own time, if for His glory. How mysteriously, but how effectually He works ! "None can stay His hand, or say What doest

thou?" We often think of you and speak of you, beloved; and both *me* and *mine* would be glad to see you to-morrow.

Our united best love to each and to all. The Lord bless you abundantly, and largely make up the lack of outward means. May He be a little sanctuary unto you, and often take you aside from the inside multitude. "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries," and to realise the mercies; but to them your inward and outward foes all things are done in secret. Jonathan and David still know the matter, while the lad knows not anything. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He shows them His covenant" to be "ordered in all things and sure." And however rough our pathway, or dreary our road, we would not dictate to the Lord, or find fault with our God; but say with the poet,

"Lead us, Lord, by thy right rules,
And instruct us, we are fools."

My wife now joins in very best everlasting love to you all, wishing you much of His blessed presence, "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

A. WILCOCKSON.

BREATHINGS FROM THE HEART.

Dearest Jesus, raise me high
'Bove the trying things of time :
Kindly to my soul draw nigh,
Cheer me with a drop of wine :
Then I'll smile in flood or flame,
Bless and praise thy precious name.

Creatures and created things
Form a burden hard to bear,
Make me long for flaming wings
To fly above th' anxious care,
Soar in regions unexplored
'Mid the presence of my Lord.

Clods of earth and dust of death
Bind me down with iron band,
Often make me pant for breath,
Languish for Immanuel's land :
When will all the conflict cease ?
War give place to endless peace ?

Let the living water flow,
Precious Jesus, in my soul :
Give me more of Thee to know,
Let my burden on Thee roll,
Then I'll sing with holy glee,
Why, dear Lord, such love to me ?

Why, in kindness, visit one
Who by nature is a foe ?
Why o'er hills and mountains run,
Swifter far than winged roe,
But for this, Thy mercy free
Mov'd Thy heart to rescue me ?

Precious Jesus, known to Thee
Are the troubles of my mind,
Give me *now* to plainly see
Soon they'll all be left behind,
When the weight of glory's beams
Supersede the present gleams.

Rays of light and streams of love
Now enliven all my heart,
What it will be when above,
None can know a millionth part,
When I see Thee face to face,
Glory superseding grace !

A. W.

A REVIEW.

Memoirs of Mercies and Miseries. By Mr. James Godsmark. Second Edition, revised by the Author, with Second and Third Parts. London: Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate Street; or direct from the Author, Leverton Street, Kentish Town, N. W.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

ACCORDING to promise we now resume the notice of "*Mercies and Miseries*," and give a few more extracts for the benefit of those of the Lord's poor who cannot afford to purchase the book.

At this time I removed into a smaller house, and as a person asked me to make him some chimney-pieces, I accepted the job; but doing no work of that kind for above three years, and having fresh tools to purchase, I realised nothing by the job. I now worked at my trade again, which only raised contempt; for to be apostolic in any way in these days is a disgrace, and my heart was often crushed when pointed out by the finger of scorn. One day I was fixing a marble chimney-piece at a gentleman's house near my chapel. My labourer was gone for some bricks, but having brought up at a beer-house, did not return. I therefore took a shovel, and went to the mortar-heap in the road. While I was tempering the same, a lady with her family, who was a member of my wealthy church, passed by. She saw his reverence at the mortar-heap, and of course was ashamed of him, as well she might. "Ah," thought I, "if I had built my church without tempering the mortar, things would not have come to this pass; for a man must daub the outside with untempered mortar, or himself be daubed with reproach." Just afterwards some men passed who knew me, and said, "*I say, George, have yer ever sin a parson at a mortar-hip? That's rather comin' down, ain't it? Not much 'count, I spects, eh?*" Of course it was intended that I should hear this, and while a tear dropped on the mortar, I cursed London, and the day I ever entered it. But the Lord threw a little counterpoise, as He generally does when one's feelings are at the highest tension; "for He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust." While I was fixing the chimney-piece, the gentleman and his wife came into the room; but I managed to keep my back to them as well as I could, for I had just had what some call a "good cry"—fool that I was! At last, he said, "Why, we must know you! It is Mr. Godsmark." I was obliged to say, "Yes, the very same." "Well, to be sure! We little thought that it was you that had the order to make our chimney-piece. We told the builder that he could order it where he liked." With that they left the room. "Well," I thought, "it seems that I must be humbled in every way, for they would certainly conclude, as the man in the street, that *I was not much 'count*, or I should not come to that." But presently they returned, and said, "Mr. Godsmark, we wish you to come and dine with us." I replied, with surprise, that "I must beg to be excused, for I was dirty, and quite unfit for company." But they insisted, and I went; and had I been *their* minister, with £500 a year, they could not have treated me with greater respect. They told me that a lady had *received my views*, who occasionally heard me on the week evening, contrary to her husband's wishes, who was a Wesleyan, and who was now removed to a distant part of the country; that he visited them once a year; when this lady would privately inquire of my welfare, and so on; and from what I subsequently gathered, I have ground to believe that this person was removed, lest the doctrines of sovereign grace should usurp the dominion of free agency. But where the seed of eternal life is sown it will germinate, though incarcerated in the cells of a Popish nunnery; and though the tender shoots are lopped off by the knife of persecution, it shall flourish as the palm-tree, and grow

as a cedar in Lebanon, and finally blossom as the rose in the paradise of God. There exists more persecution in this age than many are aware of, and especially among dissenting sectaries. I know a rich dissenting doctor, whose gardener and wife (who was his laundress) were carpeted before his *reverence* for hearing me: "So you go to hear that Antinomian, I am informed?" said the doctor. "We only go on the week-night, sir." "And pray what do you go for?" "We go, sir, to get something for our souls." "Very well, then you shall have nothing more from me for your bodies, if you go again." This is as I received it from the man himself. Both the doctor and his gardener are now in another world, where it is possible that their relative positions are awfully and blessedly reversed. (Luke xvi. 25.)

One morning I was in my garden depressed and worn down, but there was a little softness of heart with prayer to God that He would once more help us, for we had had but a sorry breakfast, and there was nothing left for dinner but some parsnips, but for once God made me thankful for even that fare. But that feeling soon passed off; and when my dear Emily came pleading in behalf of the little ones, that I would get them some dinner, I felt desperate. I knew that they were sinking in health, from want of proper food. I went in doors and took the brass rods off the stairs, and sent my poor Emily to sell them at the marine store shop, and shut myself up in the little bake-house in the garden, which was once comfortably stocked with fuel and flour. How many petitions and ascriptions of praise had ascended from that little place; but now, half stupified with grief, I could only cry, "O God, where art Thou? O wretched parent! O miserable progeny! O Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me—for ever? How long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me? How long shall I take council in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? How long shall my enemy be exalted over me? Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God. Lighten mine eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death—lest my enemy say, I have prevailed against him, and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved." This familiar little Psalm I repeated several times, and found some relief. I again went into the garden, and while digging up some parsnips which had stood in the ground all the winter, there came a violent ring at the gate, which was caused by the man being on horseback. I quite thought that it was an angry tax collector, or some equally unwelcome visitor. When I opened the gate, or rather a door in a high wall, a man who looked like a groom inquired if I were Mr. Godsmark. He said, "I was ordered to leave this with you;" a brown paper parcel labelled carrot seed. I asked him if he wanted an answer. He said, "No;" and rode off. I opened the parcel, wondering who could send me carrot seed. After several folds I came to two sovereigns. I ran out to see which way the man went, but he was gone; and I never knew where it came from, only that it came from Him who provideth the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God, and wander for lack of meat. Also one Saturday night we were in extremities both for food and fuel. We had bread and vegetables, 'tis true, but nothing else. I am aware that it is a mercy to get even that on a Sunday; but I must confess that I am not so happy with such fare (though I care little for myself compared with those dependent on me), as I am told some are; it appears that they only want to be nearly starved to enjoy Jesus Christ, and that a crust of brown bread with a pitcher of water from the brook will almost carry one into the third heaven. I don't say that there are no such people; but it has not been my lot to light on them, except in a religious tract, or in an old woman's sermon. It was past ten o'clock on the said Saturday night, when some one rang the bell. The wind and snow blew fiercely through the old doorway, when a stranger, a very tall man with a cloak, put a note in my hand, and left without saying a word. This note contained a sovereign secured in a card on which was written, "Jehovah-Jireh, fear not, thy God will provide." One afternoon I was going to sell an old copper pot, in order to provide something to eat, when I met the postman, who said, "Here is a letter: I wish you would take it, 'twill save me going over the common." In this letter there was an order for £2 from a lady at St. John's Wood. How I became known to her I know not. Thus when known friends failed, God influenced the hearts of strangers to help me, which just kept us alive in that day of famine. And many, too many to record, have been His wonderful works to me an unworthy wretch; and that my soul knoweth right well.

After I had left the tap-room, and was going towards home, I met a servant woman—she had been a seat-holder at my chapel for some years—she seemed affected to see me in

such plight (not but what I had respectable parsonic attire, but I could not seek for work in that garb). She told me that being so far away in her new situation, she could not come to chapel; that she owed for her sitting, and intended to give me ten shillings the first opportunity, and begged me now to accept it. That evening a gracious old lady, who had heard me in my cottage at Shoreham, gave me a half-sovereign. Oh, what a happy Saturday evening that was! My little ones danced for joy in prospect of a good substantial dinner, and I well remember the precious portion God gave me for that evening's meditation: "But I will sing of Thy power, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning; for Thou hast been my Defence and my Refuge in the day of my trouble: unto Thee, O my Strength, will I sing: for God is my Defence, and the God of my mercy" (Psalm lix. 16). But this little respite was the prelude to greater straits. For several weeks after this my income did not exceed three shillings per week, which was collected by pence dropped into a box at the chapel door. Consequently I was obliged to continue selling my effects. One evening, at this time, I went into the city to preach for a minister who was ill. I had no dinner that day, for there was not bread enough for the little ones. On my way I called on a friend, where I knew that I should be welcome to a cup of tea, but, alas! they were out. I walked about till chapel time. After the service several gentlemen came into the vestry, expressing their approbation, and so on; but they knew not that I was ready to faint from exhaustion, for there was nothing in my appearance indicative of want. I had one hope, and that was in a glass of wine; for I knew that that would be all the remuneration that I should have; but the deacon said, "I am very sorry, sir, but the pew-opener has neglected getting in the wine." I replied, that it was of no consequence, and left. I walked home as well as I could, but in passing through Victoria Park I could not go further. I sat on the grass and wept with a bitter cry; I thought of a minister of truth, who was preaching on the same evening near the chapel that I had just left, who had two or three guineas for his lecture, which was no more than just, considering his position; but the mysterious distinction tested my submission to the sovereignty of God. How glad should I have been of three pence. It is hard to believe at such times that God has no favourites among His own children. How true it is that no man knoweth either love or hatred by all that is before him. It cannot be known by all the temporal prosperity or adversity that we meet with. The Divine favour is known only by the gift of spiritual blessings. I staggered home as well as I could; no help had come, and the poor children had gone to bed, having nothing but potatoes, of which I partook, with a glass of water, and went to bed speechless—the severity of my Father's scourge had struck me dumb—"I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it. Yea, I held my peace even from good." There was no prayer, for I was troubled at His presence; when I considered Him I was afraid of Him; but bed is a sad place at such times—there is a feverish tossing to and fro, with prostration, severe pains in the chest and head, accompanied with terror of mind—symptoms which I have several times felt for want of food, and under the chastening hand of God, there lies the cause of conflict and grief. "Thou hidest Thy face and I am troubled." 'Tis in His light that we see light, and when a black cloud spreads over the face of His throne all is darkness, weeping, and woe. In the morning my little Eve said, "Father, we are so hungry, and this is my birthday. Won't you give us a little treat? you know that you promised." This appeal gave the last blow to expiring patience, and I cried out in the words of Luther, "O God, O God, dost Thou not hear? My God, art Thou dead?" And with the Psalmist, "O Lord, remove Thy stroke from me, for I am consumed by the blow of Thine hand." My very dear Emily (who has since been taken from the miseries of this sinful life) said, "Father, O father, this seems so shocking; what shall we do?" adding, "I remember when little Adam was alive, he let a penny fall through the crack of this floor." I immediately took up the floor board, and found the penny, and went down to the Wick and bought a pennyworth of bread, and in returning home I met a builder. I had been trying to sell a quantity of marble and stone, and had offered the same for £1; it was really worth £4. I now told him that he should have the lot for fifteen shillings. He said, "Very well, I will have them," and gave me five shillings, and promised to send the balance by the carman, which he did at once, and thanks to the mercy of God, we have never been brought so awfully low since.

In order to give as much of our brother's pathway as we could, we have refrained from making any of our own remarks. We

again repeat, that the extracts already given, and those yet to come, are exclusively for the benefit of the Lord's poor and tried people; and we feel assured that those of the Lord's people who are favored of God to be in an easier position will purchase the book and do all in their power to prevent the Author from suffering any pecuniary loss from its publication.

TO MY SISTER "THE RECLUSE."

BELOVED OF THE LORD AND MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS,—His name is above every name, and it is as ointment poured forth when applied to the sin-burthened soul by the Holy Spirit; and can we not in truth say that that name sounds so sweet in our ear at times that—

"It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fears."

Bless the Lord for the rich mercy. Why should He have compassion on *me*? Why should He have plucked *me* as a brand from the burning? Not because there was anything in me, my sister, to merit His favour; no! Everlasting love was the cause; for if the salvation of my soul depended on one good thought of my own, I have no power to raise it, so helpless am I, and so ignorant; such is my sad state by nature. How prone is my wretched heart to wander from my God; but He has said, "They shall not depart from me." His children are brought to love His shalls and wills. I have many times feared I should depart from Him, but the secret why I have not done so long ago is this, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation:" 'tis all of grace from first to last, free, unmerited grace.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

'Tis precious blood, indeed!

"What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins just like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?
'Tis Jesu's precious blood."

Here I would raise my Ebenezer, believing that—

"He who hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through."

Oh that my heart was filled with gratitude to Him who, notwithstanding all my rebellion and badness, has often made His goodness to pass before me; has often turned darkness into light, and has often made crooked things straight, according to His own promise, which in His faithfulness He fulfils. He says, "I am the Lord; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." I change daily, hourly, but my spirit rejoices in the unchangeability of Jesus—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. What a suitable Saviour for my poor, needy soul, and what a compassionate High Priest we have before our God, as it is declared, "We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in *all* points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Look into Psalm cix. 24, "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." How it endears Him to the soul to find He is such a "Brother born for adversity" May we be led more and more to consider Him!

Thus far, my dear, I had written to you before I received your kind letter; therefore, you must not think I have quite forgotten you; though, even if I had, what matters, when our God has said, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me!" That is the mercy!

"Though we oft' have Him forgot,
His lovingkindness changes not."

You ask me, How it is with me. I will tell you, and I know you can walk with me. Often faint, by reason of the roughness of the way, yet through grace pursuing—

"The righteous shall hold on his way."

Often cast down, through manifold temptations, yet not destroyed; for the Lord hath said, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." Often sorrowful through unbelief, hardness of heart, and darkness of mind, yet sometimes feel a little light, life, and love, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, our great salvation, and say,

"Thou, oh Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find."

My desire is before Him, and it is well expressed in the words of a poet whose name is unknown to me:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high,

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

I thought I should never send you another line, but when Jesus opens, none can shut; and when He shuts, none can open.

Farewell, dear sister and fellow-traveller in the pathway of tribu-

lation appointed by our God. May He bless you with much of His presence in your soul, and may He, whose words are spirit and life, often speak a word of consolation to your troubled heart! Though His dispensations towards you sometimes are so painful to flesh and blood, yet you know that tribulation worketh patience; patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart. May these blessings cause you and I to say, "All is settled, and my soul approves it well."—Your sister in covenant love,
E. N.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 24.)

AND though at present they are weak in the hand, feeble in the knees, lame in the feet, fearful in the heart, and of little understanding, I do, and must say,

These little things, this tender grass,
In gospel grace, doth far surpass
The great, the strong, the carnal wise,
With all their cobweb rags and lies.

These our lovely Shepherd carries in His bosom, and leads them gently on; therefore I don't want to force meat down their throats before grace has given them strength and appetite. As they grow up into Christ, they will gather strength, and their strength shall be tried, and their fainting in the day of adversity will prove their strength to be small (Prov. xxiv. 10). I am sure they will be of "heavy hearts:" they may then take a little wine, only let it be the new wine of manifested loving kindness, afterwards they will desire, and relish the good old wine of eternal love, bottled up in the eternal councils, which is strengthening, cheering, and refreshing; and sure I am when their feet and ankle bones get a little strength their hands will no more hang down, their hearts will be cheerful, and their countenances brighten up; they will "walk and not faint, run and not be weary," and when the Lord shall lead them a little more into gospel liberty, show them more of their perfection, and completeness in Christ, their hands will take hold of strength, and being strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus, and standing in the Saviour's might, wisdom, and righteousness, they shall thrash the mountains, overcome the world, sin, death, devil and hell. This precious view of their eternal standing, oneness, security, and completeness in Christ, brought home, and

enjoyed by the Spirit is pure gospel obedience, independent of all fleshly passions and frames; but this cannot be allowed in our modern pulpits without the cry of Antinomianism; but I love an open, frank, and gospel Antinomian, and I am going to tell you what thousands will not believe; I mean among our Calvinistic tribe. I believe not only all Arminian doctrines, and all the fleshly forms and feelings of God's people, together with the carnal ordinances which please the flesh, but the sound doctrines of the gospel in the letter are the serpent's meat; and thousands upon thousands of our round-headed Calvinistic reptiles feed sweetly on them, just as much as their dear brethren the Arminians suck up the mud. "Dust shall be the serpent's meat;" and dust is light and worthless, and too many of the Lord's people cleave unto it; and will do until like the prodigal they are starved out, and then comes the cry, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me according unto thy Word."

No, living souls they cannot feed
On doctrines sound and clear,
Unto them all is cold and dead,
Unless the Lord be there
To bless the food, upon them shine,
It then becomes the choicest wine.

Now, beloved, would it not be better, instead of driving these little ones from the door, to say in gospel love, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, why standest thou without?" I think, much better.

These little ones they have a place
In all the secrets of His grace.

The time was now come when we were obliged to give up the room: our best supporters were gone over to the more fashionable religion, and we began to have bare walls and empty seats; and it was said that we ought to break up and join them, as it was manifest the Lord was among them, and the preacher certainly was sent of God; for the people so much admired his preaching; but this sort of cant weighed very little with me while such a passage as this was in the Bible, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you; for so did their fathers to the false prophets" (Luke vi. 26); and if the carnal world loves their own, so will the religious world love their own, and birds of a feather will flock together. Now for the true prophets. "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?" Read carefully the whole chapter, with Matt. xxiii. 13, to the end; and Luke xi. 42—54. Now, to live godly is to walk in, live on, and love the truth, and mention it in the face of men and devils, and then the effect will

be found in 2 Tim. iii. 12, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Blessed effect! and to prove it see Matt. v. 10—12, "Blessed are ye," &c. Hence popularity is no proof that a man is sent of God, because Ahab hated Micaiah, and spoke well of the prophets of Baal (1 Kings xxii. 8). "Marvel not if the world hate you:" "ye shall be hated of all men;" "the devil shall cast some of you into prison." Ah, my brother, my sister, you may creep into the flesh, court the smiles of the world, and receive many an hypocritical kiss from Judas; but he is sure to betray you, and you will find to your cost he is nothing but a sacrilegious thief and devil, and takes good care of "the bag;" but we will sum it up in few words:

All dead professors, pious pharisees,
Swim down the stream with comfort and with ease,
But living souls must fight their way, withstand
The shots from hell, and lies on every hand.

But there was one thing which looked rather dark. It was this. I was told that Mr. Phillips did not want us among them, we should soon break the peace of the Church. This I believe was really his inward spirit, though he did not come out. This must be passed off as a gentle kick. The old chapel now being too small, they purchased the old workhouse, and converted it into a chapel, to which they removed; and now we must break up; and Mr. Lucas who preached the last sermon gave it out that the meeting was discontinued; but I and a few more wished to hold the room as long as we could. We therefore went next Lord's day, but found the door locked, and Mr. Mason who kept the key had gone down to the workhouse chapel. I was therefore sent down to fetch it; for we were determined to get in if possible. I went, saw the man, but he had not got the key by him, so we were obliged to do without the meeting. A little after this I began to hold a meeting in my own house for all who felt inclined to come. Only a few came. We began with prayer, but after a while I began to expound a little, and by and bye took a text, and had a few who understood preaching, and so I felt a little fear creep in, expecting to be closely criticised. The first portion that I took for a text was Psalm civ. 34, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet." After speaking and finding that I had suited them (which I am sure I tried hard to do) the devil and I shook hands, being satisfied on both sides. Though I pleased the people, I knew in my conscience there was nothing but bones and dry doctrine, with a deal of hunting after self-praise; and some dogs are satisfied with bones for a while. But I can truly say from experience I have since then had very lovely and sweet meditations on His

person, blood, righteousness, and promises, and in many of my after journeys I have been overpowered with lovingkindness in sweet meditation on His dealings, and far better, sweeter, more savoury, and truthful sermons have been preached in my heart in the fields, lanes, and streets; so that I could think of nothing but love, mercy, and goodness, and I could truly say,

My heart was dead to all beside,
Save Jesus and Him crucified.

Beloved, how blessed to be melted down, humbled, led, and drawn to Calvary, and there to meditate on suffering, bleeding, dying love; and O to feel its constraining power, how it lightens all our little pin pricks of trouble and fills us with holy shame at our murmurings, complainings, and peevishness. I trust I know some little of this, and that little fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings, or baptising in love,

Must give me inward joy,
Subdues my guilt and fear,
And nothing can destroy
While Jesus is so near:
My meditation is so sweet,
I hug and kiss His lovely feet.

This is fellowship, this is felt union, this is to weep with Peter, to love with Mary, to sup with Lazarus, and rejoice with Paul. There is nothing dry here, nothing deadening except that killing, dying to all below. Have you been here, beloved? If so, you know what it is to handle, see, and feel of the Word of life, "whom to know (in this feeling, experimental way) is life eternal." This is the meditation my soul loves to be found in, and in this way what Watts says is very blessed and true:

"To spend one hour with Thee on earth,
Is worth a thousand days of mirth."

It is then without hypocrisy we can say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee:" and the most lovely spot for gospel meditation is Calvary. And I am sure that no meditation is pleasing and acceptable unto God but what is the fruit of His own Spirit: He Himself is the object, subject, and enjoyment of meditation, and this is the reason the saints cry out, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight" (Ps. xix. 14): and when the Lord warms, draws out, and puts the heart in tune, who can help meditating? It is then, and then only, that we delight in His law (the gospel, Ps i. 2), and in this law we "meditate day and night." In the day when the sunshine of lovingkindness is felt in our hearts, and shines in, and on our path, how we mount

up in holy joy and contemplation. In the night precious faith when drawn up, will penetrate the gloom of darkness, clouds, and coldness, and fetch in abundant matter for meditation: 'tis then sweet to meditate on Him in the night watches: and this I believe Isaac knew something of when he went at evening in the fields to meditate (Gen. xxiv. 63). I know something of this myself, and blessed seasons they are; and I do verily believe our all glorious spiritual Isaac when He came to meet us His beloved Rebekah He must indeed have long and sweet meditations day and night. In the day of eternity how full and precious were His thoughts, and all about the welfare and well being of His beloved Rebekah. See that precious portion, Ps. viii. 22—31, and as His delights were then with His Rebekah, He did delight to undergo all for her: He says, "I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." And in the night of time His heart, His hands, His head, His feet, and every power of His soul was full of work and meditation on the sorrows, conflicts, temptations, and baptisms He would and did endure; and all to bring round His Rebekah to His arms, His feet, His heart, His home, and His glory. When His poor, but chosen, redeemed, and eternally blessed Rebekah feels the quickening life, and the struggling between Jacob and Esau, she sure to say, "If it were so, why am I thus?" O, ye blessed Rebekahs, don't be cast down because you feel the old man kicking and working within you; for it is blessed evidence that you have had something to do with Isaac: it proves the eternal wedlock, the oneness, the relationship, and union. Blessed struggling! Ah, says some poor sin-harassed, devil-tempted, world-hated soul, I cannot make that out; for I feel as full of sin as hell and the devil can make me; how can I be free from sin? Indeed I feel nothing but sin, pollution, and devilishness. Why, dear soul, only a short time ago and sin reigned in you, and the devils goods were kept in peace, and just because a stronger than he has turned him out he puts fire into your lusts and sin rages, and you feel "evil is present with you," "that in your flesh dwelleth no good thing."

(To be continued.)

Since our last the Lord has been pleased to take to Himself another of His own faithful servants—Mr. W. PARKS, Rector of Openshaw, Manchester. A few particulars of the decease of our late brother a friend has kindly furnished us with, but we exceedingly regret not receiving them in time for this month's publication.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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No. 111.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I must greet you on your seventy-first birthday in His dear name who is the Brother born for adversity, which I see to be a sweet answer to the longing of the Church. "O that Thou wert as my Brother, which sucked the breasts of my mother, when I should find Thee without I would kiss Thee; yea, I should not be despised." And now we can joyfully sing, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders." What quietude this brings when realised by faith; for we "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." "I will work, and who shall let it?" "He shall fight for you, and you shall hold your peace." "Their strength is to sit still." "Mary sat still in the house." Oh! it is sweet and safe to sit still in the house of which He has the government, in which house the alabaster box is broken. "This is my body broken for you;" and the fragrant odour of that wondrous ointment fills each living soul and refreshes each weary spirit of Zion's Pilgrims. He was born to die the accursed death of the cross, and precious as is a Saviour born, His richest odours were shut up till the box was broken: "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" Heaven's spice must be bruised, and "it pleased the Lord" to do it. What love! Matchless indeed! In those words, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him," I have had my soul melted many a time in beholding the Father's love to us His younger children, whom He would have healed by the stripes of our elder Brother; but some time since I saw fresh fulness in them as contrasted with that other declaration—"In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin Thou hast no

pleasure;" because there was no atonement, no propitiation; but it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; for every stroke was most satisfactory to law and justice. The odours of infinite purity ascended from that bruising, and were a sweet smelling savour acceptable to a holy God. All the ill savour of the Church's sin was made an end of, and in the bruising of the Lamb without blemish and without spot a cloud of fragrant incense ascended upon the eternal throne. How infinitely well pleased the Father was with that transaction finite minds can never fully know; for there Jehovah was honoured, Satan's head bruised, and the loved and chosen made free from all law charges. The Lord triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider He cast into the sea, and by *one* offering did the dear Surety for ever perfect them that are sanctified. No pleasure could our Father have in sacrifices offered by Levitical priests; for they were only shadows betokening that there was a substance to come forth in the fulness of time. But when He looked into Himself for a Lamb, and found the same in His own bosom, what was it but the river of His pleasures? And the wondrous opening of that river to the royal family in the wilderness was pleasure indeed; for thus a way was opened from His heart to ours: thus worms of the earth find satisfaction where divine law and justice find it too. Thus the glorious Jehovah and worm Jacob delight in the same spirit and feast together on that wine which "cheereth the heart of God and man," "which things the angels desire to look into;" and well they may, for here their mighty powers find an eternal wonder that they can never fathom, but in which they behold developments of the divine glory which ever call forth new ascriptions of praise to the Lamb which was slain, while we can add a higher strain, and not only say, He suffered thus, but that He suffered all for us. "Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth:" for He became the lowest part of the dust of the earth; yea, even to the dust of death did He stoop, because His soul clave unto us in love, and He would have us have life more abundantly, even eternal life in resurrection glory which neither Satan, sin, nor death can ever reach. Praise, O our souls, the worthy Lamb, who loved us so, that whether in life or death there would He be also; and truly Christ and His Bride are lovely and pleasant in His life, and in death they were not divided; for I wot that whom God hath thus joined, no death can put asunder; yea, moreover, no tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, shall do it; for I am persuaded by the Lord that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from our precious Bride-

groom, nor from the love of God which is in Him. "Thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ." But time says I must cease. May you have a banqueting birthday, beloved, on the royal dainties which our heavenly Asher yieldeth; for His bread is fat, and set upon the family table it is found to be full of fatness, and a very satisfying portion which is eaten in quietness, though often in the very presence of our enemies, while the King says, "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places:" yea, upon the very necks of their kings. "Set your feet upon the necks of these kings," says our heavenly Joshua, and thus He leads us into rest, and with Mary we desire to sit still in the house till we receive the glad message, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee;" then shall we go out of the tent, but not out of the house: and the Lord shall preserve the going out of His children from this time forth, and even for evermore, till death is swallowed up in victory, and time shall be no longer.

Was very glad of your letter, the time seemed long, and I was purposing to write to you if the Lord would give me fresh ink, for which I am ever dependant. I am glad you are both well. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age to shew that the Lord is upright; He is our Rock, and there is no unrighteousness with Him." The Bridegroom and the Bride are both called by His name, "The Lord our righteousness." "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." Our everlasting song is this,

"Jesus is mine, and I am His."

Every blessing of the upper and nether springs be abundantly yours. I write in haste and with kind love to yourself and dear Mrs. Triggs.

Am ever yours, very affectionately, in our precious Beloved,
RUTH.

"RECLUSE" TO HER SISTER ELIZABETH.

BELoved FRIEND,—How precious is help in time of trouble! And who so ready to help those who cannot help themselves as the Friend who loveth at all times, and the Brother born for adversity? Under all circumstances He is still the faithful God and unchanging Friend of His every elect vessel of mercy. No matter how intricate their pathway, He is nigh at hand to direct and

counsel, comfort and strengthen them in every dark dispensation and trying providence. And what the poet sings we prove to be precious real:

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss, ah, bliss complete!"

Such, beloved, was my happy lot this day week. Surrounded by much that was trying and too hard for me to manage on the one hand, and harassed with a tempting devil and worried by a persecuting Saul on the other, my cup of sorrow was well nigh full. The devil was saying, "Where is now thy God?" Saul was threatening to sell my few goods and chattels. The roaring of the former enemy cannot really harm me, though it does distress me, and the threatening of the latter cannot be carried into effect without my Father's permission. All this I well knew, but that morning heaviness in the heart made it stoop, and I wanted the good word to make it glad. In the weakness of the moment I sat down to write my sister to grant me the loan of a trifling amount, but I bless my God that He did not permit me to do so foolish a thing; for my pen refused its office; words would not flow. "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it," sounded like an alarm bell in the land of my soul, followed by the silvery sweetness of another, "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." Precious, precious words! They were sealed home by God's own Spirit, proving the truth of what my Lord has said: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

From that moment, dear friend, I could, with Paul and Silas, sing the sweet song of deliverance when there was no prospect of it. My heart was just brimful, and, with Thomas, it was, "My Lord and my God!" Where was all my trouble? Clean gone. My glorious and true yoke-fellow had taken the burden completely to Himself, whilst I was left to sit still and watch Him working wondrously on my behalf. I was again in my right mind, sitting at His dear feet, blessing and praising my glorious Lord who so graciously fulfilled His own Word—"I, even I, am He that comforteth you." Ah! beloved, there is no comfort like His; no sympathy like that of our precious Lord Jesus. He can and does feel for us. His own Word declares that He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Wondrous mercy! Glorious truth!—

"My breaches of the law are His,
And His obedience mine."

This is a blessed substitution, dear friend; and you too know

something of its preciousness, feelingly and experimentally, and can heartily join the little one in singing,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

"Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you," says Peter; yet, beloved, have you not thought God's ways and dealings with you most strange? Alas, I have; and, methinks, good old Jacob did too when he cried—"All these things are against me."

"Not so, my Father, oft we say,
This pain, this grief, remove;
Too blind to fathom wisdom's way,
Or think 'tis sent in love."

So, beloved, though I do not like the furnace, nor the test of God's crucible, one whit better than good old, dear old, Jacob, yet I am well assured that what my Lord has said by Paul is quite true—"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Yea, beloved, He can and does bring good out of seeming evil, and my heart rejoices in the fact that though in the furnace, He, my glorious Christ, sits as the refiner, and will as surely bring me through every trying dispensation, as He did the three Hebrew worthies, and that, like them, the smell of fire shall not pass upon me: and why all this? Union, my beloved sister, is the glorious link which keeps every one of the redeemed of the Lord safe and secure. Therefore be of good cheer, dear fellow-traveller. But I must close.

When I reached home on the Tuesday evening my dear children were all in bed. The next morning I gave them your bread for breakfast. Ah, the donor to you little thought into whose hands it would fall.*

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm!"

* The bread here spoken of was a part of a currant loaf that we had brought from the neighbourhood of Hull on that day (180 miles). When we reached home we found our daughter in the faith at our house, and when we gave the said loaf to our wife as a little present from a real friend at Skidby, who knew that we were very fond of her very superior currant bread, she kindly gave a part of it to our sister for her little ones, not dreaming that they were then in so needy a position. However, the event proved that we had to bring that loaf 180 miles to supply the need of our much-loved child in the faith. Surely we may say,

"Life's minutest circumstance
Is ordered by the Lord."

Ed.

As soon as I entered chapel the next evening an aged brother accosted me in speech which at once betrayed whose banner he carried, and in whose mighty love-acts he rejoiced. My heart glowed as the dear old man spoke in much warmth of his dear Christ. Words utterly failed to express the half that he felt. I should like to meet him again, and hear a little more of his love-song. When you see Manoaah ask him to dig up his talent; for I am wondering why he is so long silent. I hope that presently he will burst from his shell, and once again sweetly sing in honor of Zion's King and Lord. Certain I am that there is no employ so sweet.

Now, my dear, just drop a line and tell me the whereabouts of your husband; for I am anxious to know if he is going to remain in Town.

Your affectionate sister in the Lord,

E. A. C.

THE PATHWAY RIGHT, THOUGH ROUGH.

"Weak in herself, she fears
The battle's horrid din:
Yet more than conqueror she appears
O'er Satan, hell, and sin."

How true and expressive are the above lines! Little do we know of the love of our God in showing to us our weakness, and proving to us that we have neither wisdom nor strength to stand against the least of our numerous enemies. The whole of our strength lies in our Jesus, and we are not called upon to stand against the foe in our creature power. Christ is both our life and our armour. In Him no foe can match us, no enemy can defeat us. Omnipotence must be overpowered, and Deity be dethroned, ere the enemy can imperil the life of the Church. The foe is never the same side of Christ as is the Church. He is a wall of fire round about her, and He is the glory in the midst of her. Satan may shoot his fiery darts, but they cannot penetrate the liquid shield of a child of God. By this the living children can quench all his fiery darts. They may fly thick and fast, but never pass the shield. Were they ten thousand times more numerous, a million times more furious,

The liquid shield would quench them all,
Short of the child the whole would fall.

Need we be surprised that the Holy Ghost should say, "Above all, taking the shield of faith." Hence faith needs a shield; and

is not this shield the blood of the slain Lamb? and is not the blood the life? and are we not said to eat His flesh and drink His blood? Do we not find that this blood is the strong drink given to those who are ready to perish? and when we drink of it, are we not compelled to forget our poverty, and remember our misery no more?

We drink full draughts of heavenly bliss,
We warble night and day,
Exchange with Christ the mutual kiss,
And long for Him to stay.

Can He leave us? Can He disown us? Can He even slight us? No, and why? "He that hath the Bride is the Bridegroom:" "and the Lord the God of Israel saith that He hateth putting away." "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end."

"And though she often treacherous proves,
He loves her, and for ever loves."

It is true that He sometimes outwardly appears strange, and says not a word about relationship; but, like Joseph, speaks very roughly in His providential dispensations. But what of all this? Did He not once hear that Lazarus whom He loved was sick, but still abode two days in the same place? Did it look like love? Rather, did it not look like indifference? Flesh says it did; but faith says it did not. Now, which are we to believe? Let the event speak for itself. "Lazarus, come forth," settles the matter at once. His ways are so deep, His footsteps are so hidden, that we know not what He intends to do; but this we know:

"On Christ are hung all Heaven's affairs,
And all His children's weighty cares:
Then on thy God, thy Saviour, rest,
All things are ordered for the best."

We may not see it so, but it is so notwithstanding. Neither do we believe that there is one drop of anger in His heart, nor one drop of wrath in His bosom. Judging sometimes according to the appearance, we are apt to conclude that the Lord has something in His heart against us. The pathway being generally rough, dark, and thorny, causes us frequently to find fault with our God. But this moves Him not. He still carries out His all-wise purpose. Flesh cannot fathom the depths of His design, sense cannot see the end of His purpose; but the living child says, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Christ once said to Martha, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" And have we not over and over again

seen His glory in His loving dispensations? It is true that all our fleshly schemes and creature arrangements have been upset; but what of that? It has been a source of great trouble and disappointment; but what have we proved in the end? "He led them forth by a right way." Yes, beloved, it is always *right*, though generally *rough*. The Lord will not let His children go on as He is pleased to allow the seed of the serpent. This often annoys us, and causes us to bring many charges against the Lord. We frequently get comparing our pathway with theirs, our rough road with their smooth road, our poverty with their riches, and we think that the Lord deals better with them than with us, favors them much more than He does us. We then think that we do well to be angry, even unto death. Indeed we are often envious at the foolish when we see the prosperity of the wicked; and we go so far as to ask the Lord why the way of the wicked prospers? But is not this speaking unadvisedly with our lips? We forget that the Lord has given them their portion in this life, and what a sorry portion it is! Child of God, envy them not. You have not the least cause to do so, depend upon it. What if your pathway is rough? Could you go on without the trials, losses, crosses, and afflictions? We think not. But what if you could have time-things just as you wish them? Should you be a gainer? Would it be to your advantage? Would your soul prosper? Should you get as much communion and fellowship with the Man of sorrows? Would you then feel your dependance on the Lord? We anticipate your answer.

" 'Tis the right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough."

For our part, we know the pathway is right; we are sure that the tribulation in the world is right; and we are well convinced that

"Life's minutest circumstance
Is ordered by the Lord."

We would not have a thing altered, and why? "Ye are not your own." The sheep belong to the Shepherd. It is His to lead them where He thinks proper. The children belong to their Father. It is for Him to place them where He thinks best. The bride belongs to the Bridegroom. It is for Him to nourish and cherish His own flesh. We all get on best in Christ when we cannot get on in ourselves; and I am sure we need not deplore adversity in ourselves, when we have prosperity in Him. What if we are poor in every sense of the term? Christ is all the riches

that we can require: and what the poet says we can heartily respond to—

“And if our dearest comforts fall,
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all—
Himself He gives us still.”

When the Lord wanted to meet Joseph, and make known His heart-love to him, where did He send him? To prison. When the Lord wanted to meet with and bless His servant Daniel, there was no place so favourable for the interview as the lion's den. And when He wished to hold communion and enjoy companionship with the three Hebrew children, there was no place so suitable as the fiery furnace. These are hard nuts for nature to crack; but how true it is that His ways are past finding out. Beloved, has not the Lord made known His love, and communed with you sweetly from the mercy seat, in the most unlikely places? Has He not frequently taken advantage of your trying position, and whispered, “It is I: be not afraid?” In fact, you well know that

“’Tis His delight to make you blest,
And live upon His love.”

PETER.

BRIEF GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS.

As a rule, we take but little notice of books, and the reason is, very few published will bear investigation, if tested by the unerring standard of God's Word. Here and there one we can, in the main, speak praise-worthily of, and we think that it behoves us so to do whenever opportunity offers.

“A VOICE FROM A SICK CHAMBER,”

written by our late brother Parks of Openshaw, Manchester, and to be had for a penny of Mr. Slater, 129, Market-place, we most cordially recommend to our readers. This epistle was written by Mr. P., on what proved to be his death-bed, to his congregation. Though the writing of a dying man, it contains the breathings of one who can never die.

“A BRIEF REVIEW OF HIS MINISTERIAL LABORS”

is another, and the last, epistle written by the same dying saint, also addressed to his people, which our readers would do well to procure, and “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.” A short extract we will here give. Speaking of his first coming among his

people at Manchester, 24 years since, and of the reception that he met with, etc., he says:

When I first came amongst you I was determined to know nothing but Christ crucified, I purposed to glory in nothing, save the cross of the Lord Jesus.*

But I no sooner showed my colors, no sooner declared, "by grace are ye saved, not of works, lest any man should boast"—Eph. ii. 8, 9—than a storm of hatred and rage was raised against me! The clearer I made the doctrines of the cross, the worse I was liked, till at last vicious and decided opposition was manifested, which ended in the greater portion of the influential members of the congregation leaving my ministry altogether!

This was a severe blow to me. I now began to realize the Saviour's and the Apostle's solemn prognostications—"Ye shall be hated of all men (i.e. all unconverted men) for my name's sake" (Matt. x. 22; John xv. 18-20); "Through much tribulation shall ye enter the kingdom of God," and "If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus he shall suffer persecution."—Acts xiv. 22; 2 Tim. ii. 12.

Ah, how often had I read these words, never dreaming that I had ought to do with them! Like many others, I either had some confused ideas in my mind regarding hatred and persecution, or thought those warnings were especially meant for the original disciples; but to my cost, I soon found out the true meaning.

How many ministers in the present day know anything about hatred and persecution for the truth's sake? Not many I am sure! Where are the bishops, the deans, the archdeacons, the dignitaries of our church, where are the clergy who know what hatred and persecution for God's truth is? I know of but few such amongst the ordinary rank and file of ministers, and as for the dignitaries, none! If some of these suffer for their religious views, they have the consolation of a princely income, high position, and aristocratic sympathizers; but a man may suffer thus, and know nothing of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Untruthful ministers with popular talent have the world's applause, unholy ministers without talent have the world's sufferance, but it is otherwise with the men of God. They are, like their Master, literally despised and rejected of all unconverted persons, men of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Isa. liii. 3. Ay, and it must be so, for *He* has declared it—"The servant shall be as his Master."—John xv. 20.

Well, the iron entered my very soul through the treatment I received at the hands of God's enemies. I was hated, maligned and abused nonymously and anonymously, and this last piece of strategy was to starve me out, or to frighten me away. But the parties mistook their man. I kept on preaching the Word regardless of all consequences, and though my worldly prospects looked gloomy, and I was often at my wits' end, the Lord always came most opportunely to my relief, and supported me in a way of grace and providence.

At this time, some half dozen old and established believers came to the rescue. They had heard of my preaching, and there being no truth in the pulpits nearer than Openshaw, they gladly threw in their lot amongst us, and sat down under my ministry. Those dear children of the Lord I shall never forget. They listened to my childlike lisping, they drank in the milk of babes for years, and unconscious to themselves taught me the way of God more perfectly. How many precious hints did these people let drop from time to time which proved a comfort to my soul, and a light to my understanding! Some of them are gone to rest in full assurance of union with the Lord, others still remain with hearts as warm as ever, and hands as liberal as grace can make them. My dearly beloved, accept this slight acknowledgement for all you have done for me. You will remember when first you came how feebly and imperfectly I preached "the Gospel of the Grace of God," but you bore with it all, seeing that the root of the matter was in me, and now you can testify to my growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

How different is my preaching now to what it was twenty-four years ago! So *must it be*

* Not a wooden or a metal cross, mark you, but what Paul means by "the cross" i. e. *Christ's work upon the cross*. You may think this explanation needless, but let me tell you that within the last few weeks I have had an anonymous letter from some very ignorant person in this city, declaring that the individual who objected to wear publicly a material emblem of Christ's cross, was ashamed of the cross of Christ, and that to such an individual the offence of the cross had ceased!!! Such is the divinity of the Ritualists, and others.

with every God-sent minister. If a man doesn't advance in knowledge and experience as he advances in years, he is a dead minister, a poor finger-post that points out the way, but never moves an inch himself. God forbid that it should ever be so with me!

And now let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to convey that I was free from blame in my treatment of the enemies of the gospel to whom I have referred. No: I have frequently been harsh, and have used the rod unsparingly. I never took into consideration the fact that those parties had never heard the gospel preached (except one truth-hating man, who declared to me with his own lips that he had heard the doctrines I advanced from his childhood, but never could abide them). It was no wonder, then, that they were amazed and confounded at the rough way in which I tore up by the roots all their former fancies, false doctrines and fallacies. I ought to have made some allowance for their ignorance; for if a man naturally recoils from God's truth when placed before him in the mildest accents, how much more will he writhe and hate and curse when he is violently assailed, and clutched with an iron hand!

The Lord pardon Thy servant in this thing!

I do not wish to aggravate the heavy reckoning against my opponents, but I must state this fact—viz, that not one of them ever prospered in this world afterwards, some of them died the saddest of deaths, and not one of them could say believingly and experimentally upon his dying bed—"I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." 2 Tim. ii. 15. Alas! such is, and will be the end of all who dare to touch the Lord's anointed, and do His prophets harm!

But there is a bright side to the picture. Very many have learnt the precious gospel through me, and have died rejoicing, and many live to this day to thank God for ever having granted them the privilege of hearing of a finished Salvation! O this FINISHED WORK! This is the refuge from the storm, and the shadow from the heat! What can the poor wretched mutilators of Holy Writ speak or write to comfort a perishing sinner? Their tale is "Do, and God will finish!" "Work and He will work!" Miserable comforters are ye all! Blind guides! Poor parrots who can repeat what you hear others say, but never having had any experimental knowledge of the Sovereign Grace of God yourselves, you darken counsel with words without knowledge! Besides all this, the blessings God has heaped upon me are not confined to my own parish. I have had HUNDREDS of testimonies from all parts of the kingdom as to the acceptableness, the truth, and the savouriness of my writings! Many of these parties have never seen me: many of them had never heard of the gospel till they saw it in my Tracts, but now can call me their father in God!

Do I write thus to magnify myself! God knoweth! It is all of His Grace sovereignly displayed in the chiefest of sinners, and my example proves again and again that the Lord loves to do wonders by the feeblest and most unworthy of His creatures.

I now have a solemn question to put to the various ministers of our day—*Which of you all can say as I have said, How many souls have you had for your hire? Have you ever found out one of Christ's sheep lost in this naughty world?* It is a question not to be shirked! If not answered here it must be answered elsewhere! Be assured that the truth will come out at the last day, that if you have not a testimony to put in favourably to your usefulness—*You have run when no man sent you! You were never called by God the Holy Ghost to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ!* O pardon me for my plain dealing! I do it, as the Lord is my witness, as an experiment to awaken you. I do it as Paul did it, in order that by any means I might save some!

We would gladly quote more of this soul-stirring letter, but space tells us to desist; and as the two letters can be had, *post free*, from Mr. Slater, 129, Market-place, Manchester, for 3 stamps, we have no doubt our readers will avail themselves of the opportunity of securing them.

"GILEAD"

is a monthly magazine at the low price of one PENNY, edited by a Clergyman in the Church of England, who is not afraid to preach

and write the truth of God according to the ability which the Lord has given him. Like our brother West of Winchelsea, he evidently cares for neither men nor devils. Few indeed are the men that dare say half the truth, in the Establishment, that our brother Gregg declares. Pleased indeed are we to hear of such men, and should be glad, if the Lord's pleasure, to find that they were multiplied by ten. But the truth is not wanted in this day of religious foolery, and the man who is by grace made honest enough to proclaim it, whether publicly or privately, is sure to receive—using a vulgar phrase—"more kicks than half-pence." We shall be more than pleased to see "Gilead" number 24 pages, sell for TWOPENCE, pay all its own expences, and present the Editor with a monthly remuneration for his time, talent, and trouble.

"Gilead" can be had from our Publisher, so that our friends can procure it monthly through their Bookseller along with "Zion's Witness:" and for the convenience of those of our friends to whom we send the "Witness" direct, we shall be happy to enclose any number of "Gileads" they may please to order.

"FITNESS FOR HEAVEN,"

is a homely tract of 8 pages, price one penny, written dialogue-wise, containing more truth than nine out of ten of the folio volumes of the day. We are very fond of "*Fitness for Heaven*," and can bless God that

"No goodness, no fitness, expects He from us."

The author of this tract is the Editor of "Gilead," and we should like to put it in the hands of every religious professor in our land.

"IN THE BOOK,"

is the substance of a Sermon, preached by the same author, size and price the same as the Dialogue. This Sermon is a very precious one, and clearly shows that all those of Adam's sons and daughters whose names were not written

"IN THE BOOK"

from before the foundation of the world never will be written at all, that all whose names are there registered shall remain enrolled to an eternal day, and that all those who are so favored of God in covenant love and ancient decree as to have their respective names entered in that blessed *book*, shall arrive safely in glory without the shadow of a shade of a possibility of missing the joy of the blest. For these reasons, then, we heartily recommend "*In the Book*."

NO TERRORS IN DEATH;

OR,

THE EASY DISMISSAL FROM THE FRAIL TENT OF FLESH OF MR. PARKS,
RECTOR OF OPENSHAW, MANCHESTER.

WHILST thousands and tens of thousands are trembling at the thought of death, and nearly all of Adam's sons and daughters try to stifle the thought when it arises, or to wave the subject when introduced, it is our unspeakable privilege to be in a position, by grace divine, to foster the thought and to hail the subject with pleasure. Death, we are fully conscious, has terrors to the natural mind, and there remains a terrible future to those who die without an interest in the love, blood, and righteousness of our blessed Lord; but, to the saint of God, death is not that dreadful harbinger of awful tidings, but the peaceful messenger of glorious good news. To the natural mind of a child of God, death assumes a very gruff voice; but life through death blows her sweet silver trumpet through the spiritual ear and heart, which causes holy joy and rejoicing in Him who is

"Death of deaths and hell's destruction."

Every child of God is well assured, by inward teaching, that there is no real cause to fear literal death; and could they perpetually live in the enjoyment of eternal life, they would be troubled with no such fears. But the power of temptation is, at times, so great upon their minds, that they dread the very thought of their natural dissolution. When, however, perfect love is shed abroad in their heart by the Holy Ghost, it is their delight to sing with dear Kent:

"When call'd to meet the king of dread,
Should love compose my dying bed,
And grace my soul sustain;
Then e'er I quit this mortal clay,
I'll raise my fainting voice and say,
Let grace triumphant reign."

There is no doubt that many, perhaps most, of the Lord's children are throughout their pilgrimage troubled about death, and they often wonder how it will be with them when about to depart: and even though they do not fear the final result, yet they often are fearful that they shall be dark in mind at that trying time, and much tossed about by the powerful assaults of the enemy. How true it is—"fear hath torment!" But how frequently we have noticed that all the anguish of mind has been endured in anticipa-

tion; for when they have been ready for the death-bed, they have found it well prepared by rich free grace, and their pillow well shook up, and their every need attended to, by the gentle hand of their loving and compassionate High Priest, their blessed Jesus. Grace to meet the day they have found, the love and faithfulness of their best friend they have proved, and they have had to say, "*Can this be death?*" No, child of my God, it is not death; for the bitterness has been taken away, the sting has been plucked, by your glorious and all-indulgent Lord; so that there has indeed been

"NO TERRORS IN DEATH."

The subject of this present Paper, as many of our readers well know, was a Clergyman in the Establishment, and has borne a faithful testimony, both oral and written, for between twenty and thirty years. We never knew *personally* our late brother, although we held him in high esteem from his writings which we have been favored to peruse. When our "Fire Baptism" was first published he wrote us a very nice letter, in which he bore testimony to his unqualified approval of the said work. This letter we appended to the advertisement of the book, when a fellow minister in the Church—not of the Lord—residing in the neighbourhood of Hull, took it upon himself to write to his professed brother in holy orders, to know if the letter was really genuine, and, if so, whether his (Mr. P.'s) consent had been given to its publication. This undaunted champion of free grace told him in reply that the letter was *real*, and that if he himself did not preach the truth in his church he had better let the author of that book preach it for him.

How impertinent! Those who knew this *now* glorified saint, will give him full credit for saying all that we have stated.

It appears from the accounts that we have seen that Mr. P. has been laid by ever since March last; and to prove that he had some real and substantial friends about him, he was presented with a purse of Four hundred Pounds (£400)! We were much pleased at this for two reasons. First, it showed that grace has not died out in our land; and, second, that the beloved pastor of Openshaw stood high in the affections and dwelt deep in the heart of the living family scattered abroad to whom his ministry and writings had been blest.

In death this son of God proved the triumph of eternal life. He was not afraid to die. His mind, upon the whole, was calm and peaceful. A beloved correspondent, one of his own hearers, writes us in the following order:—

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I only received your letter

this evening, in which you ask for a few particulars of the decease of our much-beloved minister, the late Rev. William Parks. As one who has experienced many precious helps by the way through his instrumentality, I shall only be too glad to add any feeble testimony I may be enabled to do.

Last March his illness commenced, which gradually broke down his once fine and healthy frame. I saw him many times during his very tedious and trying illness, and invariably found him very quiet, but composed. His mind was evidently fixed on Divine realities. There was a patient waiting for the Lord's pleasure and purpose relative to himself. In a letter to me, at this time, he expressed himself thus: "As for myself, I know not what the end may be; it is a very small matter to me whether I live or die but for one circumstance (which I need not name, being of a private nature), death would be a welcome visitant;" also he added, "the doctrines of grace are my only support, they are good to live by, and good to die by." That was his testimony during his period of physical suffering. On the occasion of writing that which has proved to be his last letter to his congregation, he seemed impressed with the belief, that he should not recover. I remember calling, along with a friend, when he told us he was writing the above, and must endeavour to finish it before he went home. So composed was his mind, that he had not a shadow of doubt of his acceptance in the Beloved. The Lord did not permit the enemy to annoy him.

There is little to be added of what transpired at the immediate close of his life: as I before stated, he was remarkably quiet; that is, his words were very few. On one occasion, when some little assistance was rendered, he said, "If such be the kindness of a creature, what must that of a Saviour be!" He was then very feeble in body and unable to move himself. The last audible words he was heard to utter, were,

Oh! that the companions of my youth, my confederates in sin and folly, felt themselves as firmly upon the Rock as I do!"

That, beloved, is a blessed testimony for one to leave behind him when entering the swellings of Jordan. His labors, both public and private, have been abundantly blessed to the household of faith: many, throughout the length and breadth of the land, can bear testimony to the truth of this, and of him it may be said, "he being dead, yet speaketh." Many, indeed, has He left behind to mourn his loss, but our loss is his everlasting gain. He has entered into rest, even that eternal Sabbath, where all time-troubles are lost in that ocean of everlasting love. Having warred a good warfare, the Lord, enabling him to be faithful unto death, now has

crowned him with life. May the Lord sanctify this bereavement, by proving His own faithfulness and unerring care, over all His children, from the least unto the greatest; and may He enable us in this visitation to read lessons of lasting profit, which shall prove to His glory and our present and future good.

Yours, faithfully in the Truth,

JOHN HOPE.

P.S.—I have given a very frail and brief account, but time fails me. I omitted to say Mr. Doudney, of Bristol, preached two sermons, in which he spoke more particularly of Mr. Parks. The sermons are to be published. I will forward you a copy. With this post I have forwarded the two letters Mr. Parks wrote to his congregation during his illness: the last, I think, is particularly precious; for it is, in fact, the words of a dying man. His death took place October 2nd, 1867.

Our readers will see from the foregoing letter that the Lord was pleased in much love and mercy to grant our late brother a quiet and easy dismissal from this wretched world of sin and misery. He now waves the palm-branch of victory and olive leaf of peace. His wilderness harness is put off, his immortal robes of light are put on. He now proves the reality in full above of what he possessed but the earnest of below. He is another instance of the inseparable conjunction of "grace and glory." What will the enemies of

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding"

say to the solid peace enjoyed by this saint in the article of death? We know not. We care not. May grace do for them what it has so richly done for our brother! They then will sing with him, and all the blood-bought host of heaven, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory, dominion and power, now and ever. Amen."

To his church and congregation we would say, May the Lord pour out a spirit of prayer and supplication upon you, that you may be led to entreat His divine Majesty to send you an Elisha to take the place of your departed Elijah. You will then have increased cause to bless and praise His precious name. But by no means tolerate a man who would disgrace that pulpit by declaring those erroneous doctrines against which your late beloved minister ever entered his protest. Joseph Hart said in his day that he would keep his pulpit as sacred and inviolable as his marriage bed, and we are assured that your late minister would endorse with all his heart the statement. We know that it is generally the case

when the Lord takes home one of His sent servants that the devil introduces one of his to the sorrowing congregation. May heaven prevent it in your case if His blessed pleasure! At all events, if you have not opportunity of having a man of God in your pulpit at Openshaw, vacate your seats and search for a servant of God elsewhere, and may you not go over the whole city of Manchester without the Son of Man's coming in the ministry of the Word to your precious souls! Remember one thing. All God's servants are the same to the Lord, and He can make another the same to you as your late pastor if His good will and pleasure. See it in the case of the late Mr. Nunn, of St. Clement's. History says that on the very Sunday that Mr. Nunn preached his last sermon in St. Clement's, Mr. Parks preached his first in St. Barnabas's, Openshaw. Thus you see the Lord raises up another, though not in the immediate district. In this, and in every dispensation, may we all be able to say with the poet:

"That Thou dost nothing wrong,
Give me the same to see,
That I may raise a sweeter song
To Thee, my God, to Thee."

PEACE AND TRIBULATION TOO.

How true it is that nature cannot rise above its level, and natural persons cannot understand the things of God. The sons and daughters of Adam earthly are entire strangers to the spiritual realities of Christ's kingdom. They desire not the knowledge of His ways; they have no wish for the Man Christ Jesus to reign over them. To them He is a root out of the dry ground. He is despised and rejected of men, and no man receiveth His testimony. The wise and prudent know Him not, the good and pious need him not.

"Sinners are high in His esteem,
And sinners highly value him."

Publicans and harlots are His favorites, the offscouring of all things are His bright jewels. Those who are highly esteemed among men are an abomination in His sight. Though the little flock of slaughter sigh under the world's frown, they sing beneath Heaven's smile. Peace they are promised in Jesus, but tribulation in the world. The Lord's order cannot be reversed, and why should the children wish it? This is not our rest, but our journey.

Let our journey terminate, and our rest is for ever entered upon. Let the conflict between flesh and spirit at once cease, and mortality is finally swallowed up of life. In this world we are travelling pilgrims; in that, sons and daughters dwelling at home. While here, bonds and afflictions await us; when there, love and mercy greet and welcome us. While here, we sigh and cry on account of the abominations done in the land; but there, we are for ever where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Indeed,

Our home is not here, our dwelling's above,
In His gracious heart who rests in His love.

Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward: it is through much tribulation that we are to enter the kingdom. Hence the kingdom is beyond the tribulation; and when we experimentally get a drop of the good old wine of the kingdom, how we forget the tribulated pathway. We then come up out of the wilderness leaning upon our Beloved, and can sing with the poet,

"How can I sink with such a prop
As the eternal God?"

The Lord does not intend that His children should have their portion in this life, He therefore puts death in the creature pot, and is Himself our life in the heavenly pot, which we prove indeed to be a pot of manna. He is our treasure and treasury, store and storehouse.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."—1 PETER, ii. 3.

Thus you see, that tasting that the Lord is gracious is the real test of sonship, the true criterion of heirship, the sure evidence of childship; hence, if you have never tasted of His mercy, if you have never realised His favor, under the almighty ministration of the eternal Spirit, if you have never enjoyed His love shed abroad in your heart in any measure, if you have never had any manifestation of His eternal purpose, any development of His sovereign grace;—I say, if you have never had a sip of the brook by the

way, what reason have you to conclude that you belong to the Lord? What reason to infer that you are bound up in the bundle of life with Him? One of our poets sings, and most truthfully,

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

You remember what Jesus said to that blood-redeemed trophy of grace, that elect vessel of mercy, at Jacob's well, "If thou knewest the gift of God—plainly showing that at that time she did not know it—and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water;" and referring to one who had realised these new covenant blessings, to one who was brought by power divine to be a believer in the Lord, our glorious Christ said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life:" therefore, you see, nothing will avail but *tasting, handling, feeling, realising*. John says, "That which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life, that which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." We know that some very much oppose this heart-work. Say they, "Away with your feelings, your tastings; the Word of God is enough. That is our standard, our touchstone: the Lord has said the Church is blessed with all spiritual blessings; He has said He has loved her with an unchanging love, and that He ever views her in mystic oneness with Himself; He declares she is saved with an everlasting salvation, and, moreover, He adds that all His members shall be glorified, and shall be in His immediate presence, and we rest on these doctrinal statements, we build on what the Lord hath said in His Scriptures of truth." But, I would ask, whether the Scriptures in their literality, and the Scriptures in their spirituality are the same. The child of God well knows they are not, and nothing short of a revelation of the Lord's love to him personally will satisfy him. What the poet says, when speaking of God's redemption, is blessedly true,

"Nor rest in this 'atone for sin
Without a feeling sense within."

This is not referring to feeling deadness, darkness, blindness, and hardness of heart, but to sensibly feeling everlasting oneness with the Christ of God. These lines have reference to the feelings of the Church, to the feelings of the child of God who is alive from the dead, to longings after communion and fellowship with the

Lord, to realising His presence, His companionship, Ah! to those spiritual feelings, breathings and desires which spring up and rise spontaneously in the living heart, which no creature-power can produce, and which no foreign power can bind or control; to those holy longings and pantings after Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely One.

Nothing will avail but an opening and an unfolding of His mind and will, nothing but a manifestation of His love, an application of the atonement to the conscience, a development of His purpose, a participation in the chief things of the ancient mountains, in the precious things of the lasting hills. Is it not so, child of God? Doctrine is well enough, a sound creed is good, so far as it goes. The Bible declares to us God's decrees, and His purpose concerning His Son, and concerning the children of His choice, but of what use is it to us individually to know Christ died for His people unless we know by the powerful ministration of His Spirit that we participate with them in this salvation? We are well assured that the Kinsman-Redeemer and Bridegroom of His Church has redeemed every member, and has paid the immense debt His Zion owed; but do we comprise a portion thereof? Do these signal favors, these free-grace blessings, belong to us? These are personal matters; these are important questions. How many here have tasted that the Lord *is* gracious, not merely *was* gracious, or *will be* eventually gracious, but *is* gracious now at the present time? He is ever gracious to every blood-bought child of His, whether His children can realise His favor or not; whether they can experience His presence or not; whether they can enter into their union-oneness with the Lord or not; for

"Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love is still the same."

"*If so be* ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." Now, if you have never tasted this, and if you have no living desires to taste His love and His mercy, our subject will not concern you at all; you will take no interest in the words of our text, or in what the Lord shall lead us to say. There can be no tasting that He is gracious without life; but, where life exists, communication must follow, communion must ensue. All the sons and daughters of Adam the first are not made spiritually alive; some are spoken of as being twice dead, and to some Jesus said in the days of His flesh, "O, generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things?" And again, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do;" but, in contra-distinction to these, He says to His blood-bought family, "Ye are a chosen generation,

a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a purchased people:" His members are "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." Here we have the cause of the difference, the source of the blessedness they enjoy; they are quickened into life by His Word, they are made partakers of the divine nature; they are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God: and when regenerated they need spiritual sustenance; from that day forward they want to taste that the Lord is gracious. See in the instance of the daughter of Jarius whom Jesus raised to life; when the Lord had called back her spirit, He commanded food to be administered to her; and thus it is, I believe, in a spiritual sense, in a gospel sense; His children desire the sincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby, and not one shall be sent empty away, all shall be fed; and the Lord says, "Upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be." It is only natural that spiritual children should desire spiritual food (I mean, of course, that it is *natural* to them because they possess a new nature), and I do not believe that there ever was one who had tasted the Lord's mercies but who desired to taste again. Nevertheless, after-teaching is needful; the senses must be exercised, and the Lord will have His children learn doctrine; and He withdraws sensible enjoyments that they may learn to live on the ocean rather than on the streams. We grow by feeding on Christ; we love to feed on the Paschal Lamb, though it be with bitter herbs; we delight to eat of bread-corn bruised, though it be dipped in vinegar; and thus partaking of Christ, by precious faith, we grow to the estate of young men and fathers in the divine life; we are strong in the Lord, and we are like a giant refreshed as with new wine. What says our Eternal Beloved? "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." Ah! this is the result of tasting that the Lord is gracious; we forget our poverty, we forget Adam the first; all things of an earthly nature are driven from the mind; all clouds and all sub-lunary subjects are lost sight of, and we rise in nobleness of mind, exclaiming, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." We feel it is a pleasant thing for the spiritual eyes to behold the Sun of Righteousness, to gaze on the King in His beauty; and it is written, "They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed;" and this is according to that promise, "Ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God that hath dealt wondrously with you; and my people shall never be ashamed."

The Lord is merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, and

"He cannot love us more,
Nor will He love us less."

Child of God, you may feel dark in mind, pressed down and bound to this earth; like an imprisoned bird, you may not be able to rise; but, cheer up!

"'Tis well when on the mount
You feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When you the furnace prove."

How near you are to your glorious Christ you cannot divine, how dearly loved you do not know; and though you may not now be realising His glorious presence and enjoying the comforts of His grace, yet He resteth in His love, and He hateth putting away. You and I have many times tasted that the Lord is gracious, but we want to taste it again. Have we not come up to the house of God this morning longing to taste once more His love, and to drink of that river the streams whereof make glad the city of God? Ah, how blessed is it to recount the wonders of His grace, and to rehearse His righteous acts! The Lord has promised concerning His people that they shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid, and He has likewise said, "I will make them, and the places round about my hill, a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in His season, and there shall be showers of blessing." He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; and as an effect, His servants shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses. "One shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

"If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." Perhaps there is one in our presence who has in days gone by realised the Lord's love: heavenly dew has rested on his branch, showers of genial rains have descended upon him, the Lord's goodness has again and again passed before him, the peace of God which passeth all understanding has been extended to him, and has ruled and reigned in his heart, and he has said, "I shall never be moved, Lord, by Thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong;" but since those blessed times, since those hallowed seasons, darkness has overspread the horizon of his mind; the Lord has seemed to forsake the work of His hands, and to shut out his prayers, his groans, his sighs, his cries: like Jonah, he has been constrained to say, "I am cast out of Thy sight," and he may fear he shall never

again walk in the light of the Lord's countenance. But, child of God, you have tasted that He is gracious, and you shall taste again. A taste of His love is a proof that you have divine life in your soul, and that you have been translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son; you have fed at His free-grace table, you have banqueted with the King, you have sat down under His shadow with great delight, and you have found His fruit sweet to your taste, and now you are longing for a renewal of these favors; you want to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in His spiritual kingdom, and to see the blood-stained banner of the cross floating over your head, waving in the breeze of the eternal Spirit; you want to feel the entwining of your best Friend, and to recline feelingly on His bosom of love; you want Him to show you that your name is engraven on the palms of His hands, and inscribed on His heart. "Set me as a seal upon Thine heart, as a seal upon Thine arm," is the breathing of your soul, and in His own time He will again drop His word into your weary heart. He has sealed you unto the day of redemption, and nothing shall break it, nothing shall touch eternal relationship, none shall rob you of your inheritance, none shall deprive you of your portion; you may forget what He has done for you; you may lose sight of your blest position, but you know you have realised His goodness, you know you have enjoyed the firstfruits, the earnest of full fruition; you have understood something of that blessed portion, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase." Ah! Christ is our substance, and everything is shadow beside, and He has said He will cause those who love Him to inherit substance, and He will fill their treasures; hence when He commands, He also fulfils His word in the experience of His living child: when He says, "Let the peace of God rule in your heart," He communicates peace; and how sweet is it to know Him with His own gifts, to love Him with His own love, to bless and praise Him as He is pleased to indite the good matter in the heart! This is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. "But," says one, "I am often afraid that I have never tasted that the Lord is gracious; I often fear that all my religion is a delusion, doubts often arise in my mind as to my interest in Christ, and I think sometimes I have only commenced in the flesh, and that all will terminate there, that the light in which I have walked has been superficial and artificial, but sparks that I have kindled, and that all my knowledge is in my judgment and not in my heart, wrought there by the power of His Spirit. I want to feel the glory of the Lord overshadowing me, so that, as in the instance of the opening of

Solomon's temple, there may not be room for the priests to minister. I want to realise this in a spiritual sense: the Lord appeared in a cloud of glory, and the cloud filled His house. I want to enter into that cloud, and to hear His voice: I want His glory to beam upon my mind: I want Him to remove all doubts and all fears, and to raise me up in Himself: I want Him to assure me He has called, justified, and glorified me in living oneness with Himself; and I want to taste the good old corn of the land, and to drink full draughts of the wine of the kingdom, and to fare sumptuously at love's table." O! child of God, praise and bless Him for what He has taught you: praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come: leave the future in His hands. "Take no thought for the morrow." "Ah," say you, "not only do I take thought for the morrow, but for the day after; yea, for the week, the month after; nevertheless, 'this is my infirmity.'" Yes, the Lord says, "Take no thought for the morrow," but you know the difference between the statement being written in God's Word, and that command dropping into your heart; you know the difference between the letter of the Word and the Spirit thereof. Suppose you came here depressed and oppressed, your mind taken up with time-things, and everything within assuming the appearance of chaotic darkness, let Him but say this, let Him but speak with power, all your thoughts will be lost in one moment, and again you will taste that the Lord is gracious; you will then be ashamed of your hard thoughts, and of your mistrust: you will roll into His blessed arms and lean upon Him, and you will feel that Jesus is your arbor of rest, your shady tree of life, the jewel of your heart, the crown of your soul. O! can you not say,

"Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more."

His presence it is we love: He alone can restore to us the joys of His salvation; but He has said He will comfort Zion, and make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. There is a vast distinction between the wild desert, the barren waste, and the paradise of God; everything is fragrant, lovely, fertile and beauteous in the latter; whereas in the desert, beneath the rays of the scorching sun, everything assumes a barren aspect; but when the Lord comes, what a blessed transformation, what a blissful transition is realised!

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

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TO THE ONE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED FOR,—It is once more in my heart and upon my mind to write an epistle of love to the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty scattered abroad; and if it be the Lord's will we hope that our communication may be sweet; for we are well aware that "power belongeth unto God," and that Christ is the sweetness of every spiritual sweet. If He lead the mind and direct the pen, our writing will not be in vain; but if He leave us to prophesy a vision out of our own heart, we shall get no spiritual wages in writing, and you will get no spiritual manna in reading. To Him then we would once more look, for unto Him is the gathering of the people to be: and if we meet together in Him, and feed together upon Him, we shall be quite inclined to sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Indeed, we shall find it in our heart to say with our sister Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for He that is mighty hath done to me great things." "The barren hath borne seven, and she that had no husband (in the law), has become the joyful mother of children." "This is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes." "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

"He saw me ruined in the fall,
But lov'd me notwithstanding all:
He sav'd me from my low estate,
His lovingkindness, O how great!"

We never shall be able to fathom a millionth part of His loving-kindness and tender mercy to us even during our little eventful pilgrimage through this dreary waste; and if His love and kindness, and goodness and mercy, be so great and unspeakable whilst here, what shall we say of being the recipients of His love and sharers of His glory whilst endless ages roll along! And we well know that the love which we have enjoyed in our heart, the delight which we have experienced in our soul, the light that has shone in our mind, and the joy that has abounded in our spirit, are real earnest, precious foretastes, vital antepasts, and solid firstfruits of what we shall eternally enjoy and everlastingly possess. The Lord has not, will not, cannot deceive us. If we possess life, it shall not be superseded by death. If we have enjoyed drops of love, they shall not be superseded by drops of anger. If we have realised rays of light, our sun shall never set. If we have been favored with sips of mercy by the way, our misery is bounded by time. Beyond it all shall be eternal bliss and blessedness; for "God is not a man that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent." Our happiness here is *real*, though not *lasting*. Our peace here is *real*, though not *abiding*. Our joy here is *real*, though not *continuous*. Our pleasure here is *real*, though not *perpetual*. In this sublunary state we are subjected to constant changes; but these in no way interfere with our eternal well-being in our Beloved. He is at all times our Habitation; but He is "a little Sanctuary" for our weary soul, and makes us leave world, self, creatures, and circumstances outside. He takes us aside from the multitude of cares and perplexities, and ravishes our heart with His love, melts our soul with His goodness, cheers our spirit with His presence, and feasts our mind upon His fulness; so that we are "satisfied with substance, and filled with the blessing of the Lord." We are then content with such things as we have; for He sweetly whispers in our heart, "All are yours!" It is then that we have an unction from the Holy One, and feel the holy anointing running from Aaron's head into our heart and soul, enabling us to say in joyful extacy, "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." This to us is the cup of salvation, but before it could be filled for us, our Beloved had to drain the cup of damnation. He calls His bitter cup of wrath the cup of salvation, because by His drinking it His people were saved. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Yes, I will drink it, drain it!

"When Justice whet its glittering sword,
It found His bosom bare."

And what is the blessed effect? "There remaineth a rest to the

people of God." And is He not our rest? Is He not our refreshing? Can we not rest in Jesus when everything else says, "No rest here?" Will He refuse us His arm? Will He deny us His bosom? Has He not given Himself to us, and laid Himself out upon us? Will He, can He, withhold one good thing from us? If He allot us tribulation in the world, does He withhold from us peace in Himself? If we have our daily bitters in the world, do we not have our precious sweets in Him? If the world hate us, does He not love us? If the world drive us, does He not draw us? If the world curse us, can He withhold His blessing from us? If the world condemn us, does He not justify us? If the world separate from our company, does He not join Himself to us, and say,

Come yet closer, fairest bride,
Shelter in my wounded side:
With you I can never part,
Rest within my bleeding heart?

Possessing Him, what can we lose? Dwelling in Him, what harm can we take? Feeding upon Him, how can we starve? Leaning upon Him, how can we fall? Led by Him, how can we miss our way? Protected by Him, guarded by Him, shielded and shaded by Him, what cause have we to be afraid? When He whispers His "fear not," can we retain a fear? When He speaks peace, can any cause trouble? When He makes us happy in Himself, and happy with Himself, can creatures and things make us unhappy? Can we not sing,

"'Tis heav'n to dwell in His embrace,
And no where else but there?"

But how soon our heaven becomes beclouded! How soon our glory suffers an eclipse! How swiftly our joys wither! How rapidly our ocean of peace ebbs! Like Abraham, we soon get back into our *own* place; and we find it a very uncomfortable place. But how sweet to remember that what the poet sings is right—

"Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control:
His lovingkindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul."

Our Sun shall then never more go down; but the Lord will be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended.

"Oh glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The glowing pleasures of my soul."

But shall we realise this joy? Shall we experience such blessedness? Is it possible that we, unworthy as we are, undeserving as we are, can have such prospects? It is blessedly possible and gloriously certain! The earnest is no lie, the witness is no illusion. the first-fruit is no deception, the counterpart is no phantom; but all is sweetly real. "Because He could swear by no greater, He hath sworn by Himself;" so that we heirs of promise have now strong consolation in our precious Lord, and we can say before Him, "Whom have I in heaven but thee!"

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

Beloved, our heart is warm in writing of Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. In thinking of Him we forget ourselves, and in looking unto Him we are lightened, and our faces are not ashamed. It is a choice privilege to retire from the busy scenes of the bustling inside world, and forget awhile our own people in the flesh, and our father's house in the wilderness, and hear Him say, "So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse!" Well aware are we that there is nothing in us to ravish His heart, there is nothing about us to attract His attention, and yet He can see everything in us to admire, everything about us to call forth His highest admiration. How wondrous it seems! How glorious it appears!

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity."

We deserve the hottest hell, we shall enjoy the warmest heaven. We merit the bitterest curse, we realise the sweetest blessing. We have incurred the greatest anger, we participate in the choicest love. We are worthy of being banished to an infinite distance from Him, we experience an intimate closeness with Him.

Oh, mighty deep of love!
Vast settlement of grace!
What motive could Thee move
To rescue sinners base?
And fix them on a solid rock
Which never shall sustain a shock.

"He is the Rock, His work is perfect;" He is our God, and we will praise Him. Praise waiteth for Him, but more praise is deserved by Him. We cannot praise Him as we would, we would adore Him if we could. But He is infinitely beyond all blessing,

eternally beyond all praise; and yet He does not refuse our simple ascriptions, He does not disdain our little effusions. If we cannot reach a high note, He will bend His ear to a low one. If we cannot strike the major key, He will be equally satisfied with the minor. If we cannot engage His ear with a song, we shall engage His heart with a groan. And if we cannot hold converse by talking, we may move Him toward us by sighing and crying; for

"He hears the groans of His elect,
And hates to put away."

He cannot put away those so eternally loved, so signally blest, so effectually saved, so wondrously preserved, so carefully watched over, and so specially cared for. We may often feel that we deserve His back instead of His face, His frown instead of His smile, His curse instead of His blessing, and His eternal displeasure instead of His everlasting favor; but He takes no notice of our hell-deservings; for "it is not by works of righteousness which we have done; but by His own mercy He saved us." He knew what we should be and how we should act; but our corrupt heart and wicked actions could form no barrier to love, no impediment to blood, no hindrance to the free-flowings of mercy, and no obstacle to His parental care and kind keeping. We have done all in our power to steel His heart against us, to turn His affection from us; but His heart will not be steeled, His affections will not fluctuate; He is in one mind and none can turn Him against us. Cheer up, then, beloved, and never mind the thorns and briars of the wilderness. The things of time are going one way, while we are hastening another. We are passing by all time-sorrows and wilderness troubles, and we shall soon be beyond the last, and then—what then? Ah, beloved, what then, and where then?

The King we shall see in His glory,
Our spirits will burn in full flame,
While time and our pilgrimage story,
Will then be unworthy a name.

Our light afflictions will then be all passed through, and the eternal weight of glory will burst upon our ravished view. "Jesus only" will then roll in glorious responses throughout the vast host. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," will flow forth from ten thousand times ten thousand flaming tongues. Upon His own head His crown will eternally flourish. At His dear feet we shall all everlastingly fall.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away!"

Beloved, we must now say farewell ; but there will be no farewells there, unless it be farewell sin, farewell world, farewell affliction, farewell death, and farewell everything of a sublunary and changing nature.

Farewell sin and farewell death,
Farewell world, I yield my breath,
Fly where farewells are unknown,
Reign with Jesus on His throne.

Very affectionately,

THE EDITOR.

BLESSED RESULTS ARISING FROM UNION.

The song of redemption I know we shall sing
When the soul from the body, delighted, shall spring
Into the embrace of our God :
There, then, and for ever, we'll gaze on the King,
Our spirits entwining around Him shall cling,
In the midst of th' ocean of blood.

Oh ! what shall we say for love such as this ?
How praise our Beloved for making us His ?
What feeble return can we make ?
We'll bless Him in language entirely His own,
Sing high Hallelujahs to angels unknown,
When in bliss everlasting we 'wake.

The thought so amazing extends beyond bound,
To think that for ever His throne we'll surround,
And gaze with increasing delight,
On th' Lamb that was slain, for remission of sin,
Who fought for His Bride, and the conquest did win,
And made her all fair in His sight.

Not a spot or a wrinkle is to be seen
On the bride of the Lamb, the Bridegroom's fair queen,
Since th' blood of atonement did flow.
Her Adam defilement is all swept away,
Not a trace of the fall a moment could stay,
She's whiter than wool or the snow.

Yes, as fair as the moon and clear as the sun,
With Jesus Jehovah her Husband she's one,
His life and her life are the same :
When Jesus can die, then will die the fair bride,
But if He *must* live, she will live by His side,
Free ever from blemish or blame.

Free ever ! And is there no possible pow'r
Can suspend th' enjoyment, not even an hour,
When we reach the land of the blest ?
No, no, for we're certain of this very thing,
We are closely allied to Jesus our King,
To Jesus, our Sabbath of rest.

All things that are teasing and vexing, I know,
Which cause us such grief and such sorrow below,
Will leave us for ever when He,
Who is our Beloved, so dear to our heart,
Shall call us, in love, from the earth to depart,
With Him to eternally be.

With Him ! Yes, with Him in the regions of day,
To sing the superlative, spiritual lay,
And crown Him the Lord of our heart :
To fall at His feet, and adore His free grace,
To live in His presence, within His embrace,
And never, no never to part !

A. W.

TO THE CHURCH OF GOD AT HULL.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—"It is well !" Nothing on earth, in hell, or heaven, can prevent it being well with you, beloved; and why? "If God be for us, who can be against us !" Many persons and many things appear very much against us, but it is really and truly only appearance; and the Lord in love tells us to "judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment:" and when by faith we judge rightly, we say in the language of the Holy Ghost by Paul: "For we know that **ALL THINGS** work together for the **BEST** to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Our covenant God and Father knew the end from the beginning, and the times before appointed, and has settled everything for us in the purest love. He carries out in time what He arranged in eternity, and as He consulted with none in arranging, He consults with none in executing, but simply performs the good pleasure of His goodness, which is at all times in keeping with His love, honor, and glory. The Church's benefit is always a consideration with the Lord. In fact, nothing can militate against her best interest and eternal well-being. The Lord is always for her both in Providence and Grace, though He often seems against her in both; and since the Son of His love, the Man of His right hand, has atoned all her sin by the sacrifice of Himself, He ever views her all-fair, without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. Sin alone is the detestable thing, against which the wrath of God must be poured out to the uttermost. Christ was made that obnoxious thing, and His bride who committed it was made the righteousness of God in Him. Christ was both sin and holiness at the same time; therefore He was dealt with as sin and esteemed as holiness. He was the Church's sin and her holiness. The sin He put away, the

holiness He retained; and this is the holiness in which the Church now and ever stands before her God. Christ was not more truly the sin of His bride, than she was the righteousness of God in Him. Can Christ be more righteous than He now is? He is the righteousness of His Church, therefore she can never be more righteous than she is now.

"Clad in His vesture, bright and fair,
She's like the Holy One."

The bride has ever been viewed in her Bridegroom; and whatever wrath or anger was incurred by the Adam transgression, He was always looked upon as the responsible party. Whatever debt was contracted, He was always expected to pay. Even human laws recognise not the wife, but the husband, and I am sure that super-human laws will never criminate the wife for what the Husband has paid the full penalty of. Sin was the transgression of the law, the Church was the transgressor, and Christ her beloved Husband endured the stroke due for transgression. Hence sin is atoned by the blood of our great High Priest, the Church is redeemed by her near Kinsman, the wife's debts are paid by her Husband, and the sheep are delivered by the slaughter of their great Shepherd. Hence,

"Now no more His wrath we dread,
Vengeance smote our Surety's head;
Justice now demands no more,
He hath paid the dreadful score."

Yes, emphatically, "He has paid the dreadful score." Beloved, does sin tease you, torment, and vex you? It shall never damn you; and it shall not have dominion over you. You may groan under its burden, grieve on account of its guilt, and tremble lest it should bring you into condemnation before your God; but, rest assured, that the sin you are the subject of, the guilt you are suffering from, and the burden that you are weighed down under, have all been atoned by blood divine, put away by the sacrifice of your dearest Lord, and eternally hid from the view of your covenant God and Father. You are seen *in* the person of your Lord, clothed *with* the righteousness of your God, washed in the blood of your great High Priest, and accepted in Christ your Beloved. Not more acceptable to the Lord is Christ than are you. Why? You are complete in Him, and He is your completeness. When Christ can be shut out of Heaven's favor, then can you. When Christ can be refused a blessing of the ancient mountain, then can you. When the Jehovah's great heart of love can grow cold toward Christ, then, and not till then, can it grow cold toward you. When Christ becomes an object of the Lord's hatred, then can you.

When Jesus is treated by the Mighty God with indifference, then can you. But if your Beloved is always held in the highest esteem and the tenderest regard, so are you. If Jesus is at all times viewed with complacency and delight, so are you. If your best Friend ever lives in Jehovah's presence, dwells in His heart, and reclines upon His bosom of love, so do you. If no trace of the fall is found on Christ, not a spot can be seen on you. Since the sword of justice, with its fierce and awful flame, was plunged into the heart of your Immanuel, it has found its scabbard in His love, its sheath in His blood. Christ came under the curse of God *for* you, and has placed you under the blessing of Heaven for Himself: and He declares that you shall not be for another. Never forget the mercy, never lose sight of the blessedness, of this precious fact, this glorious reality:

"Christ and His Church are one,
In love's eternal tie:
The work for her is done,
Nor can she ever die:
He holds her up with arms of love,
And calls her His pure, spotless dove

The whole of her disgrace,
As ruin'd in the fall,
However vile and base,
Cannot be seen at all:
Her sins, though countless as the sands,
She perfect in her Husband stands."

How cheering the thought to the mind! How consoling the blest reality to the heart! We are bound in the bundle of life with the Lord our God. Christ Himself in His glorious person is our life, perfection, God, and Glory. He outweighs all His gifts, He outshines all His blessings.

"His person is more glorious far
Than mortal language can express:
Indeed, dear Lord, Thy beauties are
Too great for me, I must confess."

The Head will always love and take care of His body the Church, and every individual member of this body must share in the like blessedness. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now glorified, are not more loved and cared for than are the meanest and weakest of the Lord's people on earth. The publican in the temple stood high in Heaven's esteem, while the pharisee appeared very low in God's regard. The poorest of the poor in this dreary waste, the basest of the base on this sin-polluted earth, the lowest of the low in this wretched world, the meanest of the mean in this miserable

desert, are found among heaven's favorites, Christ's jewels. Indeed they are real gems in His esteem, though rough stones in the estimation of others. Sparkling jewels in His crown, though base metal in the mud of the fall in the eyes of pious men and women. Brilliant gems are the hated, rejected, and despised, children of God in the diadem of beauty, though considered worthless brass by the professing religious world. How is this? They are the Lord's. He calls them His choicest treasure. Never mind, ye children of God, what man thinks of and what he says falsely about you, you shall outlive his enmity and outshine his calumny. The Lord, your own God, knows all about you, and He will take vengeance for you, and He will have your enemy in derision, and He will mock when his fear cometh. You are blessed of the Lord who made heaven and earth. You are cared for by the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. The Lord is your Shepherd, you shall never want in vain. He will supply all your need. Take no thought for the morrow, it is the Lord's: He has arranged both need and supply, and will grant both, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Heaven's storehouse was never empty, His provision was never diminished. Go to Joseph, then, for the good of the land is before you, and the fruits of the land are for you, and His heart is inclined toward you, and He is the Lord of the land, and your real brother. Let Him but say, "I am Joseph your Brother," and then see how quickly you will bless, praise, and adore His precious name. You will at once be satisfied with substance and filled with the blessing of the Lord. You will sing with dear Toplady,

"I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since, Thou, O God, art mine."

You have often heard His voice, you have frequently realised His power, and you have many times experienced His blessed heart-cheering, spirit-enlivening, and soul-satisfying presence: and when He is graciously present, and feelingly enjoyed, you cannot help singing,

"I'm happy: all is well!"

You find your happiness completed in Jesus, your bliss and joy consummated in your Beloved. He is all your salvation and all your desire. It is then that you forget time and its changes, earth and its connections, sin and its defilement, Satan and his temptations, self and its importance, the world and its fascinations, and death and its destruction. You then live loosely to earth, and

cling tightly to Jesus. Indeed you come up out of the wilderness leaning upon your Beloved, and you are sweetly assured that

"O'er Jordan's icy flood
When call'd by death to go,
You, leaning on your covenant God,
Shall pass triumphant through."

Your life in Christ is beyond death, your purity in Jesus is out of the reach of sin's defilement. What you became in Adam, is lost in Christ. What you are in yourself, is unseen in Christ. The Lord is pleased with Him, and satisfied with you in Him. The Lord delights in Him, and rejoices over you in Him.

"And while He in Jesus your soul shall approve,
So long shall Jehovah abide in His love."

When we seek the living Christ in our dead flesh, we meet with disappointment; for He is not there. We are told to be strong, but it is to be in the grace which is in Jesus. The manna in the days of old never turned bad in the Ark. It was always preserved there. Christ is our Manna and He is our Ark, and we are called upon by grace divine to live in Him and feed upon Him. He is life, life's dwelling, and life's sustenance. "He is the Rock, and His work is perfect." When we hear Him say, "I ascend unto my Father and to your Father, my God, and to your God," we are at once lost in the boundless abyss of His love, and swallowed up in the immensity of His fulness, and completely ravished with the superlative glories of His matchless person. We then forget our poverty in Adam, lose sight of our misery in the flesh, and can see at a glance that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we now bear the image of the heavenly; and we thoroughly believe that

"Whatever Jesus is, such is His bride :
So close the union, nothing can divide."

Our imperfections are all lost in Him, our low original in the flesh is eternally swept away in Him, and our unworthiness and worthlessness are thought nothing of in Him : He is the life of our spirit, the purity of our heart, the dignity of our person, the perfection of our nature, and the beauty and health of our countenance. Without Him we are nothing and can do nothing. The Lord never intended and never once wished for us to be anything in ourselves but sinners ; but He sees us not in ourselves, but in Jesus. Christ is no use to any but sinners ; and none but sinners know Him, prize Him, lean on Him, live upon Him, trust in Him, and commit their way unto Him. He died for His ungodly Jacob, and

in His death took away ungodliness from Jacob. Hence Jacob is not now ungodly; for all his ungodliness is lost in the blood of Calvary. If we were anything but sinners in ourselves, we should not need Christ. He will have nothing to do with any but sinners, and these sinners with whom He has to do, are anything but sinners in His sight. Love in Him covers the multitude of their transgression, and Himself who is love covers them in the day of battle. Mary was a sinner, Simon was not: Mary was righteous, Simon was not. Simon was a sinner, Mary was not: Simon was righteous, Mary was not. Both are true, though not in the same sense. Simon was self-righteous, Mary was self-condemned: Mary was Christ-righteous, Simon was law-condemned. Simon was pure in his own eyes, but impure in the eyes of the Law: Mary was impure in her own eyes and corrupt in the eyes of Simon, but pure and all fair in the eyes of her beloved Lord. Simon was a prodigy of corruption, Mary was a prodigy of perfection. Mary was elected, Simon was rejected. Mary was exalted, Simon was debased. Mary was justified, Simon was condemned. Why this difference? "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." The Lord thinks more of one Mary, than a million Simons, although it is said that He is no respecter of persons. The Lord loves one Moses more than all the retinue of the house of Pharaoh: one Aaron more than all the land of Egypt: one Lot more than all Sodom: one Daniel more than all the multitude of his accusers: one Elijah more than all the prophets of Baal: one Gideon more than the whole host of the Midianites: one woman taken in adultery more than all those who caught her in the act, and brought her to be condemned; one harlot Rahab more than all the population within the walls of Jericho.

And what shall I more say? Why this: The Lord loves His few sheep at Hull infinitely more than all the town besides. How uncharitable! But how true!

Beloved, what love in our God who giveth no account of His matters! Can you not feelingly say:

"Why was thy love so rich and free,
To pick up one so vile as me!"

Cheer up, most dearly beloved in the Lord. Never mind the few troubles of the wilderness, the light afflictions of but a moment's duration, the frowns of your friends, the kicks of your foes, and the difficulties in your pathway. You are walking in an ordered path, in a way cast up, and it is a right way to a city of habitation. A smoother pathway would not do, or depend upon it the Lord

would lead you in another. Lighter afflictions would not be good for you, or, rest assured, that yours would not be so weighty.

“ Your days of trial, then,
Are all ordain'd by Heaven ;
If He appoint their number TEN
You ne'er shall have ELEVEN.”

Lean, then, upon the Almighty arm of your eternal Beloved, and give Him credit for knowing what is best for His children. Think not for a moment that there is a drop of anger in His all-wise dispensation. He dealeth with you as with sons even when He sees it needful to chastise you. The rod you must have, but it is not the rod of His wrath. It is the rod of His love. It is Aaron's rod that blossoms with the Rose of Sharon, and Jonathan's rod that drops with the honey of the ancient mountains. Its strokes will break your heart, but not your bones. It is a Father's rod, it is a Shepherd's crook, and a Saviour's sceptre. Kiss, then, the rod, and Him that hath appointed it. For

“ Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in sensual, vain delight ;
But the true-born son of God
Cannot, would not if he might.”

We have kept you long waiting for this epistle, beloved ; but it has not been owing to any indifference on our part ; for we long after you all in the bowels of Christ. Many times we have taken up the pen to write, but some little thing has arisen to prevent it. Our heart is with you when our hand is not writing to you. Our spirit is with you even when our body is far from you. Indeed you are near unto us and dear unto us ; and we do not think that there will be any division in death.

We now heartily thank you all for the cordial reception that we met with upon the occasion of our last visit, and the liberal treatment that we experienced during our short sojourn among you. We always feel that in visiting Hull we are going home, and we often hear that

“ There's no place like home.”

You know that both of us love the Church of God in the North, and we have great cause to do so. With you we dwell together in unity. Christ is our dwelling, and the eternal bond of love that ties us together in Himself. More than pleased shall we be at all times to hear from you and of you ; and we do not think that the time is far distant when we shall meet together in the flesh, to worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus. The Lord

bring it about in His own time and way. "I am the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?"

"Let what will overtake,
My Spouse shall surely see
That I will ne'er forsake,
And naught's too hard for me:
The flood and flame I'll bring her through,
For naught's too hard for me to do."

And now, beloved, farewell. May the Shepherd of Israel feed you in the green pastures, beside the still waters, and assure you again and again that,

"Upon Israel's high mountain their fold it *must* be,
To drink at the fountain they all *must* be free:
The dog and the lion I must keep at bay,
Not a sheep of the fold shall wander away."

With our united very best love, with peace and plenty, health and wealth, in Jesus, believe me very affectionately yours,

A. WILCOCKSON.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT

"If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."—1 PETER, ii. 3.

(Concluded from page 72.)

Child of God, this is not an elusion, this is not a delusion. What a glorious translation is it from the powers of darkness in feeling, from the noise of archers, to the very portals of bliss in experience; from the valley, to the mountain's top! When the Lord thus favors us, joys abound, holy rejoicings ensue; we praise His name, and sing of His love, and we say, how shall we distrust Him again? Never shall we again limit or circumscribe the mighty God of Jacob: we will think His heart is all love towards us, though we may not realise the free flowing thereof; we will believe He never changes, though He may seem to turn His face from us; and we will also trust Him, feeling assured that having intimated His love, He will never forfeit His word; but let Him but depart, so far as sensible comforts are concerned, let Him withdraw His manifested presence, and then, like Abraham, we return to our own place; nevertheless, He will come again, and again He will cease

to commune with us. These are changes which the living children of God have to pass through, and these constant changes will attend them during the whole of the time-state, but they are not known above. O! no, all these changing circumstances will be left on this side of the Jordan; when we shall be safely landed on the other shore of the narrow river, sorrow and mourning will have fled away; there will be no screening of His beauty then, no hiding of His lovely countenance then; there will be nothing then to eclipse the rays which issue from the Fount of day; it will be one perpetual gaze, one open vision, one full revelation. "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity:" we shall indeed then taste that the Lord is gracious; yea, it will be something more than tasting when we shall leave the stage of time, and see Jesus face to face; we shall have full draughts of His love, we shall feed upon love's provision, how richly we cannot divine. All will be propitious and delightful then; our hearts will be expanded, our minds will be enlarged into His glorious fulness.

"A taste we have whilst in the vale,
But there the breath that we inhale
Will all be love, and naught beside,
Streaming through Jesus' precious side."

We know what it is to taste that the Lord is gracious, and this is a real earnest of bliss and blessedness, a real foretaste of endless fruition; but though there is no difference between the antepast and the full possession of our inheritance in the *nature* thereof, yet there is in the *degree*. In these lowlands of sin and sorrow it is

"Here a song, and there a sigh."

When the Lord hides His face we are troubled; but when He shines upon us, then we can sing and make melody in our hearts unto Him. Sometimes He keeps His children waiting for weeks, yea, months, between His sensible shinings; they have scarcely a taste of His love, of His mercy, of His goodness, of His compassion, and again they enjoy specially blessed times of refreshing, and they feed most richly on the Lamb of God; they experience for a season no night, no darkness; all is clear shining after the rain of His terrible anger; this came down on the Son of the Father's love: the Lord poured upon Him the fury of His anger and the strength of battle, and now the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, there are no drops of wrath and fury left; and when we can realise His favor, and hear His welcome voice, saying, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," we feel no timidity; no darkness then rests on the mind; we see only smiles

on His countenance, only glory beaming in His face. How blessed is it to be privileged to feed at the Lord's table! He has but one table, and Christ is both the table and the provision on which we feed; and not only so, but He is the Lord God of Hosts who ministers to us, and who is amongst us as one that serveth. He Himself feeds us upon Himself. He removes all fears, He banishes all doubts, and not only do we taste that He is gracious, but we drink abundantly of the water of life, and with joy we draw water out of the wells of salvation. There is a difference between having a sip of the brook and drinking thus full draughts of His love; yes, there is a difference between having a crumb, and having provision in plenty, and being satisfied with favor and full with the blessing of the Lord: and this blessed invitation is grounded on His eternal purpose, it is founded on covenant relationship. He says, "Drink abundantly, O beloved;" and will once being blessed *feelingly* satisfy you, child of God? Will once realising His favor suffice you? O! no; the more you enjoy, the more continually will you want His love to be shed abroad in your heart, and the more streams you have, the more will you long for. It is of no use to speak to you merely of doctrinal statements, you want to sit under His shadow with great delight. Well! it will soon be one everlasting feeding, one uninterrupted basking in His sunshine, and it is written, "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." How precious! and Jesus says, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." How many here have been favored to feed upon Christ, the bread of life? The Lord has promised abundantly to bless the provision of His house and to satisfy His living poor with bread: He blesses them and He blesses the food also. We always believe that God is love, and that He is faithful, that He is the only food of our heart, the only joy of our soul, but we do not always realise Him as such, and feed upon Him by precious faith. The blessing itself always remains the same, but the Lord's blessing the blessing varies. You may hear the gospel of the blessed God preached, but unless the Lord bless the Word to you, there can be no feeding upon it; my telling you of the blessedness and of the dignity of the Church will not give you refreshment, or cause you to go forth in the dances of them that make merry; the Lord must apply the word, and carry it home with Almighty power, and if He draw you to His dear feet, He will feed you with the finest of the wheat, He will bless His blessings to you, and you will be satisfied with substance, and rejoice in Christ Jesus. All His children are blessed with all spiritual blessings, but the Lord can bless one of His children here present, and not another if it

be His blessed pleasure. I mean *experimentally*, in *apprehension*, *heart-realisation*. His family are not always joyful: they are not always rejoicing: sometimes they are in the deep, sometimes in the furnace, sometimes in the valley: they are not at all times on the mount, and though darkness and light are both alike unto the Lord, they are not alike unto them. You may not now be banqueting with the King and feeding at His table, and yet you may be loved and blessed, and chosen of God. O! wait His time: there is a set time to favor Zion in the experience of every member thereof. Again: another may have fed richly and wondrously, and have blessed and praised the name of the Lord for His mercies; and if such an one has tasted that the Lord is gracious this morning, he will want to taste it again to-night, he will want another glimpse of the King, another revelation of the abundance of peace and truth, another development of His power; but perhaps the Lord may not see fit to favor him thus: the dew may have all gone, the sweetness may have fled, the blessedness may have passed away, and he may feel as dark as he now feels light, as dead as he now feels lively, as far off as he now feels near; but these changes, child of God, are in your apprehension of things, and not in the Lord's love. He loves you at all times alike, and He will bring you in His time to live upon His fulness. He is in one mind, and none can turn Him: He has blessed you once and blessed you for ever; but it is only when the day breaks, and when the shadows flee away, and the voice is heard, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away," that you can soar aloft as on eagle's wings, and slake your thirst at Jacob's well. Ah! when He manifests Himself we have full draughts of covenant love, and then we bless and praise Him, and adore Him for the wonders of His grace. He can change the water of life into the wine of the kingdom in the twinkling of an eye. How astonishing is His power! Surely we may say that nothing is too hard for the Lord! O! may He favor you to taste again and again that He is gracious, and may He make you willing to be empty vessels, to be filled with His fulness. This glorious fountain can never be diminished: this ocean is ever full, ever flowing: this river will never run dry. May its healing steams flow into your soul, and may the peace of God which passeth all understanding inundate and pervade your mind!

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

"The love that saves our souls from hell,
On this side heaven we ne'er can tell;
But when we reach bright Canaan's plains,
We'll sound it in immortal strains."

LIVING STREAMS FROM LOVE'S FOUNTAIN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Very many thanks for your valuable letter. I think it especially kind of you to have written to me, because I know your time must have been fully occupied. I can rejoice with you that the Lord has granted you much of His presence during the last fortnight, and that He has blessed the provision of His house to His children in Hull. May you return home in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ: and if it be in accordance with the Lord's sovereign and gracious will, may He continue to permit you to minister to His saints here! One sentence in your letter seems to infer that you do not feel very settled, viz:—"The future I can say, as yet, nothing about;" nevertheless, it is most blessed to be assured that our times are in His hand, and that although we know not what a day may bring forth, He knows the end from the beginning. Does He not say concerning His Church, "Behold, I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her [*or speak to her heart*]. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor—or trouble—for a door of hope?" We love the high mountains of Israel, the mountains of spices, the hills of frankincense; we love the streams of His grace to run into our souls. But, doubtless, if we were always sitting under the shadow of our Beloved with great delight, we should be exalted above measure: hence the thorn, the trial, the affliction; but "Our light affliction—of whatever nature it may be, whether personal or relative, temporal or spiritual—which is but for a *moment*, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." What a glorious and blessed anticipation! What a blissful future! To be with Christ, is the sum total of our aspirations; to be in His immediate presence, is the climax of our desires: and when we shall drop this trembling house of clay, we shall warble forth His praises in far higher strains than we can now, and in far more exalted notes; and the eternal anthem will be "Unto Him that loved us," &c. Rev. i. 5, 6. It seems almost presumption for me to speak in such confident terms, and doubts and fears will oftentimes creep in, and how terrible is the *thought* of having a name to live and yet to be dead, of having a theoretical knowledge of God's truth without heart-realisation! O! to be brought to live more upon the ocean fulness than upon the streams. It is easy to believe all is well when the rivers of His love flow into the soul, but I find it hard work to live by faith. The Sun is often behind a cloud, sensible comforts are withdrawn, and every evidence of childship seems swept away, and obliterated: I feel lifeless, cold, and indifferent, but can say with the Psalmist, "I will run the way of Thy com-

mandments *when* Thou shalt enlarge my heart." Yes! I know what would cause me to go forth in the dances of them that make merry and to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory even then; and better, far better is it to be emptied from vessel to vessel, than to be permitted to settle down contented with this world and its so-called pleasures. Thousands are satisfied with the fleeting vanities, and empty baubles around them, and why are not we? Because the Lord has won our hearts, because He rules and reigns therein. Our hearts are where our treasure is, our affections are set on things above, beyond the eagle's loftiest flight; and though life has its shades, it has also its sunshine; for when our all-glorious Jesus shows Himself through the lattice, when He makes our souls like the chariots of Amminadib, we are satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord.

A gleam of glory now and then
Lights up and cheers our home-ward road,
Sweet earnest of the joys above
In yon celestial world of love.

Yes! transient glimpses now we have
Of Him who is our All in All;

But soon, without a veil between,
His glory on our souls shall beam.

A clondless sky 'twill be above,
An atmosphere of endless love;
And there we'll bow and sing again,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.

O! what depths are contained in that wondrous verse, "As He is, so are we in this world;" and how blessedly does it accord with the Lord's heart-language to His Church: "Thou art *all fair*, my love; there is no spot in thee." The knowledge of being partakers of the divine nature, and of being heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, carries the thoughts beyond this little day-dream of our's; and though black in ourselves, yet are we comely in His sight, because we are washed in the blood of Emmanuel, and clothed in His spotless righteousness; and since we are His portion and He is ours, where He is we shall be also. Now, when He sheds abroad His love in the heart, heaven seems begun below, but it will be perfect bliss, eternal and consummated happiness, when we shall see Him whom we love and adore in the realms above, when we shall fix our never-tiring gaze upon the Lamb in the midst of the throne.

"Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

May the Lord grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, and may He still enable you to testify of His love and faithfulness, to speak of the glory of His kingdom, and to talk of His power, to set forth the beauties of Christ, "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

I need hardly tell you I am looking forward to next Sunday with no small pleasure. O! that we may have a *special* blessing, and

that the Lord may verify that precious promise, "I will make the place of my feet glorious." Then shall we have mutual cause for rejoicing, and we shall exultingly sing, "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." But I must conclude, though I feel it would not be difficult to run on for a longer time. Wishing you every new-covenant blessing, and spiritual favor,

Believe me, dear friend, to remain ever your's very affectionately
in the Lord, E.

Plymouth, Oct. 2nd., 1867.

DEARLY BELOVED IN JESUS,—I have for some time been yearning to write to you, and was glad to hear of you by Mr. Truman, who heard you preach a few weeks ago. Since I received your last, I have had a long visit in Yorkshire, by the sea side, through the kindness of some friends whose hearts the Lord inclines to care for me, and most wonderful has been the effect upon my general health, which is better now than for many years past. Indeed, I seem quite strong and vigorous, so that instead of taking me home, as I hoped, the dear Lord has again turned me back into the wilderness; but shall I repine? Oh! no; I cannot, for still I drink of that blessed spiritual Rock which follows us, which Rock is Christ; still I am fed with hidden manna, and not unfrequently cheered with that love which is better than wine; still wilderness tribulation makes way for heavenly consolation: still trials and perplexities press only that I may over and again have errands to the mercy-seat, and be compassed about with new songs of deliverance: and still my dear Lord is most tender, gracious, and long-suffering with unworthy me; therefore instead of repining that I am yet in the body, I must sing the songs of salvation, and sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, declaring His works with rejoicing; though constrained to acknowledge that I am willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord. But even this we have in earnest and foretaste; for by faith we depart from all below to be with Christ, which is far better; and in Him we inherit substance, even while earthly shadows are withdrawing from us, and earthly store daily lessening; and in Him we find durable riches, even while earthly riches may be making to themselves wings and flying away, and we growing poorer as we grow older. Oh! beloved, our treasure is in the heavens, and faileth not; and where our treasure is, there will our heart be also; for it will fly to its object of love and rest, and there find solace amidst the storms and tossings of wilderness tribulation. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace: in the world ye shall have tribulation: but, be

of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Yea, our precious Beloved has so overcome it, that its rough things and its smooth things are all ours for our benefit; "for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose." "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are your's, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Though outwardly all things may look against us, yet, by faith in our Overcomer, we can say, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Surely there is neither enchantment against Jacob, nor divination against Israel; for He hath blessed, and none can reverse it. Don't I wonder that I am included in the blessing? Indeed I do, so vile, unworthy, treacherous, and bent to backslide; but still He comes, leaping on these mountains, and skipping on these hills, and they melt like wax at the presence of the Lord, while my gladdened soul exclaims, "It is the voice of my Beloved; behold He cometh!" And then while the King sitteth at His table my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof, because I am inhaling the savour of His good ointments, and feeding upon Himself who discovereth and defeateth the plots of Haman, maketh all the consultations of Balak and Balaam of none effect, spreadeth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, anointeth my head with oil, and causeth my cup to run over.

"Oh, what a Friend is Christ to me!" Sometimes I have a full cup of sorrow, and sometimes of joy; but it is always one of love and blessing; for the cup of wrath He has drained even to the very dregs, and He drank it alone, of the people there was none with Him; so did He drink health and peace to all His seed, and though He has left for each a certain portion of the bread of adversity and water of affliction, yet they do not have it *alone*; for He is the Brother born for adversity; and in all their afflictions He is afflicted, being their most true and tender "Companion in tribulation." How often have we proved it, and shall to the end; for He will be with us unto and over death. It seems to me that *none* can have so much cause to praise Him as I, such a timid, weak, ignorant creature:

"And yet have been upheld till now,
None could hold me up but Thou."

Bless the Lord, O my soul; yea, bless Him for union of which these time-favours are the effect. In union to the first Adam we lost all; in union to the second Adam we find more than all; for we have Himself and all things in Him; and He is Head over all things to His body the Church. I do long to hear more of the dear subject of union and oneness between Christ and His Church:

all blessings and blessedness are wrapt up there, and as the Spirit unwraps, what glory is brought into the soul! With the Queen of Sheba we exclaim, "The half was never told me!" and though you have been so long learning the wonders and telling them out, I dare say you feel the same, and that is the language of your soul whilst the blessed Spirit reveals fresh glories in the Beloved, and fresh heights and depths of privilege in love and union. The Lord go on and bless you, and though your last stages are peculiar, may He give you Himself so blessedly, that you shall be exceeding joyful even in tribulation also, and find His glory so fill the house and heart, that you shall forget empty pews and the forsaking in the midst of the land. Give wine to them of weary heart; let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more. The spiced wine of His love will raise you above all creature changes, as you well know.

Your last dear letter ought to have been answered long ago; but a deep sense of inability holds me back many a time. We have got Mr. and Mrs. Fothergill back amongst us. Sion has chosen a young minister for pastor who lives in London, his name is——. He has not yet given an answer to the call. *He is not the one I so much enjoyed.* Mine eyes are up unto the Lord, and I have the King's promise, "Thou shalt eat bread at my table continually;" so I expect the lame will still take the prey, and either by the ministry, or beside the ministry, the gleaner will still be fed. If she does not sit beside the reaper she will sit beside the owner of the field, who will reach her parched corn, and bid her dip her morsel in the vinegar. Moreover, when this reaper shall receive handfulls of purpose for her, he must let them fall, and she must find them; so she will wait in hope, praying for the peace and prosperity of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love her; peace be within her walls, and prosperity within her living palaces; and peace be with every reaper and every gleaner, dear to the heavenly Boaz. He has given His peace unto us, and none can take it away, however they may war against us: the gifts the Prince bestows upon His children are theirs for ever.

And now, beloved, farewell. Excuse these poor lines. I have you ever in good remembrance, though my long silence may not betoken it. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Yours ever affectionately in our precious Beloved,
 RUTH.

[As the precious letters of our highly favoured sister have nearly run out, will those of our readers, who may have been privileged to receive one or more from her, kindly send them to us, with a view to their publication.

We should exceedingly regret to have nothing to publish from the pen of our much-loved, now glorified sister. Ed.]

MY DEAR SIR,—Another change of residence has again made me prove the precious truth—"All things work together for good to them who love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose:" and, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Ah, who indeed!

Some days previous to leaving my last place, I had this portion much impressed on my mind: "He that is despised, and hath a servant, is better than he that honoreth himself and lacketh bread." Well did I know the deadly enmity which existed between me and the party under whose roof I dwelt, and the above portion most truly set forth our two characters. This was the first intimation I had that my tent was to be pitched in another spot: the second was from the said party: she wanted my rooms; and not more frightened was Elijah when threatened by Jezabel (he fled for his life to Beersheba) than was I of this woman. I now look back astonished at the fear which possessed me. Never, never shall I forget the lesson learnt in this fiery trial! I did not conceive it possible to be so hated and despised; and for three days I had to bear the burden alone: my mind was a chaos of darkness, not a gleam of sunlight to show me where to dig in the field in which my treasure lay hid. I lost sight of my best Friend, and was shut up in doubting castle. I saw in my way a lion, thirsting for my life; but the chain which held him fast was hid; hence the fear which possessed me.

On the evening of the third day, just before retiring to rest, I opened on these words, "For they intended evil against thee; they imagined a mischievous device which they are not able to perform." The snare was broken, every lock in doubting castle gave way to the touch of this golden key, and I, the least in my Father's household, walked at large in sweet and loving companionship with my precious Lord, my Husband, Lover, and Friend, who for my sake was "despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He it was who so sweetly whispered in love's listening ear, "I am among you as Him that serveth." I cannot, beloved, tell you one half of the sweet peace and joy which again filled my heart full to overflowing. How long I thus sat lost to time and time-things I know not: only this much do I know, I no longer feared to go forward.

"Thus different powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail:
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale:
But Jesus has his promise pass'd,
That grace shall overcome at last."

The very next morning came your letter. True, it contained the loaves and fishes which the Lord's poor cannot do without; but I must be free to own I would a thousand times rather have had a

love-song, the words of which would have told forth the riches of King Solomon: of Him I do delight to hear in His doing, dying, and rising. Christ the object and subject is my never tiring theme. To lose self in Him is what I daily desire. I would have all swallowed up in Him, who is all my salvation and all my desire.

But, indeed, I must not further trespass upon your time. The half must still remain untold. Much I thank you: it came a sweet reminder that my God was the hearer of prayer and still looking on.

I did not intend to write thus freely to you; but, somehow, all restraint was taken away, and I could not help myself. I often meet with those who wish themselves as me; but methinks could they fathom the depths into which I am oftentimes led, and experience the sore heaviness of spirit under which I sometimes labour, they would not so willingly change places; but our God does all things well.

"Deliverance comes most bright, and blest,
At danger's darkest hour,
And man's extremity is best,
To prove His grace and power."

Wishing you and yours full enjoyment of all spiritual blessings treasured up in Christ Jesus,

I rest in His unchanging love the little one,

RECLUSE.

A WORD OR TWO TO OUR READERS.

HAVING to go to press early this month, in order to get our Magazine out before Christmas, a few papers have unavoidably been left out. Next month (D.V.) they shall appear.

Since our last, we have received intelligence of several more departures amongst the members of the royal household circle. From the wilderness below to the garden above the Lord has seen fit graciously to transplant His servant George Abrahams, of Regent Street Chapel, City Road. He was a real descendant of Abraham in every sense of the word. We may say more next month.

Another son and servant of the Lord, with whom we have corresponded for years, by the name of Thackray, the Lord has seen fit to take to Himself. Particulars of his departure we have, but have no space this month.

Our brother D. A. Doudney, of Bristol, Incumbent of Bedminster Church, and Editor of the "Gospel Magazine," has been most suddenly called upon to part with his beloved wife. We deeply sympathise with our brother.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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THE SHEEP ALL SECURE.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE BELOVED EDITOR AND READERS
OF ZION'S WITNESS.

THE covenant God of Israel bless you indeed. In scribbling these few thoughts which drop from my pen, I feel a sweet and hallowed experience of sympathy and fellowship with my dear departed friend, that valiant champion for the faith of God's elect, the sainted Parks of Openshaw, when, nearly twelve months ago, he greeted the scattered flock of slaughter with these heaven-inspired words, "I will not wish you many happy returns of the season, for I think you are, like me, sick of earth, and want to see Jesus. We have found out long since that this is not our rest, but a scene of toil and suffering, worry and disappointment, from year's end to year's end; but I wish you many sweet visits from our God and Saviour." Ay, dear departed friend, thy words are true, and find a hearty response in the hearts of thy friends in covenant love and truth whom thou hast left behind. How sickening are the empty, hypocritical, earthly, fleshly compliments of the day to those whose life is Christ, who live because He lives. Their longings and desires are for His sweet company, and looks of love which chase away all fears, and bless the soul with rapturous realisations of His unchanging affection and unbounded love. The waiting Bride anxiously and hopefully anticipates the return of her loving and affectionate Lord, "whose words of grace charm away the bursting tears, and win smiles of gladness from grief's sad face."

"Oh! to be over yonder,
Alas! I sigh and ponder.

Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly thing?
 Each tie of earth must sever,
 And pass away for ever;
 But there's no more separation in the presence of the King."

Precious Jesus, was ever love like thine! "What a precious bond of union is the love of Jesus!" Here, the purchased, but scattered, flock revel in pastures large and fair. What a precious testimony our most glorious Christ has left us here: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." John x. 27. May it be ours to find sweet refreshment in these precious words, and may God the ever-blessed Spirit, in the fulfilment of His covenant engagements, teach us richly to enjoy the presence of our dear Jesus here. I know the desire of the beloved Editor is, that his Spirit-taught readers may enjoy sweet fellowship, communion and intercourse, with the kind Shepherd of the sheep, in every page, sentence, and word of the Witness.

How blessedly and gloriously is our Jehovah-Jesus here exhibited! What grace adorns His person! What love beams in His smile! What affection flows from His fond heart! What pity attends His watchful eye! What compassion drops into the soul, when His words of undeserved, uninfluenced, unmerited favour are heard!

"My sheep." How tender the expression! How gracious the encouragement simple souls find here. They are led to survey and admire the wondrous display of saving mercy "from everlasting to everlasting." "Mine!" Before all worlds a blessed Covenantee took all the sheep into His gracious keeping. Selected from the mass of lost mankind, the whole are distinguished as the Father's special gift to Jesus. "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." With fond delight He owns them as His own. With a loving embrace He binds them to His heart. Once and for ever His they are. By donation they are His.

"My sheep." How wonderfully this testimony of our dear Jesus is enhanced, when, down to the depths of death and hell, He voluntarily descends. In all His temptations they are still with Him. Luke xxii. 28. Through the fierce fires of wrath and indignation Jesus goes. All the accumulated sin and guilt and shame of His dear sheep are His. No pain, anguish, or suffering, however deep, can make Him yield His hold. In unknown depths of agony He grapples hard with sin, and death, and hell. Fellowship with the Father is withheld, communion with His members is denied. Dark, gloomy, and fearful are the terrors which assail His sinless soul. In the terrible depths of Gethsemane He maintains the conflict. Amid the unpierced heights of desolation which He experienced on Calvary's summit He still clings to His charge.

The shout of exultation, "It is finished," declares a precious Jesus Master of the field. Heaven rejoices! Hell turns pale! Its infernal designs are all frustrated. On the resurrection side of the cross Satan has no standing. His schemes are all rendered ineffectual. The sheep are His. Safe in His wounded side they are hid. Deep in His loving heart they lie secure. By purchase they are His.

"My sheep." Wandering in sin, and filth, and shame, far from a loving Shepherd's sensible embrace, the sheep are found. Lost in the barren wilds of nature, and ruined in their ruined parent Adam, a seeking Jesus finds them out. Does sin entice, the world allure, the flesh deceive, or Satan entrap? "They are mine," the good and gentle Shepherd cries. With His voice there is power. To Him they flee. The chains which bound them down to sin and death are broken. In His person, love, blood, and righteousness, they find sweet peace and joy. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Psalm cx. 3.

"Christ, the great, good Shepherd found me,
Drew me with His tender look;
Melted my poor heart and bound me
To His light and easy yoke."

Gentlest, tenderest, most compassionate Friend,

"Thy love it was that bought us;
Thy love it was that brought us;
Thy love it was that taught us."

Thou art our Shepherd, in the green pastures of undying, unfailing love Thou dost lead us. Beneath the beams of Thy Father's smiling face we lie secure. We are thine by thy Spirit's power and grace.

"My sheep hear my voice." Nothing will satisfy the listening, longing souls of the scattered flock, but their good Shepherd's voice. Base imitators are soon detected. Nothing will cheer the faint and weary, but sweet and precious promises spoken home, direct to the heart, from the heart of Jesus. They hear His voice in covenant, as the silence of eternity is broken, and our glorious Christ stands forth and holds Himself responsible, to do all the Father's will and bring all His wanderers home to the resting-place above. "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!" Heb. x. 5—9.

They hear His voice, in the cloudy and dark day, when wandering from the fold, He calls them to Himself. He cries, "Follow thou me."

They hear His voice when Satan roars, and sins and fears prevailing rise. When little hope is about to expire, oh, how cheering

the words, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Luke xii. 32.

"When the foe desired to have me,
Jesus said, 'This sheep is mine,'
And resigned His life to save me:
Jesus, what a love is thine!
And victorious in its course,
Nothing can withstand its force."

They hear His voice when the world frowns and the floods of ungodliness rage horribly on every hand. "In me" ye have "peace, be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John xvi. 33.

They hear His voice when sin affrights and annoys: "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee."

They hear His voice when base and hellish accusers disturb their peace and sweet repose. He appears, and in His presence no hell-hired sophist dares to stand. He speaks, and nought but grace drops from His lips, "Where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" Stretched at His feet, in deep humility, the drooping soul breathes out, "No man, Lord." Oh, what a season of holy joy and pure serenity is experienced when Jesus speaks, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

They hear His voice amid the deep gloom of dissolution. When the dark river of death appears in view, a light springs up, the well-known voice is heard inspiring hope and strengthening little faith, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Isaiah xliii. 2.

They shall hear His voice through an eternity of delight, when in His blessed, unveiled presence, they shall join the chorus of the ingathered flock. Who will sing the loudest there? A precious Christ. Even here He will have the pre-eminence. "He will joy over thee with singing." Zeph. iii. 17.

"Throughout the countless ages of eternity,
When perfected I stand before His throne,
Made like to Him who gave Himself for me,
Of love, pure love alone, I then shall sing,
For in His beauty I shall see the King:
Through the green fields the ransom'd flock He'll bring,
And loudest in the choir will Jesus sing,
And we'll adore."

Oh, glorious unmatched grace! He knows His sheep down here. "I know them." What a precious source of consolation! Jesus knows *me*! He knows all about *me*! He knew all the



sheep in His covenant engagements before the world began. "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal, 'The Lord knoweth them that are His.'" 2 Tim. ii. 19. The foundation of the Lord is His covenant love in Christ. This cheered poor dying David's soul: "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. In this well ordered covenant all the names of all the sheep were taken down. In the register of heaven, in "the blood-red roll of God's elect," in the Lamb's book of life, each name was entered when the sheep were handed over to the affectionate keeping of the good, the kind, the gentle Shepherd. From "the womb of the morning" He knew them. *Before, in, and from* their mother's womb He kept His ever-watchful eye upon them. Our blest Redeemer speaks, and long before His incarnation He declares, "In Thy book all my members were written, . . . when as yet there was none of them," Psalm cxxxix. 16.

He knows them through all their unregenerated career. He seeks them out. He who mapped out every step of their wilderness journey, knows all about their sins, follies, temptations, trials, perplexities, and besetments.

"Determined to save, He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave I sported with death."

He knew the time, the spot, the means, ay, everything. Bless His holy name, had it not been so, where would we have been now? But for pure electing mercy, we should have been posting off to hell furiously.

He knows them as the Father's gift. He knows them as the travail of His soul. He knows them as the conquest of His loving Spirit. He knows them in tribulation. When the devil thought he had dear old Job fast in his meshes, the good old saint looked out of the furnace of affliction, and with defiance cried, "He knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job xxiii. 10.

He knows them in their sorrows and bewilderments. In heaviness and fear, when the heart stoops, He knows them. "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path." Psalm clxii. 2, 3.

Down to the banks of Jordan's stream He will be with us. Then, as our feet touch the cold, dark waters, He who went before, and knows all the difficulties of the way, will cheer and comfort us, and lead us safe to our delightful rest above.

Before assembled worlds He will know and acknowledge the names, persons, and fruits of all His chosen flock. Matt. xxv. 31—40. He is not ashamed to own them now as they are com-

passed with infirmity; He will not be ashamed to own them in the glorious resurrection morning, when He shall present the whole of His blood-bought flock without blemish, spot, or wrinkle, to the Father.

He knows me, He loves me, I cannot tell why,
That Jesus for me should both suffer and die.
A poor, guilty wretch, I claim nothing but hell:
I cannot go there, the Shepherd knows well.
He lov'd me! He bought me! He gave me His grace!
He'll bring me to glory to see His sweet face!

With a little light in my head, and a little love in my heart, my pen has run along faster than I intended. I must stop for the present, with the kindly wish, dear Editor and readers, that during the year which our kind Guardian and Friend has given us to enter upon, we may hold sweet converse with the great, good, and chief Shepherd in the pages of the "Witness." May no discordant notes be heard therein. May its circulation increase, and while we are blessed with a little refreshment and encouragement, may our daily prayer be,

"Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep:
The flock for which Thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.

O may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in the sacred sound rejoice!
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other Guide but Thee."

Wishing you all the sweet enjoyment of every new covenant blessing,

I remain, your's to serve, in the faith and fear of God's elect family,

THOMAS BRADBURY.

Barrow Hill, Staveley,
Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

TO THE CHURCH OF GOD IN THE NORTH.

MOSTLY DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED FOR,—To the Lord alone we would once more look for a few savoury things to refresh your mind, cheer your heart, and rejoice your soul. We well know that without Him we can do nothing for our mutual benefit; therefore He alone can bless the provision of His house and satisfy His poor with bread. We may write of Him and speak of Him, but there will be no dew, no unction, no living power, unless the Lord command the blessing, even life for evermore. It is more than notion with us that, like Samson, our great strength lies in our Head, and He is "the Strength of Israel" who "will not lie." When by precious faith we can enter His heart of love, and sit and

sing in heavenly places in Him, we are happy enough, contented enough. No other heaven do we desire, no other glory do we seek. It is then, and then alone, that we are satisfied with substance, and filled with the blessing of the Lord. Then it is that we honour the Lord with our substance, and the first-fruits of our increase; and we well know that there is no spiritual substance and no spiritual increase but Christ. Sarah would have lived and died barren had not Isaac the promised seed made his appearance. Children of the flesh she had none, Hagar alone could bear these. But the bondwoman's son was not to be heir with the son of the free-woman; and the children of the flesh are not counted for the seed. Christ the child of promise is the elect precious seed of the woman the Church, and all are the seed of the serpent beside. In one place we read that the good seed is the Word of God, or Christ; in another we are told that the good seed are the children of the kingdom, or the children of God. What is the difference? There is none. In the first place, we have the good seed in the singular number; and in the other, it is named in the plural; but whether singular or plural, it just means Christ, including His whole body elect. Had not the Lord left us this seed, we had been as Sodom, and made like unto Gomorrah. Hence the seed alone, which is Christ, makes the difference between us and the idolatrous Sodomites. This is the handful of corn in the earth (Church) upon the top of the mountains. This is Mount Sion which is beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth. It is the city set on a hill which cannot be hid from the watchful eye of her beloved Lord; and the name of this city is—"Jehovah is there." What a name! and yet it is a city that no man seeketh after or careth for: but His servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof. The name also of this city is, "Sought out, Not forsaken;" "for I the Lord do keep it: I will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and the glory in the midst of her." Hence it needs not the light of the sun or the light of the moon; for the Lord is her everlasting Light, her God, her Glory. "This honour have all the saints: praise ye the Lord."

"Zion's a city fair,
Whose fame of old was known:
Jehovah dwells for ever there:
He claims her for His own.

Here His affections rest,
Nor shall from hence remove:
'Tis His delight to make her blest,
And live upon His love."

And we well know that there can be no better fare than living upon His love. It is the fatness of His house, the river of His pleasure. These are royal dainties which none but prodigals are favoured to partake of. Those dear good sons who never offend at any time, and never do anything to displease their Father, are

not regaled with the fatted calf and spiced wine; ring and shoes and best robe they need not; dancing and singing are strange things to them; and as for being a long way off, that is out of the question, for they never lose sight of their natural home. Never mind, leave these grumbling children to themselves, and let them grudge if they be not satisfied with the treatment that we poor prodigals get at our Father's hands and heart; for it is enough for us to get a hearty welcome and grand reception at home after so long and so great prodigality. We poor prodigals have nothing to say in favor of ourselves; for, like Joseph's brethren, we are verily guilty. Like the publican in the temple, we can only say, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." We would not be anything but sinners on any account. How is this? "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Bless His name, He not only comes to the feast, but is Himself the feast of fat things full of marrow: of wines well refined on the lees; and when He says, "Children, have ye any meat?" we say, "No;" and then He replies, "Come and dine," and we find our provision to consist of the finest of the wheat. It is the Prophet's cake baked upon the coals of the Father's indignation and wrath, which we can go upon the strength of for many days. It is Ruth's parched corn, dried up like a potsherd, which morsel we have to dip in the vinegar of soul-trouble, heart-conflict, world-tribulation, and fiery temptation. But it is a precious morsel after all, given only to Heaven's favourites, provided alone for the flock of slaughter, the blood-bought sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. None but these taste the good old wine of the kingdom; and it is not because they deserve it, being very pious, and good, and amiable. No, for they are the most unworthy of all, and often as rebellious and fretful as Jonah, and follow the Lord at as great a distance as did Peter, and frequently by their actions curse and swear that they know not the man. And they often wonder how it is that the Lord puts up with their manners, how He endures their folly, how He bears with their rebellion, murmuring, peevishness, and fretfulness. They are many times constrained to cry out,

"Can ever God dwell here!"

"No," the devil says, as quick as thought, "not likely that the God of purity will dwell in your heart of corruption; you are no more fit for the Lord's company than devils are. There is not a trace of the family feature upon your dirty face. You have no mark, no evidence of childship at all. It is simply ridiculous for you to think of classifying yourself among the household of faith. They are different people altogether. Their dispositions are different,

their pursuits different, their habits different—they are altogether different."

Yes, these are a few of the base insinuations of Satan which distress, becloud, and bewilder the minds of the living children; but the Lord looks on; He knows when and how to deliver the godly out of temptation. Cheer up, ye sin-distressed, serpent-bitten children of God; for the seed of the serpent, the bond-children, have no such troubles as you are bothered with, no such exercises of mind as you are distressed with; for they have no bands in their death, their strength is firm; but yours gives way. You have none to lean upon but the Lord, none to trust in but the Lord, none to go to but the Lord, none to whom you can groan out your complaint but the Lord: and He too often seems to shut out your prayers, if with propriety your sighs, cries, and looks can be called prayers. Well, never mind, ye scattered and peeled people, the Lord will come again, and bless you again, and lift upon you the light of His countenance again. You know that you are a feeble folk, and therefore dare not trust yourself as secure any where but in the Rock. Here you make your nest; here you have your habitation; and from hence you can sometimes sing,

"O sacred covert from the beams,
That on the weary traveller beat!
How welcome are thy shade and streams!
How blest, how sacred, and how sweet!"

Indeed it is sweet to now and then retire from the busy scenes of flesh and sense, and to get with Jesus upon the lofty mountains of peace and plenty. To dwell in Him our peaceable habitation, and feel His heart beat and throb with love and mercy toward us, is indescribably sweet and precious. Time-sorrows and earthly cares are then for a while swept from the mind, and we forget that we are still in the body of this death. The mud walls of our prison house are superseded by the palace of His loving heart. The mists and clouds of the wilderness are for the time being driven away by the Spirit's auspicious gale. Our chains and fetters give place to the three-fold cord of love and bands of blood. We are taken willing captives by our Beloved, and we can cheerfully and joyfully sing,

"O sweet repast of living bread!
'In thine embraces, Lord,' I said,
'I'm sick of love, and faint to see
Thy banner thus spread over me.'"

Ah! beloved, we know but little of His love. Now and then we get a taste, and, like Jonathan's honey, our eyes become enlightened by it, and we say it is a good thing for the eyes to behold the

sun after so many dark days and nights. But we are pilgrims yet, strangers here; therefore it were folly to expect sunshine all the way home, prosperity right away to our Father's upper door. No, no; we are yet called to the fight, we have still to endure hardness in this land of pits and snares; and to equip us for the journey and the conflict, we have shoes of iron and brass, and the whole armour of God, the presence and companionship of the Captain of our salvation, and this wondrous and glorious declaration straight from His heart, smoking with fiery love, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"Enough, my gracious God,
Let faith triumphant cry,
My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

He cannot promise us more than He has done, and He cannot lead us in a pathway that would be more for His glory and our good. All the crooks in it are needful: all the enemies we meet along it are useful. We cannot do without one. They would not trouble themselves about us were it not that our God had our best interest at heart. They mean it for evil, but He for good.

"They deal to us a desperate stroke,
Which sends us to the living Rock:
They make us long for Canaan's banks,
But sure we owe them little thanks."

All the thanks we owe to the Lord who causes all things to work together for our good and His glory. For the time being, we cannot see the need of the discipline, the necessity of the conflict, because what He doeth we know not now; but by and by we shall say,

"All was most needful, not one was in vain."

Would we choose a smoother path, a less rough way? No. Why? "I know, O Lord, that the way of man is not in himself:" "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." The Lord not only chooses our inheritance for us, but He also marks out the way to it. The bounds of our habitation are fixed, and they are fixed by our precious Lord; and He says, in His all-wise providence, "This is the way: walk ye in it."

"'Tis a right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough!"

Why should we wish for a more even road? Because we are fools, and slow of heart to believe. Why should we find fault with the enemies and enmity that we meet on the road? We have no

cause to do so: we have far greater reasons to bless the Lord for all that He has appointed for us, and appointed us for. Indeed,

"Re'en crosses in His sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

Would Joseph have ever reached the palace, and become Lord of the land, if his brethren had not hated him and sold him into Egypt? Would his dreams have ever been fulfilled had not his brethren despised them? His road to so lofty a position was not strewn with roses. He had to pass through some very crooked and dark things to get there. But the post of honor and importance was his, and the way to it was marked out by the Lord, and therefore reach it he must. Yes, child of God, the road is dreary, but the Lord chose it. The pathway is intricate, but the Lord selected it for you. The afflictions are not joyous, but they are needful; and

"Though painful at present, they'll cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

But a little while, and all time-matters will be wound up, time-sorrows at an end, earth-troubles entirely over, and you will be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." Meanwhile, "the cause that is too hard for thee, bring it to me." He knows how to manage it: He knows the way to bring it to a successful issue. Never mind how complicated it is, leave results with Him. However it may turn out, there is a blessing in it. Rest assured that you have good cause to be contented with all the dealings of your God. Not one thing has puzzled your Lord. He sees the end from the beginning, and He knows the way that you take: and when He has tried you sufficiently, it shall be with you as Kent sings:

"As gold from the flame He'll bring thee at last,
To praise Him for all through which thou hast passed,
Then love everlasting thy griefs shall repay,
And God from thine eyes wipe all sorrows away."

Every day and hour bring us nearer home; and it will be

"Home, sweet home,
There is no place like home!"

We have no home but His heart, no rest but His bosom, no food but His flesh, no drink but His blood, no peace but in His presence, no friend but His person, no object but our Beloved, no subject but Jesus, and no real and solid satisfaction but in tasting that He is gracious. Indeed it is "unto whom coming as unto

a living stone." The Lord is our light and our salvation, our Rock and refuge. Indeed,

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

We often think of and pray for you, beloved. Indeed you are not often out of our thoughts. The heart will steal away to Hull, and we never bow the knee of our soul to the Lord but the mind is with you, and a certain persuasion rests upon the spirit that ere long we shall go in and out before you, breaking again the bread of eternal life among you. There may appear no prospect of such a thing at present, but faith

"Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, It shall be done."

"According to thy faith, so be it unto thee."

It seems long since we heard from you, and long since we last wrote to you. Indeed we have had no line to say that you are living since our last epistle. 'How is this? We should not write again if love did not constrain; therefore no thanks to us that you have got this. But we do like to hear from you, to know just how you are going on. Write, if but a line. Silence we cannot endure. Anything rather than that.

As ever, my wife, joins me in very best love, which many waters cannot quench, and floods cannot drown, and which is stronger than death, and as endurable as eternity; and we both wish you, what you already possess, health and wealth, peace and plenty, in Jesus.

Very affectionately yours, in unbreakable bonds and unsullied purity, alone in Jesus,

A. WILCOCKSON.

A SERMON.

The Eighteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

WHO can calculate the vast blessedness to the children of God from being "justified from all things!" yet how little there seems recognised of its blessedness in our day; for the general topic that is uppermost is about myself, my feelings, my sins, my sinnership, and what I am the subject of; but if your minds were only led into

contemplations of the glorious reality, justified from all things, you might as well laugh at the devil as not. Why? He cannot come near a justified sinner, cannot touch him; he only as it were casts his javelins, or fiery darts; and they only set the whole course of our nature on fire; but they can have no more access to the child of God in Christ than they can to Christ Himself. Why? "Jehovah is our dwelling-place," and He will be a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her. I hope you are living in a dear acquaintance with these eternal realities. Let me make a remark, as it has just occurred to my mind whilst you have been singing. There was a time when I thought if I could only visit Calvary, oh what happiness I should receive; and many times have I desired to go there, also to Gethsemane, and to go on the mount of transfiguration; but I bless God the mercy is to have the heart in sweet movement with the outgoing of soul in thoughts of Him, and then to hear the divine sentence uttered, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." "Therefore they shall come and sing in the heights of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock, and of the herd: and their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all." I believe we shall never get tired of this chapter till He saith to us, "Come up higher." And there are two things in our text that we shall never fathom; that is, the love of Christ, which passeth our knowledge, and the unsearchable riches of Christ. We have already said where God's church was when the text was delivered to the prophet by the Lord; and as there is a similarity in the experience of God's church in all ages, we shall find it blessed, as we say in Devonshire, *to compare notes* with what the prophet hath said concerning the love of God and the blessedness of the Church; but if you will have it in Scripture language, we will meet in oneness of heart and say, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual:" and I don't know a much better employ for God's children in the wilderness than this; but I doubt not thousands have this day been comparing spiritual things with carnal, attempting to reduce the spiritual down to a tangibility for carnality to grasp; but the mercy for the child of God is, to be *comparing spiritual things with spiritual*. Now do you know that secret—comparing spiritual things with spiritual? There is nothing natural, there is nothing corrupt, there is nothing fleshly, earthly, sensual, or devilish in them. Then, according to that testimony in Ephs. iii., am I a witness by the indwelling of Christ the Son of God in my heart by faith, so that I can rejoice in Him, and have no confidence in the flesh? Mark another sweet mercy

in comparing spiritual things with spiritual: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." We may hear it in sound, we may acknowledge that sound, yet it may pass into one ear and out of the other; but the almighty Minister in the Church of God, God's almighty Spirit, the testifier of Jesus, directs our hearts into the love of God. You may be ready to say, How shall I compare spiritual things with spiritual? Let us hear what the apostle Paul saith, in Romans v. 11.: "The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which He hath given to us." Let us notice another mercy, and we shall do well to attend to God's Word in all the departments of providence, nature and grace, whatever be our state or circumstance: "Therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Are we witnesses of His drawing? We will now look at the text; where we find a "therefore" we find always a *wherefore*. We find the word *therefore* placed in the front of our text, and there is more than enough in that word to sermonise on for more than an hour, and in connection with the word *therefore*, we have "*they shall come*;" and why shall they come? Because God loved them with an everlasting love. Do be particular; we must not attempt to take God's love to ourselves individually, although it is very blessed to know and to rejoice together in the mercy that He hath loved us and given Himself for us, and that the Father's love is equally demonstrated, having chosen us in Christ, blessed us in Christ, and accepted us in Christ. To have a knowledge of this far exceeds all the happiness that any angel knows. God the Father never loved us but in Christ, never loved us but with Christ, and never loved us but as He loved Christ. Have we hearts for these glorious truths? Then, marking down the mercy as God has opened it in His Word, we find the Lord Jesus telling the Father of it. It was never left to the Holy Ghost to tell you and me that truth, but it was left for Him to demonstrate it in our heart. None but Jesus could tell the Father about it as He did; and He told Him in our flesh and blood. Do you understand this glorious secret—the mystery of Christ—the great mystery between Christ and the Church? Then what did He say? "Thou hast (not may, not shall, not will: it out-matches my heart!) loved them as thou hast loved me." May God open this dear truth more and more to our minds. Bless you, a heart-feeling of it, would make you forget self, sin, hell, devil, and everything. God's love to us is equally as it is with the Son of God, yet how we seem to move on day by day, groping like the blind for the wall, as if there were nothing in existence like God the Father's love to Christ, and Christ's love to the Church. And I will make this remark, whenever and where-

ever the Holy Ghost confirms a poor sinner in love in Christ, it is not all the men in the world can persuade him out of it. Our precious Lord tells us Himself: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." Here is love everlasting, and here is the eternal God our refuge making manifest by word and development the co-equal love of the Father. Let us look at another remark, and I love to look into the Word of God, and I like to have the heart and mind taken up with the Word of God, and I dearly love the Lord to read His Word into my heart: it is always a sweet savour of Christ then. The Holy Ghost in Ephs. v., tells us a little more about it in His own language by the Apostle: "As Christ also loved the Church." The word *also* is a very great one, and a very profitable one, "*as Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it.*" The great gift of God the Father's love was to give Christ to you and me, and the great love-act of the Son of God was to give Himself for us, for our sins, and to redeem us from this present evil world, according to the will of God our Father. And Paul saith in connexion with this: "No man ever yet hated his own flesh." Do look at the words, and they come down to the apprehension of those that are way-faring men, though fools, and they cannot err therein. And in my simple way I venture to say, if any part of your flesh were bruised, and any part of mine were bruised, you would be a great deal more taken up with yours than mine, and I should be more taken up with mine than with yours. Now, mark, the mystery of Christ and the Church: "No man ever yet hated his own flesh." I have often blessed Him, and with holy freedom of soul told my heart out, although I may be hated by others; yet how often hath it come up to cheer the heart and comfort it; and of every poor tried exercised member; "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye." This is a truth worth taking notice of, as well as what we read of in Acts xxii. concerning the Lord's meeting with Paul, and it is worthy of note as we pass on from day-to-day, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" But Saul had got his pocket full of letters, to go to Damascus to bring the disciples to Jerusalem, to put them in prison or to death. But notice the word *me*: "Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these *my* brethren, ye have done it unto *me*." Should the Lord keep me a few years longer in the wilderness and open His mind I shall begin to think rightly about His mercy. The covenant He Himself will never alter, nor can all the uncleanness or unworthiness of the Church ever lessen one iota of its blessedness. This cheers me whilst passing on from day-to-day; ay, it

"Makes sov'reign mercy dear to me,
And Jesus all in all."

The Lord will keep His oath: and in the Book we are told that Jesus Christ the Son is the oath consecrated for evermore. So that in this, as in every other thing, our all is in Christ, and God hath sworn "by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for Him to lie even Jesus, made an high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." What volumes of blessedness open to our view in that glorious sentence! We will have a word or two more about this glorious mercy. God's oath and God's love. We may have ten million changes according to our feelings, but not the least movement or the least alteration in that foundation, that God laid in Zion, which is Christ Jesus the Lord. A word in love: the more we shake and tremble, the more precious Christ the sure foundation will be to you and me. Why is it that many talkers, that can out-talk God's children about the Scriptures, seem to go on wonderfully according to their own account, as if they could grasp the Word and deal it out just as they please, but not talk to them about shaking, they will laugh at you, and they will say, "Oh, I live in the full assurance of faith!" I very much doubt it. "Oh! we know nothing of these things that you talk about." Then there must be something very materially out of the way. For God hath said, The trembling, bruised reed He will not break, nor quench the smoking flax.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUAL PRELIBATIONS.

Blessed Jesus, by Thy Spirit.
Lead me to the Rock that's high:
Let me see I all inherit
By Thy love and blood's strong tie,
Then I'll praise Thee,
And my strongest foe defy.

When, by faith, I sweetly enter,
Safe, within Thy bleeding heart,
When I in Thy person centre,
From the things of time depart,
Not more glorious
Canst Thou be than then Thou art.

Away then fly all fleeting bubbles,
Far remote from self I dwell.
Then remov'd are all earth's troubles,
Quench'd the flaming fire of hell,
By that fountain
Rising like a springing well.

In Thy bosom safely resting,
Shelt'ring in Thy bleeding side,
Love and blood most sweetly testing,
O'er life's billows how I ride!
Blessed Bridegroom,
From Thy flesh Thou canst not hide.

Thy sweet looks how heart-engaging,
When the tempest and the sea,
By Thy word have ceas'd their raging!
How delightful then to me
Was that shining
Which made clouds and darkness flee!

Thou, dear Lord, art my Pavilion,
Far remote from death's dark shade;
Would I'd tongues a thousand million!
Would I'd flaming spirit's aid!
All should praise Thee,
Whose bright glories cannot fade.

Love and blood are bonds abiding,
 Loving Jesus, are they not?
 When in Thee I am confiding,
 Safe, above all shell and shot,
 How I warble—
 "What a treasure I have got!"

Union is so *real* and *lasting*,
 Feeding is such blest employ!
 Indeed, dear Lord, there is no fasting,
 When my soul can Thee enjoy:
 With Thy presence,
 Nothing can my mind annoy.

Let me drink of Thee the fountain,
 Far beyond all lesser streams,
 May I live on Thee the mountain,
 Ravish'd with Thy burning beams,
 Quite forgetting
 Barthy things and meaner themes.

There my soul shall have employment,
 There my heart shall burn with fire;
 Jesus only my enjoyment,
 He my great and grand desire:
 Hallelujah!
 His praise I'll sing and never tire.

What on earth can give true pleasure!
 What below can feed my mind!
 Jesus is my only treasure:
 He is constant, ever kind:
 In Him only
 Can I solid comfort find!

In Him I shall live for ever:
 With Him I shall always be:
 From Him nought in hell can sever:
 What on earth can injure me!
 When in glory,
 Jesus only I shall see.

Mortal coils and earthly 'twinnings
 Finally relax their hold
 When beneath His brilliant shinnings,
 When within the glory fold,
 With jasper walls,
 And shining streets of precious gold.

A. W.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine; and I am glorified in them."—JOHN xvii. 10.

THIS is one of the most blessed verses in God's Scriptures of Truth. O! may the eternal Spirit put Almighty power into the words He may lead us to utter, and may He, if His will, give each of you, who have passed from death to life, to taste once more that the Lord is gracious. May He shed abroad the Father's love in your heart, and when you go home, if He shall incline you so to do, may you each read over this precious chapter, and may the Holy Ghost open and unfold to you a little of the blessedness written therein. No human tongue, no mortal language, can express one millionth part of the glory couched in this dear prayer of our glorious Christ, who is our Kinsman-Redeemer. O! how sweet is it to realise something of the preciousness and the gospel-blessedness contained in our text. It is more than heart can hold; it is joy unspeakable and full of glory. I feel at this moment as though I could sit and

sing myself away to everlasting bliss. O! the fulness of these words, "All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine; and I am glorified in them:" every word teems with glory, every letter is big with meaning. What knitting work is here! What wondrous network! Everlasting union! grace-relationship! eternal ties! indissoluble bonds! Child of God, do you feel the entwining of His love; do you realise His constrainings, His drawings? O! I say, do you know that you are interested in these precious things of the lasting hills? Do you know that you are included in this expression of covenant love? Has the Lord ever dropped His word with unction, with dew, with savour? Has He raised you up in Himself, and given you a good hope through grace? Has He ever chased away all darkness from your mind, banished all fears, and removed all doubts? Has He at any time enabled you to feel, and joyfully to exclaim, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His?" Can you look back to any period, can you refer to any one season, when He has whispered a word in your heart? Can you remember any hallowed moments when He has spoken to you and blessed you indeed, and revealed to you the abundance of peace and truth; when His peace has inundated your soul, when His glory has beamed upon your mind?

"Dost mind the place, the spot of land,
Where Jesus did thee meet?"

What an infinite mercy to be enabled to say, "My Lord and my God:" and not only mine now, but to know He will be eternally mine. Yes! He will be mine when time shall be no more; He will be mine for ever and for ever. Has the Lord ever been glorified in your heart's experience, in your spirit's apprehension? Have you ever felt such blessed constrainings, that you have been overwhelmed with His goodness; such overpowerings, that no fears have o'erspread the horizon of your mind, no darkness has hovered around you, but you have been light in the Lord, and glad in your precious Christ; and you have rejoiced in Him as one that findeth great spoils? I do not ask you whether you are dark in mind now, whether you are shut up in soul now, whether the heavens above you are as brass and the earth beneath you is as iron, and you feel as though you were cast out of His sight; but I would ask you whether you have in one single instance enjoyed the Lord's favor and realised His love? Can you appeal to the Mighty God and call Him to witness that you have never known what it has been to sit down under His shadow with great delight and to find His fruit sweet to your taste? Child of God, I know you cannot: you may not often have been thus privileged; the Lord may not

frequently have dropped a word with power in your heart; but, rest assured,

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine,
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

If in your short life He has ever given you one promise and sealed it home, you may safely rest your all upon it. "God is not a man that He should lie; neither the son of man that He should repent." He will never alter the word that has gone out of His lips. "Blessed is she that believeth: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." O! can you not plead before Him the word upon which He has caused you to hope; and can you not say in the language of one of old, "Do as Thou hast said?" His words are eternal words; they are spirit, and they are life; and if He has spoken one word with living power in your living heart, it is as sure of fulfilment as though He had spoken home every promise in His Word. You may now be bowed down, darkness may environ and envelop you, you may see neither sun, nor moon, nor stars; nay, a glimmer of light may not be discoverable, and a night and a day you may have been in the deep; like Abraham of old, you may have had to return to your own place; but the Lord will come again, and cheer you with His eternal smile. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of HIM that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" His everlasting presence it is that enlivens us; and when He comes leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills, when He comes down in the Almighty love of His heart, and draws us by power divine to His footstool, we delight to wash His feet with tears. Mary washed them literally with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, but we are favored in like manner spiritually. O! may the Lord come down to-night pinioned on love, and raise our minds infinitely above what we are the subjects of, and may the words of our text,—this blessed sentence which flowed from the heart of our King Emmanuel,—flow into our souls! "All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine;" and again, Jesus says, "I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given Me; for they are Thine." How wondrous! The sheep in the Shepherd's fold were given to the Son by the Father, and yet they still belonged to the Father. O! what deep reasoning. This is the cause Jesus assigns for His intercession with the Father on their behalf, "they are Thine;" and there is a portion in sweet analogy which is a key to unlock this one, "I and my Father are one;" and another strikes the mind which in itself appears very contradictory, "Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and

cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that *He* might present it to *Himself* a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish:" how holy we cannot tell, how perfectly pure we cannot divine. No blame can attach itself to the Bride of the Lamb; no sin can be found upon her; no wrinkle shall ever furrow her brow; nothing indicative of old age shall ever be visible in her countenance: she will be in eternal youth and eternal beauty whilst endless ages roll along: she will shine in the splendour of her Beloved, sing around His throne, and join in holy Hallelujahs unto Him that loved her and washed her from her sins in His own blood. Child of God, then will the Lord unfold to you His love, and make known to you His faithfulness; then will He discover to you fully, and show you gloriously, what He now opens to you in part. Now we have earnest, then we shall have full fruition; now we have foretastes, then we shall have endless possession; now we have sips of the brook by the way, then we shall have draughts of His love; now we have gleams of glory, then we shall bask under the rays of the Sun shining in the mid-heavens; now we have tokens of His love, then we shall have greater manifestations, fuller developments, more glorious revelations; now His Word raises us above the world and all creature connections, then we shall be eternally beyond every trying dispensation, every intricate pathway. O! how blessed is it to forget self, and everything of a sublunary nature. When the Lord draws us aside from the multitude and communicates His love, when He folds us in His arms and tells us His interest is our's and our's is His, when we feel His intwinings, and enjoy His comforting presence, we exult, we triumph in our Beloved. Ah! we love to be taken out of the world in the best sense, in a spiritual sense. The world within causes us more trouble than the world without; we can leave the outer world, but we shall never be free from the inner world until mortality shall be finally swallowed up of life. Our heart is like "a cage of unclean birds," and we often say, "Can ever God dwell here?" Can it be possible that God dwells in our heart, and that He is formed there the hope of glory? O! yes; He has said, "Here will I dwell, for I have desired it." We are God's habitation, His tabernacle; and by-and-by we shall shake off this clay tent; by-and-by we shall leave all the trying things of this wilderness-state; by-and-by we shall bound away into His immediate presence, and be ever with the Lord, and ever like the Lord. "We know that the Son of God is come;" we know that His rays have shone into our soul: it is "no wild fancy of the brain, no metaphor we speak;" we know we have shared His blessing, and enjoyed His love, and when the brittle thread of life shall be

snapped asunder, when the pins of our earthly tabernacle shall be taken out, when the silver cord shall be loosened, and the golden bowl broken, we know the Lord will beckon us home: then we shall soar away and be in our native element; then shall we sing His matchless praises and crown Him Lord of all. Here we have afflictions both personal and relative, but when He shall call us up higher, all afflictions, all trials, all sorrows, will be left behind. O! child of God, do you not long for Him to come and speak you out of time? "Yes," say you, "when I can realise His presence I long for Him to come and call me home; nevertheless, I rest on His unchanging love, His mercy, His grace. I have the witness of His Spirit within that I am born of God, and I am well assured that the Lord has given me eternal life, eternal dignity, eternal righteousness, eternal glory. He has whispered, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love,' and I know He will grant me an abundant entrance into His blissful kingdom when time shall be no more with me." "Happy art thou, O Israel!" The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

"All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine." How many in our presence have an interest in these words? Let me ask you, Has the Lord claimed you for Himself? Has He ever laid His right hand upon you and said, "Thou shalt be for Me, and not for man, so will I also be for thee?" Does He possess your heart? Do you possess His? "The Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance." O! can you say, "The Lord is my portion?" There can be no schism in the body of Christ; all the elect members are one in Christ Jesus, and He is Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in Him." Think, beloved, of being complete in Him; think of being filled with all the fulness of God. This is glory indescribable, this is blessedness unutterable; and He says in the words of our text, "I am glorified in them." Yes! glorified in them in the dark as well as in the light; glorified in them in tribulation as well as on the mount of communion; glorified in them in the lion's den as well as in the banqueting-house; glorified in them in the hiding of His face as much as in intercourse with them; glorified in them in every rough road, in every intricate path, in every affliction, in every righteous dispensation; glorified in them throughout their journey; and glorified in them He will be to an eternal day. O! think then more of His glory than of your ease; think more of His glory than of your advantage; think more of His glory than of your comfort. If He lead

you into the furnace, He will be glorified in you there ; if into the flood, He will be no less glorified in you there. How blessed is it to realise His presence, His companionship ! Nothing can keep us from Him, nothing can sunder the bond of love which exists between us, nothing can dissolve the relative tie, nothing can touch eternal relationship, nothing can sever the union between Christ and our soul. We were His in eternity, we are His in time, and we shall be His to an eternal day. The mind may oftentimes be beclouded ; we may have to tread in wilderness paths and wade through seas of difficulty ; but He has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee : and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." Love sees His Church at all times pure ; yea, the language of His heart is, "Thou art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee." "The King's daughter is all-glorious within."

"Love all defects supplies,
Makes great obstructions small ;
'Tis prayer, 'tis praise, 'tis sacrifice,
'Tis holiness, 'tis all."

Who can give us this love ? We have the secret opened up in those words which our glorious Christ addressed to His righteous Father, "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it ; that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." "The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them ; that they may be one, even as we are one : I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Who can fathom the depths of oneness ! who can scan its heights ! who range its lengths ! We realise now sometimes a little of the glory of this mighty subject, of this endless theme : we now have the earnest, the antepast of bliss and blessedness, but by-and-by we shall be in the full enjoyment of that "weight of glory" which is reserved ; then shall we be everlastingly complete in one, eternally perfect in one ; but language fails to express one millionth part of the glories of eternal union. Christ and the Father are one, Jesus and His people are one ; they are bound up in the bundle of life with Him, and this bundle can never be untied ; the bond of everlasting love which binds them to Him shall never know any separation, for it is indissoluble. True, we often lose sight of it, we often go on our way murmuring and not rejoicing in the sunshine ; we cannot always realise the consolations and the comforting presence of the Holy One : the Lord seems afar off, our prayers He seems to shut out, and then we sigh and cry, we wait and watch, we long and

pant: if joined to Him, we want to feel His heart beating toward us; if loved, we want another token thereof; if blessed, we want a renewal of His favor; if united, we want Him to tell us once more that our name from the palms of His hands eternity cannot erase; if chosen in Christ, we want Him to make it known to us again; if called, justified, and glorified in Him, we want another word sealed home, another promise applied; and with the Church we say, "Set me as a seal upon Thine heart, as a seal upon Thine arm." "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." Nothing can quench, nothing can extinguish that divine fire which the Lord has kindled in our heart, that sacred flame which He has lighted in our soul.

"O how His love draws out my heart,
In burning hot desire,
And O such love He doth impart,
My soul is all on fire!

I burn with love intensely warm,
And feel a heav'n below :
I'm not afraid of wind or storm,
When He His face doth show."

Ah ! this is the secret :

"And if His voice be now so sweet,
Whilst in this mortal vale :
What will it be when we all meet,
And nought but love inhale ?"

We cannot tell. Like children we now prattle a little of His worth, His excellency, His beauty; but what everlasting glory will be, what the refulgent blaze of His meridian splendour will be, we know not.

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?"

If we could fully enter into the glory of being in His immediate presence, and really knew the blessedness which awaits us, we do not believe that we could find words to express and set it forth. O! no; we must have the language of heaven, the language of Canaan, the language of the upper world, to convey such blissful heights and wondrous depths. Sometimes in these lowlands of sin and sorrow the Lord's love is so overpowering, and His glory so overshadows us, that we cannot speak; we are, as it were, dumb before Him, and we feel—

Give me a flaming seraph's tongue,
And then I'll roll His praise along.

He pours His love into the soul in such copious streams, and grants us such blessed showers of blessing; we enjoy His mercies so richly, and realise His presence so blessedly, that we are satisfied with His favor, and full with His blessing; we feel the beatings

of His heart, the soft constrainings of His love; the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, rules and reigns within; we see Jesus a King upon His throne, and He sways His sceptre there; we behold Him likewise as Priest, and He sprinkles His blood upon our soul. His love, His blood, His salvation, so inundate and transport us, that we feel

"One with Jesus,
By eternal union one."

There is now no condemnation, and we can say, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" We can challenge the powers of earth and hell combined to cause any division, for we well know

"'Tis His delight to make us blest,
And live upon His love."

Was it not the delight of our glorious Jesus to bless the dying thief? Yes! "Lord," said he, "remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom;" and what was His Beloved's gracious response? "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." O! blessed answer; that day he realised full fruition: one bound out of time, and He entered the portals of bliss; he glided away from time and went home with his King Jesus. The Lord did not reproach him for his past misspent life, but He answered him to the joy of his heart.

"O how free then is salvation!
No goodness in the creature, no;
But His merits sav'd the nation,
Which He did in love foreknew."

Time tells us we must not dwell, but we feel we could preach to you all night. May the Lord seal home the Word, and give you to meditate upon it! He can bless a sentence if it be His will; yea, He can bless a portion to you which we have not uttered. It matters not whether the blessing come through the chapter being read, through the prayer, the hymn, or the sermon, so long as you realise it, so long as the Lord manifest His love to you, and give you another evidence that you belong to Him: His presence manifested, His loving-kindness realised, will make you long to roll out of time into eternity. We anticipate the blissful time, we look forward to the glorious consummation.

"How precious the longing, the panting, the groan,
The sighing, the crying, for Jesus alone!
I long for His coming, when will it arrive?
The moments I'm summing, tho' sin doth hard strive."

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

(Concluded from page 120.)

WE love His communications, His manifestations, His revelations, His inspirations. "Well," say some, "we do not believe in these things." Ah! these glorious realities are hidden from the wise and prudent, but they are revealed to babes in grace, and we can only say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." We long for His presence, we love His appearings, and we mourn His absence: darkness and light are both alike unto Him, but they are not alike unto us; we feel we are treading a barren waste, and we delight to feel the intertwining of His love, and to recline on His bosom; we love to hear His voice: His words tell, His words rest with power on the mind.

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss, ah! bliss complete."

When the Lord blesses us *feelingly, experimentally*, we have not a wish unfulfilled, we have not a desire ungranted; we have all we can realise, all we can possibly enjoy. Yes! child of God,

"'Tis heav'n to dwell in His embrace,
And no where else but there."

Many look forward to going home to heaven, and to dwelling in their mansion above, but heaven is not my home; Christ is my

home, my heaven, my paradise, my dwelling-place, my hiding-place, my pavilion, my peaceable habitation. Without my precious Jesus, heaven would not be heaven to me, but having HIM I all possess. He is more to me than heaven, more than glory, more than bliss; and whatever enjoyment we shall have above, we shall have it in living oneness with Christ, in our identity with Him, in our union with the Son of God. Words are not half sufficiently expressive to convey the glories of eternal relationship. O! to be lost in His glory. Everything sinks into nothingness when we are enabled to behold the Sun of Righteousness: He eclipses all beside. O! to find, and feel, and know He is our's, and to realise that there can be no division in death. He says—and may He speak it to you with power!—"Because I live, ye shall live also."

"And while He lives, we ne'er can die,
For we are His by cov'nant tie."

"All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." He glorified Himself in being a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, by being the lowly Nazarene. What glory beamed forth when He went out of the temple, going through the midst of the Jews who took up stones to cast at Him, and so passed by! What glory again shone forth in the garden of Gethsemane when, declaring He was the great I AM, His accusers went backward and fell to the ground! and we must follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. If He lead us by a circuitous route, it is that He may be glorified in us; if He cause us to be exercised, it is that He may be glorified in us. How blessed then to lean upon Him, whether we realise peace or war, serenity or conflict! At all times, and under all circumstances, He will be glorified in us, and in the article of death we shall sing His matchless praises. We shall not fear undressing, the Lord will provide; and when we shall be beyond Jordan's narrow stream, He will be glorified in us; and then, amid all the grandeur of God, we shall gaze on our precious Christ, on our eternal Beloved.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners there."

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen...

"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."—GENESIS iii. 16.

WELL may we take up the language of the Holy Ghost by Paul, "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the

Church." O! child of God, be it your's and mine to understand something of this glorious truth, of this blessed reality. Do not think that there is any curse, any wrath, any anger, expressed here; we know that the Lord spake these words to Eve, and that they had a literal meaning, but they had likewise a spiritual significance; and if He who inspired holy men of old to write the sacred page, if He—the eternal Spirit—show to the speaker and reveal to the hearer some of the depths herein wrapt, we shall have a glorious time of refreshing, we shall sing to the praise of the mercy we have found, we shall glorify the Lord God of Israel,—the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob,—and we shall say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." None can comprehend the spiritual meaning of our text but those who have passed from death to life; none will be able to enter into what the Lord may lead us to utter on this portion according to the analogy of Scripture but living sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty; and these will not be enabled to rejoice in these sublime truths unless the Sealer, the Revealer, the Teacher in the one Church, be present to take of the things of Christ and show unto them. We well know that we cannot command a blessing from the high court of heaven; and although we have enjoyed the Lord's favor, although we have tasted something of the sweetness, and realised something of the blessedness of union-oneness with the Lamb of God, although we have entered into some of the glories and some of the blessings which accrue from relationship with the Son of the Father in truth and love, yet there can be no partaking, no participating in heart-realisation without revelation and manifestation. There can be no joys, no sweets, no comforts, without living power, divine dew and unction.

"Thy desire shall be to thy Husband," showing that all the desires of the Bride may be expressed in one: yes! in one everlasting and living breathing, in one spiritual upgoing of heart. "Then," says one, "if you say the eye of the child of God is fixed upon a single object, and his heart taken up with a single subject; if you prove that his desire toward the Lord is constant and perpetual, you will go infinitely beyond my experience. I find my mind often wandering, I find my desires oftentimes anything but spiritual, my thoughts anything but heavenly; hence, if you maintain that all the living desires of an heir of glory are contained in one, and that all flow toward the author of them, you will quite outstrip me." But, stay a moment: I believe the Holy Ghost would convey to the mind this thought, that all spiritual and living desires are enwrapt in one, but do not confound things that materially differ; do not mingle natural things with spiritual. "To be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and

peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." The new man alone delights in the things of God, and it is very blessed when we can see the distinction between the first man which is of the earth earthy, and the second Man which is the Lord from heaven. Holy desires are begotten in the soul by the Holy Ghost; hungerings and thirstings arise under the powerful ministration of the eternal Spirit; but flesh and blood comprehend not the mysteries of God's kingdom. Adam the first and Adam the second are totally opposed and contrary the one to the other; one is from beneath, the other is from above; one is of this world, the other has a high, a glorious, a heavenly origin.

"Thy desire shall be to thy Husband, and He shall rule over thee." In the first place the relationship is acknowledged; this is the foundation, the fundamental truth, and upon this is raised the superstructure. There must be a prior union-oneness, there must be a relative tie existing, before communion can be realised; and it is because our Maker is our Husband, our Head, our near Kinsman, because we are joined to the Lord and one Spirit, because there is a tie, a bond subsisting between us; that our desire is toward Him; and we do not read, 'Thy desire may be to thy Husband, or thy desire possibly will be to thy Husband, but here we have an absolute declaration, here we have one of the eternal *shall's* of "the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God," and we are quite contented that He should rule and reign over us. The Lord led Paul very specially into the glories of eternal union, but it is a subject scarcely touched upon now; the minds of men appear to be wondrously dark upon this theme; they do not seem to have a right knowledge of it; they are not enabled by spiritual tuition to see and to trace the streams which flow from it. How different was it in the case of the Apostle! Whenever he spoke of a natural union, of a time relationship, he introduced a blessed Christ, he expatiated on the Man of the Father's right hand; and never would he have reverted to a literal bond, to a natural tie, had it not been to set forth the oneness, the dignity, and the glory of Christ and the Church, to declare "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints: to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles which is *Christ in you*, the hope of glory," and not only so, but *you in Christ*, because, "As He is, so are we in the world;" that is, in our membership, in our spiritual sonship, and heirship. Is He beloved? So are we. Is He the object of the Father's delight? So are we. Is He free from sin and beyond all condemnation? So are we. He is the Saviour and the Saviour of His

body: He is the fulness of His Church. "As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body being many, are one body, so also is Christ." There can be no distinctiveness, no separatedness, between Christ and His Bride: when Christ is named, His Church is included. Yes! it is

*"One glorious Head, one body there,
Which shall at last one glory share."*

We are perfect and complete now, and as pure and spotless in the great Jehovah's sight as is the Son of His love; and if we lived for a lengthened period of time upon this globe, and increased in the knowledge of God every day and every moment, we could not be more dignified or more acceptable to Him than we are now. He says, "The King's daughter is all-glorious within." How comprehensive is this word *all-glorious*! It shows that there is no glory which she possesseth not; for she is all fair in oneness with her Head. She is in the full bloom of youth; no wrinkle of old age shall ever furrow her brow; no spots of deformity shall ever tarnish her beauty: she stands in her Bridegroom's unsullied perfection, and in Him she is blemish void. Child of God, had the Lord said we should be perfect through His comeliness put upon us when we left the stage of time, we could have entered into somewhat of the blessedness thereof, but the thought of our perfection *now* exceeds everything. True, we are often tempest-tossed and not comforted; we are in the furnace and anon in the flood; we are sometimes dark and sometimes light; we are sometimes all love, all joy, all rejoicing, and again all mourning, all sighing, all sorrowing: still our identity is the same, our relationship with Jesus remains untouched. He has enfolded all His sheep, He watches over every jewel in His crown, and not one grain of the precious wheat can perish.

"Thy desire shall be to thy Husband." This is God's will, and it cannot be frustrated; and who is our Husband? Our glorious Christ, our eternal Beloved, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." How many here have the assurance, the blest persuasion, that the Jehovah of Hosts is their Husband, and as much their Husband spiritually as was Adam the husband of Eve literally? How many in our presence believe that they are really and truly united to the mighty God, to the everlasting Father? How many see that they are one with Him in a gospel sense, in a free-grace sense? The Lord uses natural things to set forth spiritual realities; He employs them for His glory, and by *this* figure He shows us that the Church is as spiritually one, as truly joined, as much united to her glorious Ishi, to her heavenly Bridegroom, as were Adam and Eve, only that the

relationship is infinitely more glorious; and whatever the natural relation might have been, union with Christ, oneness with our eternal and blessed Beloved, far exceeds and outweighs it.

"Thy desire shall be to thy Husband." Do *you* know Him as your Husband? Do *you* know Him as your Redeemer? Can *you* realise that you are one with Jesus, by eternal union one? "Well," says one, "I do not feel worthy to have such a Bridegroom." In yourself you have neither worthiness, nor fitness, nor meetness; transgressor is your name, and you have no qualifications as a natural creature, but the Lord knew that in union with a nature head you would sin, and that continually. We read that "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression," and for the love which he bore her, he followed her into the transgression; and yet in one sense where she was there was he even before he partook of the forbidden fruit, because of closeness of union, because of oneness of life. God created man first: there was then only one visible object. Eve was invisible, and yet she formed a part of himself, being a rib in his side. The Lord took that rib and made a woman; or, as it might be read, *builded a woman*; and it is written, "He brought her to the man," but she was a portion of himself; hence He brought her where she was before. And Adam said, "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh;" and we read likewise that the Lord called *their* name Adam. Just so is it in a spiritual point of view: the Bridegroom and the Bride have but one name. "This is the name whereby He shall be called, Jehovah our Righteousness." "And this is the name wherewith she shall be called, Jehovah our Righteousness:" and, moreover, the name of the city is, "Jehovah is there." They are no more twain, but one flesh: in loving her, Himself He loves; and as Hawker said in his day, so say we,

"He cannot love her more,
Nor will He love her less:
In His sight fair, cleans'd by His Word,
A Bride adorned for her Lord."

He followed His Church into the transgression; He followed the partner of His throne through floods of wrath and deep distress; and why? Because she was near and dear to Him. Had it not been for grace-relationship, she would have had no claim upon Him, and He would not have become her Surety, her responsible Head. We cannot sufficiently ponder over the substitution of our glorious Jesus. We were undone, but He was "Mighty to save;" He bound Himself by ancient decree, by oath and blood, to be liable, answerable, and responsible, for all Zion's sins, and all the debts she might contract were taken into the vast account. As the Head of

His body, as the Shepherd of His sheep, He was the accountable One, and whatever she became in union to a natural head, He fully atoned for, He everlastingly nullified. Though low as she could be in oneness with Adam earthy, He plunged down and raised her up from the ruins of the fall: He shed His blood to ransom her; He poured out His soul unto death; He was numbered with the transgressors; He bare the sin of many; and why was this? Because He was her Husband, her near relative. We know something of this union, this tie, this bond of love, under the ministration of the Eternal Spirit; and O! what misery should we endure could we not identify ourselves with Him. Upon the ground of relationship we are privileged to claim all He is and all He has done: first, we possess His Person, and then we have His gifts, realise His blessings, and enjoy His favors. "Of His fulness have all we received; and grace for grace." It is to *Himself* we are united, and not to the benefits that flow from this oneness. We are blessed with endurable riches and righteousness; we have the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; but this alone would not satisfy our enlarged desires, this would not content us, neither would it set forth the blessedness wrapt in the words of our text. No! no! His Person far outweighs His gifts; and because Christ is our Portion and our Inheritance, whatever He has, whatever He possesses, we share by virtue of union. He says—O! may He speak it to you with power—"All are your's; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." Some think it is presumption to speak thus: say they, It is not right to adopt such terms; but if the Lord declare to us His mind, if He make known to us His will, is it not our privilege to cry out in the full confidence of faith, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His?" O! yes: these are the eternal truths which our souls love; these are the glorious realities which warm our cold hearts, and we know that we shall enjoy them for ever.

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

Our glorious Christ is all our salvation and all our desire. This one object, this single subject, eclipses everything beside; His voice drowns all earthly sounds; His presence raises us above this time-state. When He manifests Himself, and causes His peace, which passeth all understanding, to rule and to reign within, we rise in nobleness of soul, we go forth in the dances of them that make merry, we feel a flame of love enkindled in our soul, a holy glow of fire, of light, of glory, a burning of heart, and we enjoy communion and fellowship with Him—the Head with the mem-

bers, the Bridegroom with the Bride, the Father with the children, the Shepherd with the sheep. How precious the thought! how glorious the contemplation! we are joined to the Lord; and we can never be nearer to Him, and never be dearer to Him than we are now: we are light in Him, we are glad in Him, we are strong in Him, and we rejoice in Him; we walk in His sunshine in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and we dwell in Him who is our fountain-fulness. All dignity, all righteousness, all glory, we possess in Him, and by precious faith we gaze on the Orb of day which shines in all its refulgent splendour in God's heaven. Christ is our everlasting Light, our God, our Glory, and how transcendently glorious is it to grow up into Him our living Head in all things; into Him, our beloved Bridegroom; into Him, our eternal Ishi! In ourselves we are nothing, and in union to Adam the first we are utterly lost; we often feel naught but chaotic darkness within, and we seem like one dead; but it is in Him we live, and move, and have our being; we are perfect in Him, complete in Him, and everlastingly accepted in Him the Beloved. He is our Wisdom, our Righteousness, our Sanctification, our Redemption. "But Christ is all and in all;" and

" 'Tis His delight to make us blest,
And live upon His love."

We well know the difference between feeling empty and feeling full of His mercy and of His goodness; between being like the dry unfruitful desert in experience and blossoming to the praise of the glory of His grace; between being lively in the Lord and feeling dead and dark and gloomy in ourselves. "Ah," says a child of God, "I have to pass through much darkness; clouds often o'erspread the horizon of my mind, but the desire of my soul is to His name and to the remembrance of Him: I long to realise His favor, and to know He has singled me out to be a jewel in His crown: I want Him to draw me by His constraining power, and to enable me to lean upon Him, to rest in Him, and to walk as becometh an heir of God. I often say, 'Not so, my Father!' O! remove this trial from me; lead me not in that dark and dreary path; but I want to feel 'not my will, but Thine, be done.'" He shall rule and reign over you; and He says, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He can make darkness light before you, and crooked things straight: you have a kindred claim upon Him; may He enable you to plead it! you are comely in His comeliness, perfect in His perfections, and how spotless and pure you really are none but Godhead can tell, none but Deity can trace. You

are as lovely as love, blood, and salvation can make you, and were you to live upon this earth a million years twice told, you would never fathom the depths contained in that dear portion, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."

"Thy desire shall be to thy Husband, and He shall rule over thee." No human language can express the beauties and the glories here expressed: first, we have the relationship spoken of, and then the assurance that the wishes of the Bride shall be lost in His. The desire of our glorious Christ is that His people be one with Him, and He claims His Bride, saying, "Thou shalt be for Me, and not for man, so will I also be for thee:" she is joint-heir with Him, the sharer of His eternal throne; she is His purchased possession, His crown of glory, His royal diadem. O! the preciousness of union-oneness. But few enter into its secrets, or enjoy its sweets; but few know the spiritual mysteries of God's kingdom; but few seem to have a mind to grasp the things of eternity. Life, light, and power are themes little spoken of; union with Jesus and communion with Him are subjects seldom dwelt upon; and if, in any measure, we be brought to delight in these chief things of the ancient mountains, in these precious things of the lasting hills, how favored and how privileged are we, and what cause have we to bless and to praise our covenant Jehovah for His mercy manifested toward us! O! to have harmony within. O! to make melody in the heart unto the Lord. The Bridegroom loves to hear the Bride's musical voice: He says, "O my dove in the clefts of the Rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely;" and when He speaks, she can sing to her Well-beloved a song of her Beloved. All spiritual songs are indited by the Holy Ghost; and, remember, child of God, the Lord loves you as much when you are dark in mind, and shut up in soul, as when you are joyful in Him; as much when in the valley, as when on the mount of transfiguration: a sigh or a cry proceeding from a living soul is as much melody in His ear as is a song of praise. He hears the groans of His elect; and whether sorrowing or rejoicing, whether feeling distance or basking in His sunshine, whether mourning His absence, or enjoying His presence, His affection remains unaltered. His love never varies, never fluctuates. I delight in His eternal love, and I exult in His time-love. Yes! I rejoice in His covenant love, and I love the manifestations thereof in time. The Lord loved me before time, He loves me in time, and He will love me for ever; and when He grants me a drop of His love, a taste of His mercy, I can trace these pure streams to their source, to the ocean, to the fountain,

to the spring, and I see they took their rise in Eternity. "Ah," says one, "I sometimes feel that I do love the Lord, and I feel likewise a wondrous attachment to His people, to His purchased flock,—the flock of slaughter,—but anon a cloud comes between the Sun of Righteousness and my soul, and Satan tells me that all my religion is in the flesh, and only a delusion after all. I fear then that all the love I have felt in my heart has been spurious, and not a real, genuine, spiritual flame. I want the Lord to tell me that He has loved me with an everlasting love; I want Him to decide and to settle the matter, and then the river that shall come down from the glorious Ocean shall flow back to the same mighty abyss. If I could but get into His heart of love, I should be satisfied; I should then take my harp from the willows, and

"Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake."

Child of God, I know your feelings, I know your exercises well; but He that hath begun the good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. His heart is ever beating toward you; yes! it is perpetual motion; and He will give you to behold that His banner over you is love in His own time: His glory shall beam upon your mind, and you shall realise that you are justified freely by His grace. O! may He cause a spiritual breeze to blow from His eternal throne: may the Holy Spirit waft your mind above the vale, and may the Lord set your soul at happy freedom. Then will you warble forth the song which saints above now sing, and you will rejoice that ere long you will see your Beloved face to face. He will never leave us nor forsake us: when on Jordan's banks He will be with us, and He will grant us a glorious exit from this time-state. Sometimes we long for the moment, we anticipate the consummation, but again we feel tied and bound, and then our thoughts are not so soaring; nevertheless, it is but for our best Friend to say, "Spring up, O well," and we instantly mount up with wings as eagles, and we run with patience the race set before us, "looking unto Jesus."

"Thy desire shall be to thy Husband, and He shall rule over thee." How many know Him as their Husband? How many feel the life-blood glow? How many can realise their oneness with Christ? Jehovah views the Head and the members as one; the Bridegroom and the Bride as one.

"And since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dy'd in blood,
'Tis He, instead of me, is seen
When I approach to God."

It is the joy of my heart to know that He is my near Kinsman, and to feel that I am clothed with His spotless purity, with His dignity, with His glory. It is a mystery indescribable, a reality which words fail to set forth: may the Lord lead us more and more into it! O! trembling child of God, cheer up:

"Let all your petitions go up in His name,
For the blessing comes always through Him."

When you petition Him for a blessing, may it be as one who has a claim upon Him; may your plea be founded on eternal right, on divine and everlasting relationship; and although you may fear to call Him your Ishi, may He grant you the Spirit of adoption whereby you may cry Abba, dear Father, and may you by precious faith have access into this grace wherein the Church stands!

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

A WORD IN SEASON.

DEAR SIR, SON, AND SERVANT OF THE MOST HIGH GOD,—My heart moves my pen to greet you in the name of the Lord once again in the wilderness; for though you are almost a stranger to me, and I am totally so to you, I nevertheless am constrained to remember you in ties of love, blood and salvation, and to desire that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may rest upon you thro' Christ Jesus our Lord.

Oh what a blessed and sweet tie is union to the great Head of the Church! How it binds all who are loved by Him, and eternally saved in Him together, in sincerity, in one family, to praise the exceeding riches of His grace which alone has made them to differ, and do not as others do!

I have many times desired to address a line to you since I have read "The way He hath led me;" but when the heart has been in tune, time-things have hindered; but to-day necessity is laid upon me, and I desire to make known to you that it was both seasonable and suitable: suitable, dear Sir, because much of it at the commencement is my own (or, rather, has been my) experience: seasonable, because it reached me at a time when the trials of former years were again permitted of my God to try me, and perplex my mind.

May the Lord God of Israel reward you a hundredfold for your work and labour of love, in sending forth such a faithful account of His mercies to you, in His providence and grace, for the benefit of His tried and needy family scattered abroad.

How blessedly has He made you to prove that He is the faithful God in the furnace-fires 'thro' which 'you have passed; and, truly, you can bear testimony to the fact that those enjoy most endearing intimacy with the Man of sorrows who see His wonders in the deep. I doubt not that you are again favoured to sing of His mercy which endureth for ever, when brought to remember all the way the Lord your God has led you these many years.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the God-honouring, Christ-exalting, creature-debasing truths that you have penned for the benefit of the household of faith!

I have not been favoured of my God to walk at large in these dear and unalterable verities as you have, but thro' mercy vouchsafed to the vilest I can say they are dear to me; and when the Lord is pleased to make them in little measure spirit and life, I go forth in the dances of them that make merry, as a giant refreshed with new wine, and tell my loving Lord there are none of His redeemed so highly favoured as myself. But it is not always thus with me; no! no! the days of darkness are many in the land of my soul; and under the workings of the flesh, I am led to question if, after all, I have any right or memorial in Jerusalem. The Lord has not permitted me to call in question the doctrines of grace for some years past, but I am often led to ask if the grace of the doctrines ever have been implanted in my soul by the eternal Three-One Jehovah.

Truly, I can say love, blood, and salvation are blessed themes to me; but I want the Lord again and again to assure me of my eternal interest therein. "Where the word of a King is, there is power," and it is the power, reality, and vitality my soul longs for; as dear Hart says,

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

Oh! I do trust that, with you, I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, tho' but a very little one in the family; and in the early part of this day He graciously endeared Himself to my needy soul in His Word and at the mercy throne.

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

Pardon me if I say that the part of your Pathway so suitable to me is where you speak of your trials resulting from your affection for one who knew not the Lord or loved His truth. Strange to say, that long before I knew you were thinking of bringing out your Pathway in a separate volume, I have many times said to my dear mother, I wish Mr. W. would bring it out in a book, that I might have the whole; for I think it would meet my case. This you have done, and the Lord has blessed it. Ah, dear Sir, I have had a

most trying pathway in this matter, and of many years duration : still here I am, a wonder to all who know me, and a greater wonder to myself, the living monument of the Lords' mercy, and I trust the living to praise Him. Your book did not reach me for nearly two years after my unhappy engagement had come to an end ; but since it is my thorn in the flesh, the perusal of it has been refreshing to my riven heart.

The way the Lord hath led me has indeed been rough to flesh and blood, but it is my mercy to know that it is right, and leads to a city of habitation. The word says, and I heartily believe it, that "nothing shall hurt or destroy."

"All is ordered, and my soul approves it well."

I well remember, not long since, being very low in mind and body, taking up "Zion's Songs," and opening upon the hymn beginning thus:—

"The lot is cast, then why repine?"

In a moment my sorrows took to themselves wings and flew away, leaving me praising the name of my Covenant God for the mercy that He always had and would, down to the end of the journey, grant me sufficient grace to run the race set before me: He has never failed me, and I do not think He ever will. What a mercy that "Judah's Lion guards the way, and guides the traveller home!"

The Lord bless you, dear Sir, with the upper and nether springs. May a full reward be given you of the Lord your God for your untiring efforts to keep the "Witness" before His people. You spoke of "Crumbs from the Master's table" being inserted for the benefit of the dear children of God in the North who are not blessed with a preached gospel; but, really, I am led to think these "Crumbs" are also for the feeding of the poor end of the Lord's earth in the South, who is also a prisoner in these days of rest.

With this feeble line I enclose a mite which I ask you to receive as a token of my love for you in our all-glorious Lord, and as one of His appointed and anointed servants. Such are to live of the gospel spiritually and temporally.

My love to Mrs. W. May every new covenant blessing be yours to enjoy! So prays yours sincerely in the faith and fear of God's elect,

LIZZIE BIRD.

Blandford,
Dorsetshire,
December, 15th, 1867.

With all the warmth of our inner heart we thank our personally unknown sister. Without giving particulars, with much pleasure, we beg to assure her that her epistle of love was received by us in

direct answer to prayer. We are at all times pleased to find the Lord blessing our feeble efforts. It is kind and condescending of our God to use us in any measure for the benefit of the blood-royal of Heaven. For their good and His glory we would at all times be occupied; but how often we feel the well to be deep, and there is nothing to draw with. Fleshly ties and earthly vanities too frequently occupy the mind and absorb the attention; and, with Paul, we are again and again necessitated to confess that *when we would do good evil is present with us*. But when we hear our Beloved say "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away," we are off in a moment; then,

"Mortal coils, and creature 'twinings,
Speedily relax their hold."

There is a glorious reality in hearing the voice of our Beloved. If we be deceived in that, we are out of the way altogether. But it is not so; for again and again has He spoken home His Word, and whispered His "fear not" in our heart.

We wish our sister much of the Lord's blest presence, and heartily hope that He may abundantly make up the loss of outward means. Outward means, at best, are but the shell; for He Himself is the kernel. The Lord feed her upon Himself. Ed.]

"SLOW TO ANGER."

Neh. ix. 17.

SUCH a glorious description of Jehovah's character, and the base ingratitude of His people, are given in this chapter, that in the contemplation of such wondrous grace, the soul is constrained to exclaim,

"Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!"

Each day's history adds to the long dark list of our failures and falls; and brings to light our forgetfulness of that patient One, who cannot leave His weak ones to perish; but, in tenderness and compassion, succours the tempted, has a fellow-feeling with them in their infirmities, bestows His rich unfailing mercy on them, and gives grace upon grace to help in time of need. He remembers them in their low estate. He looks upon them. His look is LOVE. This melts the heart, humbles to the dust, and sweetly restores

the wanderer to the full enjoyment of the Father's house, and the Father's heart.

But so conceited, proud, and rebellious are we, that,

"Were He not the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn us from His sight."

But this He will not, cannot do. His love is strong as death. He is full of compassion. Loving once, in spite of every failure, He loves unto the end.

Reader, let thee and me think for a moment or two. Is it not a miracle of mercy that we are out of hell? Since first we trembled at "the sentence of death in ourselves," which filled our souls with awe and fear; and since the good Spirit led our weary feet to the "old cleft in the Rock," where we were hidden from the curse and condemnation of the law of that glorious One who is furious with His adversaries, how often have we offended against His holy laws? Frequently bowed with failure's pain, we cannot look up, our hearts sink within us, when—Oh wondrous grace!—the time of love appears, and instead of frowns, His face is radiant with smiles of welcome and forgiveness. He is silent in His love. No upbraiding word is heard. He remembers His covenant, and though the heart of His child be not right with Him, yet He, being full of compassion, forgives all iniquity and destroys not.—Psalm lxxviii. 37—39.

"He is slow to anger." Jehovah's anger is *so* slow, that it never can overtake His people. Toward whom then does His anger burn? For whom is His wrath reserved? Not for His own dear, chosen, redeemed, and precious ones. Not for the Bride He chose for the glory and happiness of His Son. Not for those who cost a precious Christ so much. Oh, no! These He cannot hate. With these He is not angry. He loves them with an uninfluenced, unchanging, indissoluble love. He regards them with unvarying affection. His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them. A precious all-prevailing Jesus speaks; let all the earth keep silence before Him, "Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved me."—John xvii. 23.

"So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me."

Could He cease to love them, He would cease to be God; for

"GOD IS LOVE."

With what encouragement He speaks to those who fear Him, and think upon His name; "I am Jehovah, I change not, therefore

ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."—Mal. iii. 6. Concerning His vineyard He says, "Fury is not in me."—Isaiah xxvii. 4.

Who then is He angry with?

"God is angry with the wicked every day."—Psalm vii. 11.

And is His anger slow toward them?

Even so.

Why?

For His own glory, and for His elect's sake. When judgment is decreed, He waits; and when the time for the execution of it has arrived, He takes His own aside. He hides them in the secret of His presence, and pours out His fierce indignation, thus recompensing His adversaries.

How clearly the blessed Book establishes this truth. Safe in the ark are the favoured ones sheltered. Noah and his family are all secure. Taken from the ungodly mass, "the Lord shut him in."—Gen. vii. 16. Free from all fear, and guarded by omnipotent grace, he sees the flood brought upon the world of the ungodly. Until he was shut in, Jehovah's indignation tarried. His wrath was reserved. His anger was slow to move.

In God's dealings with Lot we have a remarkable illustration of the same truth. While Lot lingered, wrath was treasured up. But love leads Him from the doomed cities, magnified mercy constrains him. Jehovah speaks, "Haste thee, escape thither, *for I cannot do anything till thou be come thither.*"—Gen. xix. 22. What long-suffering! What patience! What forbearance! Lot is graciously delivered. The guilty Sodomites are righteously destroyed. "*The same day* that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all."—Luke xvii. 29. While Lot was in Sodom, the outpouring of wrath was withheld, punishment was restrained. "The Lord is slow to anger."

(That God dealt simply in a way of pure grace with Noah and Lot, the *vineyard* and the *cave* amply testify.)

How strikingly is the reservation of Jehovah's wrath set forth in His mighty acts at the Red Sea! Israel is delivered. Not a hoof is left behind. Secure beneath His sheltering care, the freed ones behold the terrible display of judgment upon their oppressors. Until this was accomplished, Egypt boasted; when Israel was beyond the reach of danger, unrestrained vengeance swallowed up their enemies. "The Lord is slow to anger."

The great and terrible day of the Lord is coming, when all the jewels shall be made up. Every elect vessel of mercy shall be taken home. The redeemed shall all be gathered. Oh, what a fearful manifestation of wrath shall then take place! "The proud, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave

them neither root nor branch."—Mal. iv. 1. A righteous God will recompense tribulation to the troublers of His people. The saints shall *rest* in Jesus, when He shall yield vengeance in flaming fire on all the enemies of truth.—2 Thes. i. 7—10.

How tenderly does the Lord bear with His people. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust."—Psalm ciii. 13, 14.

David is sunk in sin and shame, but covenant love provides both remedy and recovery. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." The chastening of love restores the joys of salvation, and the broken bones rejoice.—Psalm li. 8 and 12.

Manasseh, inured to crime and blood, is sought out by almighty grace. Everlasting love allures him. Chastening affection brings him into affliction. Restoring piety leads him to the loving heart of his God. "He wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke Him to anger."—2 Chron. xxxiii. 6—13.; but love and not anger was displayed.

Where was Jesus' anger when poor Peter thrice denied Him? Peter's failure was but the calling forth of the tender sympathy of an all-loving Jesus.

Jehovah angry with His people? Never! It is true, their poor weak hearts are often occupied with sin and fear. They sometimes dread *that* anger which is and must be manifested against sin; "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness."—Rom. i. 18.; but as for the believing family, they need not fear, they are free from wrath, and sin, and hell. Poor weaklings in faith are startled at a shadow. They fear that which has no fears for them. When the soul is thus exercised, a precious Christ is hidden from their view. He is their peace, their joy, their heaven, their ALL. In Him the Father is well pleased.

"On Him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for a chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place."

"For them He bore the weight of woe,
For them He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger."

Having fellowship with Him in His sufferings, we must taste with Him that bitter cup, of which He drank deep draughts. Vicariously and meritoriously He suffered, in hallowed sympathy we suffer with Him. In Him the members of His body, the Church,

have met to the full all the demands of law and justice. If in blessed oneness with Him, who, "in His humiliation His judgment was taken away," they pass through deep waters and fierce fires of affliction, His promise will hold good, "For my name's sake *will I defer mine anger*, and for my praise will I refrain for thee, that I cut thee not off. Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—Isaiah xlviii. 9, 10.

Oh the wonders of that grace which reveals all wrath removed !
A precious Christ endured it all, and we are free.

"The Father lifted up His rod—
Jesus, it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God !
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flow'd,
Thy bruising healeth me."

To doubting, fearing souls, the sweet hymn of the immortal
Toplady must be very encouraging :

"From whence this fear and unbelief ?
Hath not the Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me ?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charg'd to Thee ?

Complete atonement Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er Thy people owed ;
How then can *wrath* on me take place,
If shelter'd in Thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with Thy blood ?

If Thou hast my discharge procur'd,
And freely, in my room, endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand,
First, at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest !
The merits of thy great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty :
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee."

THOMAS BRADBURY.

Barrow Hill, Staveley,
Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

THE "GLEANER TO THE REAPER."

DEARLY BELOVED,—I thank you affectionately in Him, who is our joy and crown, for your sweet letter and for the sermons, which are an odour of a sweet smell in my soul, and in the last, "the doctrine of Christ," I have had a very large, full blessing. I just read, and weep, and praise. That seems exactly the teaching I have been under the last month ; the doctrine of Christ, the revelation of Christ, and the dear person of Christ are dearer and clearer than ever, I

seem to understand many things you say better than I ever did, and cannot endure any thing which does not tend to exalt and endear Him. I pant to know Him, and my heart's cry is, "draw me out of self into the dear person of Christ." In Him all is well, whatever the flesh may be passing through ; and feelings, and creatures, and circumstances, are all subservient to His glory, by the working of His mighty power, whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself. I wonder not at the Apostle counting all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. But how the enemy does rage and consult to cast me down from Christ my excellency, and get me trammelled in something of the creature. The Son of God was manifested to destroy his works, and therefore to maintain them, he is very earnest to hinder the knowledge of Him ; but my soul still breathes out "that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death, if by any means I might attain to the resurrection of the dead ; not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect, but I follow after if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." It is in Him we are complete, in Him we are ever and always holy and without blame before our Father in love ; yea, without spot or wrinkle, unblameable and unrebukable in His sight. Nor can the creature things we have to pass through mar this perfection ; for what the Lord doeth is done for ever, and to abide here brings quietness and peace, while all may be turmoil around. As for ease in the flesh, it seldom lasts long ; as Bunyan says,

"The Christian man is never long at ease,
For when one trouble's o'er another doth him seize."

As one wave rolls over another rolls on ; but our Beloved says, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : neither shall the flame kindle upon thee when thou walkest through the fire ; thou shalt not be burned," and whoever may stand aloof from our sore, He is our faithful companion in tribulation, and in Him we have peace, for "this man shall be the peace when the Assyrian cometh into our land." How sweet it is that He ever rests with infinite complacency in His Church, delighting in her and rejoicing over her to do her good ; and that by all means, the bitter and the sweet, the rough and the smooth, the abounding and the abasing, nothing shall by any means harm her ; but He will work all together for her real benefit. O ! my soul, praise thou the Lord ! Hitherto He has helped, and though in many ways sufferings have abounded, yet consolations by Christ Jesus have abounded also, and caused many a song to His praise even whilst the flesh was smarting.

Beloved in Jesus, I long to know how you are in body and whether you are able to preach. I know you have perfect health in Him, but I hear your outward man is much weakening. When you write, mention particulars. Your letter is full of His praise; for in His Temple doth every one speak of His glory, and there you abide night and day, as David says, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be still praising Thee."

Excuse this poor line from a feeble member of the body of Christ, but yet an heir of God and joint heir with Christ Jesus, in whom we are one, have one life, one heart and mind, and have all things common, each possessing in Him durable riches and righteousness; yea, and possessing Himself which is the substance and glory of all. Oh! here one's mind is swallowed up in the immensity of the blessedness; we can only ponder, and wonder, and adore, looking for further revelations of His glorious person who is our Head and Husband. By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise, giving thanks unto His name. Oh! I do feel that in Him we live and move and have our being: and in this heavenly Asher our bread is fat. The Lord ever bless you and yours.

In our glorious Head, your ever affectionate

RUTH.

SPIRITUAL RESPONSES.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN OUR UNCHANGING LORD,—I have just received your very affectionate and precious letter, for which please accept my warmest thanks. I feel an echo within to every word, and I can indeed heartily respond to your remark that "it is sweet to meet together in Jesus, and commune of His love and loveliness." He is an all-absorbing theme. In every relation we find Him to be our All in All, but I think as our "Ishi" His transcendent glories seem to shine more resplendently than in any other. He is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely, and it is most blessed to leave earth, creatures and circumstances, at the foot of the mount, and to ascend on the wings of faith and love, and hold divine fellowship and hallowed communion with the King of kings and the Lord of lords. Ah! as you express it, "to bound out of time into eternity, and sit and sing within the pavilion of His heart; to forget earth and realise heaven." This last thought has been much on my mind during the past week: it has seemed to convey most glorious depths, and it exactly chimes in with what I daily

feel. I delight in *present* participation ; I love to soar away in contemplation to the everlasting hills, and to rise above the mists and the fogs of the wilderness *now* ; and the Lord has graciously said concerning His people," They shall come and sing in the *height* of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord:" and again He has promised that they shall drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more. But I fully agree with you, that were we continually basking beneath His brilliant shinings, we should be wholly unfitted for time pursuits ; hence our times of rejoicing are limited, and I find them to be few and far between compared with my longing desires. The days of darkness are many, and bonds and afflictions abide me here. Tribulation was part of the legacy Jesus left His disciples, and His language to His Church is, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of afflictions." In my right mind I know the way is right and most wisely appointed, and when the Lord makes bare His arm, when He turns my captivity as the streams in the south, when He puts a new song into my mouth, even praise unto His Name, I can bless Him for every dispensation and for every intricate path, and say, "He hath done *all things* well!" Constant changes we have here, constant tossings we experience below ; but, methinks, the waves and the billows which foam and heave around us but bring us nearer to our Harbour of Rest, "Jesus only." They are instruments in His hand, and when He speaks the tempest to a calm, and brings us to our desired haven, we enter into Him our Hiding-place, our Pavilion, our High Tower of strength. O ! may we feel more and more that

"Every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of His love;"

and we live in simple dependance upon Him. Our life is but a vapour and our days are numbered. Soon will the silver cord be loosened, the golden bowl be broken, and then we shall be "ever with the Lord." Glorious, blissful anticipation ! "Why is His chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of His chariots?"

"I long for His coming, when will it arrive?
The moments I'm summing, tho' sin doth hard strive."

Yes I can adopt these tunes in a ten-fold sense : I long for His coming now in the manifestations of His love and favor, and I long for His coming when He shall beckon me home, when His thrilling voice shall be heard, saying, in heart-dissolving strains, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Then faith shall be lost in sight, our most glowing desires will be fulfilled, we shall gaze on the Lamb in the midst of the throne, and see the King in His beauty, in His

own meridian glory, without a veil between. We have enjoyed His presence here ;

" But better His love will be known
In yonder bright kingdom of joy.

Our song then for ever shall be
Of Jesus who gave Himself thus ;
No subject so glorious we see,
And none so beloved by us."

Eternity will be too short to recount His wondrous acts ; an eternal day will scarcely suffice to tell over the riches of redeeming love : one object will engross our every thought, and loud Hallelujahs of praise will unceasingly burst forth from hearts lit up by love. It will be "a new song," and none but ransomed sinners will be able to join ; for angels cannot unite in the eternal anthem, "unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father ; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." They cannot sing of sins forgiven, they cannot speak of realising "Victory through the blood of the Lamb," though they can ascribe all blessing and honor and glory and power unto Him who alone is worthy. These are very confident expressions for me to adopt, but at times I feel with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away and be at rest." When the Lord manifests Himself and fulfils that precious portion, "I will make the place of my feet glorious," in ecstasy of heart I am constrained to exclaim,

"O take my raptur'd soul away,
And drown it in eternal day,
The soul which Thou hast bought."

Full fruition and face-to-face communion, will alone satisfy me, though sometimes heaven seems begun below, and glory is anticipated. Ah ! dear Friend, we are convinced that the peace of God passeth all understanding, and that to be "caught up to the third heaven" is not a mere delusion, but a glorious reality, and we can say with Toplady,

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be ?"

Language fails to portray : words cannot utter.

I have been at home this morning, but oft-times when most alone *naturally*, I feel least alone *spiritually*. The Lord can abundantly make up the loss of outward means by coming Himself in blest manifestation ; nevertheless, I do love the ordinances of His house. These streams He may cut off, for all-wise purposes, but the fountain, the reservoir, is still full. What an infinite mercy ! and when

He is pleased to permit me to see His power and His glory so as I have seen Him in the sanctuary, "I have all and abound." I cannot say that I have realised any especial "showers of blessing" the last week, but hope bubbles up, and I am waiting for my glorious Christ to open the door of the banqueting-house, and to whisper, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Ah! come away from time-things, come away from terrestrial subjects. It is then I can shake myself from the dust, and put on my beautiful garments, and thus enter by faith into the King's Palace, clad in my Elder Brother's robe, and comprehend something of the preciousness of that verse, "As He is, so are we in this world."

"Whatever Jesus is, such is His bride,
So close the union, nothing can divide!"

But I feel I must not run on longer this time. Most heartily do I hope that the Lord will keep you here if it be His will; but I desire that my every wish may be lost in His. May He bless His Word through your instrumentality to His living children, and to many of His family who are still in nature's darkness, and may He often transport you to Pisgah's top, and give you to walk up and down the lengths and breadths of Emmanuel's land. I thank you sincerely for all your desires on my behalf: may they be sweetly fulfilled in my experience, and may we increasingly feel the preciousness of Jesus, and grow up into Him our living Head in all things.

In His name, and for His sake,
Believe me, my dear Friend, to remain,
Ever yours very affectionately,

E.

Plymouth,
February 9th. 1868.

RIGHT OR WRONG.

WE live in a very fast day. Men are taking very rapid strides. Potsherds are striving against potsherds. Sect is against sect, party against party. Both are *professedly* right, both are *decidedly* wrong. Much fuss is made about Puseyism, Ritualism, and Romanism; but who are those that contend against the trio? "Men of corrupt minds—as a rule—reprobate concerning the faith." A man is either personally *right* or individually *wrong*, and while he wastes so much of his time, and spends so much of

his breath, in battling against Ritualism and Romanism, would it not be far more consistent to pause a moment and give the following important portion a little consideration—"Man, know *thyself*?" How many thousands can see the errors of Rome, and the gross absurdities of Ritualistic Harlequins, but are blind to the path of destruction which their own unwary feet are pursuing, and to the *color* of their great leader and commander (Eph. ii. 2). Satan is as much the leader and tutor of the pious Evangelical in the Church of England as he is of his eminence in the chair of St. Peter. What is the difference? Both are wrong. One is as deep in the mire as the other is in the mud. The blind can lead the blind in the *Low Church* as well as in the *High Church*. Oxford can find fault with Rome, and Rome may complain of Oxford, and the devil may be pleased with both. Both Dissenters and Churchmen are agreed to battle against Ritualism, but how naturally each of them forget the importance of the *NEW BIRTH* (John iii). All contend for the outward garb of sanctity, but few consider the inward work of grace. It is easier to see the empty absurdity of Ritualistic foolery, and the utter uselessness of Popish mummery, than it is to discover the importance of having one's name indelibly written in the Lamb's Book of Life (Rev. xiii. 8). Talk to religionists about the errors of Rome and the follies of High Church and they are one with you in a moment; but press upon them the necessity of making "your calling and election sure," and they will wriggle and twist about amazingly. Home-matters will not do: personalities are out of the question; but, after all, a man must come to the heading of this paper—"Right or Wrong." Reader, are you "right or wrong?" Have you the vital assurance in your own heart, the solid satisfaction in your own soul, that *you* are "right" for eternity? Pause a moment. We live in a fast day, but spare us a moment. Can you face this expressive verse—

"How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesu's blood thine only plea?
Is He thy great Forerunner there?"

You may have light enough to see another's darkness, but not life enough to feel your own deadness. Have you been made willing in the day of His power? Have you passed from death unto life? Have you been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's Son? Have you been made to cry out feelingly with the publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner?" If so, you are *right*, though all the world be *wrong* beside.

EDITOR.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

WE think that none who have read the sacred page and who are acquainted with the Scriptures of truth, will find fault with us when we say that Paul was led more deeply and instructed more fully into that mystery which was hidden from ages and from generations than were any of the other apostles. We do not think that either of them knew a tithe he did, or entered half so sweetly as did he into that union which exists betwixt Christ and His people; and why did he realise these signal favors? Why did he participate in these free-grace blessings when he affirms that he was not meet to be called an apostle, because he persecuted the Church of God, or because he persecuted a glorious Christ in His individual members, in His children, in His saints? Because it was the Lord's good will and pleasure, and he acknowledges his own worthlessness and insufficiency, and shows that by the grace of God exclusively he was what he was. If you read the epistles which he wrote with attention, and if the same Spirit who indited them open and unfold the truths therein contained to your immortal mind, you will see that his eye was always fixed upon Jehovah's Christ, and that his heart was ever set upon this grand foundation, this single subject. To him Christ was all and in all. He was the glorious basis upon which the entire superstructure was raised, and He was likewise the top stone; He was Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last; and he says

in one place, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He recognized but two heads—Adam the first, and Adam the second; Adam earthy, and Adam heavenly. "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." The child of God knows that this is true in more senses than one: he knows that in the development of God's everlasting purpose Adam the first preceded Adam the second, and he knows, moreover, in an experimental point of view, that as a natural member of Adam earthy that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. "The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." Hence you see that "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." No matter what deformity and what corruption we may bear in oneness with a natural head, it is wholly destroyed by virtue of our oneness with a spiritual Head; and if you peruse this chapter out of which we have read our text, you will see the distinction between the first dispensation and the second. The ministration of death, written and engraven in stones was glorious, and so glorious that the children of Israel could not stedfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance: his face shone so brilliantly that they could not bear the dazzling vision; hence he put on a veil, which veil had a spiritual meaning. This veil is done away in Christ, and now it is taken from the heart and the mind of the living child of God, and he can see his glorious Lord by precious faith, as it is most wondrously expressed here, "But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." We understand that Paul had been speaking of the vast superiority of the gospel dispensation to the old dispensation, and he infers that *now* we have not to approach a veiled or hidden face, but, under the Lord's own Almighty and constraining power, we see our Beloved face to face: there is nothing now to screen His beauty, nothing to eclipse His glory, or to hide His Godhead: there is no intervening obstacle, for every hindrance is removed. The ministration of death was glorious, very glorious, but that which was made glorious has no glory now by reason of the glory that excelleth. But can we call the ministration of condemnation glorious? Should we see glory therein if a sentence of death were passed upon ourselves, if we were condemned by the law of the land and consigned to death, though guilty of murder? I say, should we see glory beaming in the ministration? Though the sentence would be just, and we should

only have to suffer a due reward for the deed we had perpetrated, I do not think we should behold any glory therein. When matters are brought home, how differently do they appear to merely contemplating them in the abstract! In what way then may we understand the first covenant to have been glorious? Were the commands of God fully carried out under the law? Surely not: until Christ came, there was no person who could fulfil them; until He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, no satisfaction could be given to the justice of God. Had all the sons and daughters of Adam died, had the entire human race been consigned to everlasting perdition, the law would not have been magnified and made honorable: had all Adam's posterity suffered, not one sin would have been atoned for, not one point of the law would have been fulfilled: but wonder, O heavens; be astonished, O earth; the Man of the Father's right hand annihilated sin; that glorious One whose name is "the Branch" executed His Father's will; that precious Christ who is the object of our love, the subject of our praise, raised us up from our lost condition in union with a natural head and brought us out of the ruins of the Adam fall. He carried out the purpose of our covenant God; the sentence of death was passed upon Him; He bore our sins, and the fury and the wrath of Jehovah came down upon His head; the stroke of divine justice fell upon Him, and thus God's honor was unsullied, His glory was untarnished. "He hath made Him sin for us who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." O! what glory shone forth in Jesus being made our surety, our substitute, our responsible Head. Had He said to us individually, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," would that glory have accrued to Him which has in our salvation; and would He have secured that ascription of praise which shall now everlastingly resound to Him throughout the ransomed host? O! no. Had we endured an eternity of misery, not one transgression could have been nullified; had all the blood of bulls and of goats been shed to the present day; had all the men who ever lived upon this earth suffered; had the Church of Christ been eternally lost, heaven would not have been appeased, sin would not have been atoned for, satisfaction would not have been given. We are but creatures of the day, and we have offended against an infinite being, and none but Christ who is Eternity, Immensity, and Infinity, could endure the vengeance of Jehovah or render atonement for Zion's sins. He alone could rescue His Bride, and when the Lord's terrible wrath came down upon the Son of His love, when He poured upon Him the fury of His anger and the strength of battle, His Church was everlastingly freed. A full

equivalent was given for her debts, and O! what glories shine in the humiliation of Jesus, in His agony and death, in His cross and passion. We can never dive into these wondrous depths; no line can fathom the mighty abyss; no human heart can tell what infinite satisfaction He gave to divine justice: but when by precious faith we can realise our union-oneness with Him; when we can apprehend our blest position and our saved condition in Him; when we can feel that we stand upon the immutable Rock, upon that foundation laid in Zion; when we can see that Jesus has paid all our debts, and that He has blotted out all our sins and transgressions; when we can behold Him the end of the law for righteousness, and know that He has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, we are lost in the contemplation of His love. The Christ of God was eternal life personified; He was that covenant ordered in all things and sure, and His glory infinitely outshines the glory of the types and of the shadows under the law. He undertook to redeem His people, and He was ready to bear the sentence. He was ready for the stroke, ready to suffer and to endure the penalty due to their sins: yes! He was ready to follow the partner of His throne through floods of wrath and deep distress: as the poet sings,

"When Justice whet its glittering sword,
It found His bosom bare."

His heart was all love, and He has ransomed His members and presented them to Himself without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. It was on the ground of relationship that He saved them, and He loved them so fervently that all the powers of earth and of hell combined could not sever the bond. He is in one mind, and none can turn Him; and when the veil is rent in twain, when we are permitted to behold His unscreened face, when we are privileged to see into His heart of love and into His secret purpose, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory. In union to the first man we are corrupt and deformed; there is no perfection in us, there is no beauty about us: neither worth nor worthiness do we possess as one with Adam earthy; but when, by faith, we behold the second Man, we see in Him perfection of beauty, perfection of dignity, perfection of glory; and beholding His loveliness, gazing upon Him face to face, by His transforming power, under the ministration of the Holy Spirit, we are changed into the same likeness. We were predestinated conformed to the image of God's Son, and we are satisfied when we awake therewith. Glorious depths are wrapt in the language of our text, but I believe very little is thought of this portion: it is frequently

read as though it contained neither blessedness, nor reality, nor substance: the truths here penned are taken as matters of course. I have never seen a paraphrase or an explanation of this verse, and it seems to convey to the mind this thought, that none can speak out the glories which are couched here. No human tongue can tell the fulness of these words: their lengths we cannot reach, their heights we cannot scale, neither can we dive into their fathomless depths: not one millionth part of their import can be conveyed in human terms; language is but poor to set forth what is here expressed.

"We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." "But," says one, "I do not expect to be changed into His image until mortality shall be swallowed up of life; I do not anticipate awaking in His likeness until He shall call me hence: I do not think that until that time shall arrive I shall behold Him without a veil." But it is "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we *are* changed into the same image," not we shall ultimately be changed: it is a *present* reality. These words have a deep spiritual meaning, and if you be not spiritually-minded, and if you have not realised in some measure the blessedness here enwrapped, you will not be able to enjoy the glorious fulness of these expressive terms. What Jacob said is in strict analogy with this portion: "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved," and yet we read that the Lord said unto Moses, "Thou canst not see me and live." When on the mount he desired first to see His way and then His glory, and this was Jehovah's answer. Under the law a sight of His face was prohibited, but not so under the gospel, and the Lord continued, "Behold there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock." "Gospel shone forth here; here was a glorious provision; it was not upon the sandbank of the creature that he was placed, but upon the immutable Rock of Ages, and here to his heart's joy and soul's delight, he beheld the glory of Jehovah; here to his ravished eyes were made known God's revealed parts, but His face was not seen. Under the old covenant it was screened, there was a veil over it, but now the veil is taken away and we can behold the glory of the Lord unscreened, unshaded in the face of Jesus Christ. In heart-realisation Jacob was under the gospel dispensation, for had he been under the law he could not have seen the Lord face to face; and we can say with him that we have beheld the King, the Lord of Hosts. When He appears we rejoice, for we love His appearing; and when He appears we are like Him, for we see Him as He is. "Well," says one, "I do not think that I shall see Him as He is until I shall get home to glory." But the Word of God declares, "Beholding as

in a glass the glory of the Lord, we *are changed* into the same image from glory to glory." The glory of the second Adam eclipses everything; the grandeur of the gospel far surpasses the ministration of condemnation, and a sight of Jesus and a realisation of these glorious realities change us into His image. One said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness," and, child of God, was it not just so with us spiritually? We were dead in sin, and the Lord quickened us into life, according to His own Word, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live;" and we then awoke from the sleep of death and from the dust of earth, and we were satisfied with "Jesus only." When we beheld His glory, we rose in oneness of life with Him; His holiness contented us, His image delighted us; yea, His glorious person won our heart, and we felt "One with Jesus, by eternal union one." I cannot be contented with what some professors are: nothing short of what our text conveys will enable me to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I have realised something of the blessedness and something of the substance of these words: when the Lord shone into my heart, and raised me above my Adam standing; when He placed me feelingly in that glorious refuge which was my dwelling-place from everlasting; when He showed me my blest position in Jesus; when He manifested His love to me; when He revealed His glory to my enraptured soul; when He snapped my bonds, and dissolved the chains that bound me down; when He released me from the prison-house and set me at happy liberty, I enjoyed blessed freedom, and I held communion and fellowship with the Lord of life and glory. I beheld Jesus face to face; I saw my Brother born for adversity: ah! I saw Him as my Kinsman-Redeemer, as my Bridegroom, as my Beloved, as my Ishi, and the sight was so transforming that I was changed into the same image, raised up together and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I knew that He had travelled in the greatness of His strength for me; I knew that He had obtained my ransom; and I realised that whatever image He bore I bear the same in union with Him. How transcendently glorious! I lived in His presence; I dwelt in His sight; I basked under His sunshine; and I was assured that not more certainly did I bear the image of Adam the first by reason of oneness with him than that I bear the image of Adam the second by reason of oneness with Him. In union with the first man I am entirely undone, I am wholly defiled; there is neither meetness nor fitness in me, and there is nothing about me to recommend me to God's favor; all his posterity were born lepers, they live lepers, and they shall die lepers; but the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty,

although corrupt as they stand united to a natural head, are "all fair," holy, unblameable, and unreprieveable as they stand united to their glorious Christ. They are "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God:" they are born, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever: and we have not to ascend into heaven, that is, to bring Christ down from above, neither to descend into the depths, that is to bring up Christ again from the dead, but the Word is nigh us, in our mouth and in our heart, that is, the Word of faith which we preach, the Word of love which we enjoy, the Word of power which we realise. Our deformity is lost in Jesus; our imperfection is hidden from view; our guilt and our depravity are swallowed up in love, blood and salvation: we are covered with His spotless righteousness, and "As He is, so are we in this world." "He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit;" "Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty:" "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father." O! to be brought to this altitude of faith. As is the Bridegroom, such is the Bride; as is Jesus Christ, such is the Church: they are so united, so one, that no air can come between: there is no condemnation, and there can be neither schism, division, nor separation. We read concerning Enoch that he "walked with God, and he was not; for God took him," and that before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God; but think you that he was better than are any other of Adam's sons or daughters in himself, in union to a natural head? Surely not: he had the same fountain of corruption within as have all the Lord's children in oneness with Adam earthy, and upon the ground of creature goodness he never could have merited one favor, have realised one blessing, or have enjoyed one mercy. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." When we read of certain personages in the Scriptures of truth who are highly spoken of, we are apt to infer that they were better than are others in themselves considered, but it is not so: they were men subject to like passions as are we, and they were not more holy or more righteous than are the saints now on the earth. They were as defiled and deformed as they could be as natural creatures, but what they were in union to the first man and what they were in union to the second man were two distinct things. Sometimes the Word of God speaks of them in their Adam state, sometimes it treats of them in their exalted standing in the Christ of God; sometimes it refers to what they are by nature, sometimes to what they are by virtue of grace relationship with Jesus; and it is only as we are enabled to behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord that com-

fort, solace, and rejoicing ensue. Beholding Him, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory. Wondrous transformation! glorious transition! we then realise an earnest of eternal bliss and blessedness, an antepast of endless fruition; we enjoy the firstfruits of everlasting glory, and we enter into the sweetness of union-oneness with our Beloved. We find our heart enlarges into the ocean of His love, and expands into His glorious fulness, and we feel so near and so dear to our Ishi, so one with our Christ, that earth and earthly things are totally eclipsed: we rise above what we are as worms of the earth, as creatures of a day; we leave sin, death and darkness behind, and we enter the realms of bliss; like Paul, we are caught up in our membership to the third heaven, and whether in the body or out of the body we cannot tell: we see Jesus not with our natural eyes, but by faith, and we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. We cannot convey in words what we enjoy under the ministration of the Eternal Spirit; human language is so poor that we cannot utter forth the glories of our precious Jesus; but when the wind of God's Spirit blows a gale from the eternal shore, we swim in Love's ocean, we dwell in Love's embrace, we retire into Love's arbor, we are lost in Love's fulness. Yes! when streams of love flow from the great reservoir into our hearts, we bless the Lord for Love's acts and for Love's achievements; when rays of light issue from the Fount of light; when the Sun of righteousness shines upon us in His uncreated and in His resplendent glory; when we see the King in His beauty and that land which is far removed from flesh and sense; when we realise that all fulness, all grace and all glory are resident in our Emmanuel, and that on our behalf, our thoughts take wing, we shake ourselves from the dust of time, and we glide into our eternal Sabbath. These are precious realities, transcendent and glorious truths experienced in the time-state, and they are all enjoyed by seeing Jesus, by realising His *manifested* presence. His eternal power and Godhead drown all other thoughts. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell," all the fulness of grace, and all the fulness of glory. In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He is our sun and shield; He Himself in His glorious Person is our portion and our inheritance, and with Him we possess all things. Having Him, what more can we desire? O! Child of God, can you not say with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also: your dwelling place is on high, and you know that your thoughts and your affections are not set upon things below: you can distinguish the voice of your Bridegroom from every other voice, and you love to hear His accents sweet; you have realised His peace passing all under-

standing, and you have enjoyed that sacred unction, that blessed anointing, which this world cannot give and which it cannot take away. "Yes," say you, "I can look back to golden moments, to blissful seasons; and when the Remembrancer in the one Church reminds my ransomed spirit of the wonders of redeeming love, I rejoice as one having found great spoils, I triumph in Jesus Christ, and I say, 'He is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem:' when my gracious Lord endears Himself to me, what Enoch realised *literally*, I enjoy *spiritually*: I feel out of the first man entirely, and in the second; and though I am altogether undone in union to a nature head, I am complete and comely in my glorious Jesus, I am eternally 'Accepted in the Beloved.' There is nothing but death in oneness with Adam earthy; and nothing but life in oneness with Adam heavenly; nothing but deformity and condemnation in the former case, and nothing but perfection of beauty and justification in the latter; and when I can forget myself and my father's house, and claim adoption privileges and enter into the rights of God's children, I am satisfied with favor and full with the blessing of the Lord." Ah! His love is the eternal spring of spiritual delight, the source and the cause of all true spiritual joy: the rivulets we now have prove that we have an interest in the rolling ocean; the sips by the way show that the mighty expanse is ours; and "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory." This subject is mind-animating, soul-ennobling, heart-cheering, spirit-enlivening: now we get gleams of glory, but by and bye, when we shall see Jesus in the regions of light, we shall behold more transcendent loveliness in Him. We are as changeable as is the tide or the moon, but when we shall bound into His presence-chamber, changing circumstances will be infinitely behind us: our disembodied spirits will live in His sight and dwell in His sunshine, and He has said, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." How heart-warming is this theme! how vital and how glorious are these precious realities! We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and had we not realised their power in our souls we could not declare them unto you. I know many say that these things are too high to be dwelt upon, and they think it is presumption to speak of them; say they, these deeps are beyond our comprehension, these heights are above our apprehension; we cannot fathom these depths, we cannot soar thus above earth. Ah! none can *fully* comprehend the mystery of godliness, but it is sweet to live in this blessed atmosphere of love, and to catch the rays of the full-orbed Sun: we then lose sight of our own natural existence, and realise that we are

closely allied to our spiritual Head; we see that Jesus Christ and His Church are one, that Jesus and His Bride are eternally united. "He that hath the bride, is the Bridegroom," and since He has washed her in His blood, and clothed her with His righteousness, she shall be presented faultless before His presence with exceeding joy.

I feel that I could preach to you all night: the eternal things of the ancient mountains are so vital, the precious things of the lasting hills are so ravishing and so satisfying that when they are opened up and unfolded by the Eternal Spirit the living child feels he would love to fly away from the clay tent and to bound into his Lord's presence once and for ever. The truths of our most holy faith are much discarded in our day, but I bless my God they are dear to my soul, and when the Holy Ghost seals them home with living power, I long to shine under His refulgence, and to drink full draughts of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. Child of God, these glorious realities are most precious: how sweet to enjoy them, and to enter into them! We know the difference between preaching in the power of God's Spirit and in the power of the creature, between realising His holy anointings and feeling nothing but deadness, darkness and bondage within; and when the Lord does manifest Himself, our heart enlarges; we see fresh beauties in Jesus, fresh traits in His lovely Person, and we delight to expatiate and to dilate upon them. The world knoweth us not, even as it knew Him not, but be it your's and mine to dwell alone and to be distinct. We are strangers and pilgrims here below, but O! may we enjoy more and more the blessedness spoken of in our text: beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, may we be often changed into the same image from glory to glory, and may we see all perfection, all beauty and all glory centreing in HIM who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person!

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

THE "GLEANER TO THE REAPER."

DEARLY BELOVED,—The love of Christ constrains me to write a line to enquire how you are. I often think about you, and long to hear of your prosperity in all respects. Deeply do I feel the trials of your latter days, when flesh would think that you have more need of ease: but you rest in Jesus, and, whilst living on the *Fountain*, you can afford for the *streams* to run dry, and still say, "It is well!" At times I feel a desire to both see you and hear you once more;

but there is no probability of it; yet I am sure that our dear Lord would bring it about if it would enhance His glory, and that I desire above all. He is wonderful in counsel and mighty in working, and mountains of difficulty flow down like wax at His presence. He can preserve safely amidst the greatest dangers, give supply when all resources seem exhausted, and open ways where it looks to us impossible. How quietly satisfied we may be under all wilderness dispensations, seeing such a dear heart of love and gracious hand of power are ever engaged to work all together for good; and yet, at times, what leaning there is to one's own understanding, which brings bewilderment and confusion into the mind. Nevertheless, our faithful God goes straight forward in His own purpose, doing us good, and not evil, all the days of our life. Ever praise Him, O! my soul; for over and over again has He wrought wondrously for me, when I have only had to look on; and more of His mighty wonders are yet to be experienced; for He will work for His holy name sake.

I have again been greatly blest in reading your sermon from the second epistle of John, and the ninth verse. It is most precious! I think but few seem to have a right knowledge of the glorious person of our Beloved, of our union to Him, and oneness with Him. Most speak and write as if He and His Church were twain, and not one flesh; or, at most, as if union and oneness were doctrines to be believed, but not facts to be realised, or glories to be lived in. It is thought presumptuous to live and speak in Him as joined to Him and one with Him. Whereas it seems to me to be the very position in which to grow and thrive, for since in Him all fulness dwells, where else can His empty and needy members forget their poverty and remember their misery no more? Oh, it can be done no where but in Him! He has drowned their sins in His own precious blood, borne their griefs, carried their sorrows, and brought in for them everlasting righteousness. Dear, precious Jesus: He is our inheritance, and a glorious one too! "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? a land of darkness?" No, never, dearest Lord! All things else are wilderness enough, but Thou art our good and pleasant land, flowing with milk and honey.

Since I began writing I have heard that you are in affliction, so as to be kept from the house of the Lord. How much tribulations have abounded in your latter days! I often feel affectionately for you and how should I rejoice to hear that in the ministry you were again increased with men as a flock. The dear Lord walk with you in the furnace; and may His precious love be more powerful than the fire, or any fiery trial which is to try you. His love is better than wine, and He does still give strong cordials of it in times of trial and in the day of adversity; for He is a Brother born for adver-

sity; and how often has He known our souls in adversity, and considered our trouble, which is much more profitable than our considering it. When we consider it we only get distraction, and leave things as they were, feeling more unable to endure: but when we consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, and who was preeminently the man who had seen affliction by the rod of His wrath, then the heart revives, and we say, "Let my Lord speak; for thou hast strengthened me." It is then that we see that He had all the wrath without one drop of mercy, and that we have mercy and love without one drop of wrath. This lays us very low and melts our heart, and we become fully reconciled to our God in all His dealings. How gentle is the hand which lights on us, even in our heaviest trials and darkest hours, when compared with our Elder Brother! He had the fury of the storm, the bitterness of the bitter cup, and we have His dear companionship and sympathy while we pass through our much tribulation to see Him as He is. We are His own flesh and He is our life, and He does nourish and cherish us in a wonderful manner. Oh, how low He stoops to such a feeble worm as R. B! Oh, how He declares to His Bride His love! All her low estate, and all His hard service, in anguish unto death, were as nothing for the love He has for her. Lately I have had many little views of Him in the depths of His humiliation and, at times, it quite overcomes me to see the Mighty One in the lowest place; and it makes me, who am one of the lower parts of His earth, shout and sing because the Lord hath done it, and none can undo it. He hath said, "It is finished," and nothing can be added to it, nothing can be taken from it. Here our Father rests, and here we rest too, and find the true keeping of Sabbath; and of us He says, "This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it." "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me," is the joyful response of my poor heart. Oh, what glory shall we have in the upper house when our mutual desires shall be fully satisfied! He shall see of the travail of His soul, and we shall be satisfied, having awaked in His likeness: and even now, we have sweet foretastes, which cause us to sing,

"The earnest grace, so rich and free,
It makes us long His face to see."

Soon, beloved, you will leave the field below for the banquet above, and if the "Gleaner" survive you, she will feel that "the memory of the just is blessed," well knowing that we have taken sweet counsel together, have fed together upon the finest of the wheat, and have been satisfied with honey out of the Rock. "He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever;" so that you will not be dead, but

gone before. The Lord satisfy you with His favor, and fill you with blessing.

You enquire about Sion. They are still looking for a pastor; but they have turned away from the one that I so much enjoyed from Margate, and are now very anxious for one who has been here from London.

I hope dear Mrs. T. is well and leaning heavily on her Beloved, who is able and willing to bear all the burden. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Receive these poor lines for His sake. They come in much affection. May He abundantly repay the refreshings that I have had through your means. With my kind love to both of you, ever yours in our Beloved,

RUTH.

A SERMON.

The Eighteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Continued from page 112.)

"No man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth it, and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church." Do you go on from January to December without any nourishing or cherishing? Are you nourished by your religion, by your sentiments, or by your ideas? or are you nourished from the fulness of the Son of God by the communication of His blessing to your heart? We find nourishment for our souls from the wholesome Word of His doctrine. When did the Lord love us? When did He not? What saith the Holy Ghost by Moses upon this subject in Deut. vii.? "The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people." I have wondered how God could possibly love such sinners as we are. I have stood, I have trembled, I have feared, and I have shrunk, as it were, into nothingness before Him; and, at last, out it has come: "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" Even now, after forty years of mercies, I stand sometimes and wonder, feeling everything in myself as bad—if not worse—as ever, and yet I cannot doubt the Lord's love toward me. Methinks I hear some of you saying, "I wish I were in your state!" Do not wish anything of the sort. If you have the one,

you must have the other; and I know that there is one part that I experience you would not like at all. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." That is the secret. Some of you understand what that means.

When the disciples were indulged by the Lord to be on the mount with Him, and His glory was unfolded to them, they slept; and when they entered into the cloud, they feared. Have you had any overwhelming views of the Son of God? Have you seen the King in His beauty? Methinks I hear many of you say, "Bless God, I have!" I tell you, a very little cloud will make you tremble when you enter into it. There is one here who is not yet perfect in the experience of this portion: "He maketh the clouds His chariots;" for sometimes they appear so dense and so black, it seems that the Lord is not in them; but when we get through them, to the bright side, we see what fools we are not to believe and to rejoice on the dark side of the cloud as well as on the bright side.

We now come to notice another thing concerning those whom God loves, whom He has favored with a revelation of His Son in them, to whom He has revealed the abundance of peace and truth. They are a great deal more susceptible of things now than they once were; for a very little thing will now make them tremble; yet, at the same time, they know that nothing can separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. You may be ready to say, "I cannot make that out." Perhaps not, nor shall I stop to explain it, only according to God's Word—"That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Here is the life developed, here is the mercy manifested. Our flesh may be tried and exercised, and our confidence may be sapped; but it is the trial of faith. If you want to hear something about it, just read the fourth chapter to the Romans; for there you have the subject opened—how faith is tried. We read of Abraham that against hope he believed in hope, and that he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief. Charming mercy that! "Ah," say you, "do not talk like that; for I do so stagger!" I do not talk about your staggering. But Abraham staggered not at the promise of God. Nor is there a child of God that can, let him be in what position he may. I must speak positively on these glorious realities; therefore I say again, There is not a promise in God's Bible that you stagger at. Why? "Being fully persuaded that, what He had promised, He was able also to perform." I always believe that: I cannot doubt it. I have staggered thousands of times at

myself, but never at the promises of God. "What wilt Thou give me," said Abraham; "seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus? And Abraham said, Behold, to me thou hast given no seed: and lo, one born in my house is mine heir." The Lord had said to the dear man, "I am thy Shield, and thine exceeding great reward." Not long after, a child was given Abraham. Now, saith the Lord, I have need of him. Have you ever been brought simply, with singleness of heart, and with all readiness of mind, to give all up to the Lord, and say, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven?" If it be the will of the Lord to keep us together a few years longer before He shall take me home, I hope He will instruct us a little more in this sweet way of living, and enable us to see daily, whether at the bottom of the sea, or upon the mount of transfiguration; whether in trouble or in joy; in affliction or in health; "that all things work together for good." Perhaps the Lord may indulge some of us to-day; we may be remarkably comfortable in our hearts; He may have made Himself familiar with us according to His Word; and, perhaps, before you reach your houses, there may be more than a damper put upon it: life and activity will appear a complete death, and your heart will be as barren as the mountains of Gilboa. What is it for? "The trial of your faith." How will it be made manifest that the Lord deals with us in such a way? Just as the dear woman expresses it, "And so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." There is such a thing as active faith in the trial of that faith. What is that? "The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force;" it will take no denial. It is as though the Lord were putting off with one hand, and drawing toward Him by the other. "My soul, wait thou only upon God; my expectation is alone from Him." "Trust in Him at all times: ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us, Selah." It is such a subject, that God Himself is delighted with it; and I am sure that it is well for you and me to be pleased with it also. I was very much refreshed in the week whilst looking into 1 Cor. ii. Paul there speaks of the wisdom of God in a mystery. I had looked at it for years, but this so attracted the mind that I was lost in the blessedness—"The hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." Do mark down the mercy, and ponder over its blessedness. Jesus Christ was ordained by God the Father in love as the hidden wisdom of God in a mystery, and He was ordained for our glory. I am sure that if we know this we shall seek no other. As the thought flowed out, another testimony flowed in upon the back of it; namely, "That we should be

to the praise of His glory who first trusted in Christ." Here is Jesus Christ our glory, and here is also the Church, God the Father's glory: and as if that were not enough, another Scripture followed: "Hearken unto me, ye stout-hearted, that are far from righteousness: I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry; and I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory." Thus saith the Holy Ghost to the Church, in the winding up of this eternal matter as disclosed to us in the wilderness: "Jehovah shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." These are amongst our choice mercies. "But," says a poor soul, "it is not my experience: I wish you would preach it." Stop until I have time, and then I will try and favor you as much as possible; but whilst Jesus is uppermost, whilst the Holy Ghost is testifying of Him, whilst the heart is directed into the love of God the Father, there is this mercy disclosed, that as we live in Christ, and are one with Him, ere long we shall see Him as He is without a veil between.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDE'S INTERROGATIONS.

Love divine, all loves exceeding,
Tow'ring to the throne of God,
What on earth can be impeding
Thy rich stream of cov'nant blood!
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Can my sin resist that flood?

Wilt thou stay Thy bounteous flowing
Until I more worthy be?
Must Thy plant surcease its growing?
Wilt Thou lose a living tree?
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Art Thou seeking worth in me?

Worth or worthiness I never
Have possessed since here I've been:
Could I live on earth for ever,
Out of Thee I'm all unclean:
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Am I not Thy worthy queen?

Am I not in living union
With Thyself, the God of grace?
Canst Thou, then, refuse communion?
Wilt Thou still conceal Thy face?
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Art Thou not my Holy Place?

Was Thy love first set upon me,
Ere the morning stars did sing,
On account of beauty in me,
Virtue worthy of a King?
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Could I glory to Thee bring?

Is not love in Thee unswerving?
In Thee, Lord, personified?
If of Thee, I were deserving,
Should I *then* be more Thy bride?
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Am I not to Thee allied?

Can the bonds of love eternal
E'er relax their gracious hold?
Powers of earth, or those infernal,
Change Thy love from *hot* to *cold*?
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Art Thou not my glory fold?

Am I not in Thee elected?
With Thee, Lord, for ever one?
Can Thy flesh, then, be rejected,
For the ill that it has done?
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Art Thou not my glory Sun?

Am I not Thy bride for ever ?
 Always to Thee near and dear ?
 Can such tender ties e'er sever ?
 Have I solid cause for fear ?
 Say, dear Bridegroom,
 Art Thou not my glory Sphere ?

One with Thee ere time first started,
 Strengthen'd by Thy Spirit's might,
 From Thee can Thy Bride be parted,
 Since so pleasing in Thy sight ?
 Say, dear Bridegroom,
 Art Thou not my glory Light ?

Safe in Thee above all ruin,
 Hid within the rocky tow'r,
 What though foes be still pursuing,
 Can they stand against Thy pow'r ?
 Say, dear Bridegroom,
 Art Thou not my glory Bow'r ?

Resting in Thy sweet embraces,
 Nothing can my soul annoy,
 Heart endued with Spirit graces,
 Singing, O what blest employ !
 Say, dear Bridegroom,
 Art Thou not my glory Joy ?

Softly on Thy breast reclining,
 How I warble ! how I sing !
 Basking 'neath Thy brilliant shining,
 Crowns of honor to Thee bring !
 Say, dear Bridegroom,
 Art Thou not my glory King ?

Closer to Thy heart, in feeling,
 Let me dwell whilst on this ball ;
 Witness, by Thy Spirit's sealing,
 Safety through the creature fall :
 Say, dear Bridegroom,
 Art Thou not my glory All ?

“THE LORD IS GOOD.”

Nahum, i. 7.

STRIKINGLY beautiful are these words in their connection. In the midst of wrath mercy appears. On the edge of the dark storm cloud the silver streaks of peace and blest tranquillity are seen. Rising amidst furious blasts and raging billows, the star of hope appears inspiring downcast souls with the sweet assurance that all is well. They drop sweetly upon the ear amid the terrible announcements of judgment and indignation. Like a clear, bubbling spring of living water, they revive the fainting spirits of the traveller, as he passes on through the dry and parched wilderness to the land of peace and eternal blessedness where Jesus reigns supreme.

“The Lord is good.” What a precious testimony ! Sinners who have experienced the delivering, preserving, establishing grace of Jehovah, set to their seal that this is true. Our God is Jehovah, and Jehovah is good. How encouraging is this truth to weak and weary pilgrims. To those who tremble at His Word, this blessed fact conveys a little hope. To think, that our Jehovah Jesus is good, inspires the heart with ardent longings after His appearing. O ! what peace, what joy unspeakable is experienced as the good Spirit applies these precious words to anxious, waiting souls, “The Lord is good.”

By this name He is generally spoken of, but oh, how little known!—"God is good."

"God is goodness, and goodness is God."

"Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men."—Psalm xxxi. 19. In the contemplation of this, the soul is lost in wonder, love, and praise. Lord, what hast Thou laid up for me, a poor, weak worm, but Thine own dear self! What can satisfy the longings and cravings of this poor heart but Thy presence, love, and power!

"More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thy image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there."

Jehovah's chosen family are abundantly satisfied with the goodness of His house.—Psalm lxxv. 3. "Whose house are we."—Heb. iii. 6. The goodness of this house is a covenant God, electing, redeeming, justifying, regenerating, confirming, and comforting the several members of the one body. In the hearts of His people does our Jehovah dwell, preserving them by His power, and cheering them with His love. Blessed, precious intelligence. In our hearts, "our own God," blessing us with the riches of His grace, alone can, and does satisfy. "My people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord."—Jer. xxxi. 14.

GOODNESS. This is God Himself in His Trinity of persons going forth, in divine, unchanging affection, and dealing graciously and bountifully with the objects of His sovereign choice. This goodness we cannot drag down to the quality of an attribute. *Goodness is Jehovah's nature.* It sees that every attribute is engaged to save, and that for ever, the people of His love.

The Father is Good.—Luke xii. 32.

The Son is Good.—John x. 11.

The Spirit is Good.—Psalm cxliii. 10.

"Great Father of mercies," Thy *goodness* I own,
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine."

In election we have Goodness discriminating; in redemption we have Goodness working; in regeneration we have Goodness wooing and winning. Every act of Jehovah is but the expression of His goodness to His Church.

He purposes, and goodness is laid up in Christ for needy ones.

He acts, and goodness at once flows to the satisfaction of the living in Jerusalem.

He speaks, and *good words* make glad sad hearts, and waiting, longing souls.

Sovereign goodness bestows its favours in all wisdom and prudence. Not one is thrown away. To all those whose names are in the book of life these favours are secured. To Moses, ay, and to all the seed royal of heaven, Jehovah says, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the LORD before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy."—Exodus xxxiii. 19. What a thrill of delight seizes the child of God as he is put by an almighty and an all-loving hand into the cleft of the Rock of ages, to behold the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the person of a loving and adorable Jesus. See how Moses describes this, "And the LORD passed by before him, and proclaimed, The LORD, the LORD God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."—Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7.

The very heavens drop down fatness to hungry, thirsty souls. "He filleth the hungry with good things."—Luke i. 53.

Mercy, is sheer *goodness* bestowed upon *miserable* wretches.

Grace, is the overflow of Jehovah's *goodness* to the *obstinate* and *wayward*.

Pity, is His *goodness* supporting, strengthening, and comforting His *weaklings*.

Oh, what a God is ours! "Abundant in goodness." Jehovah the Father is great in His love; Jehovah the Son is rich in His grace; Jehovah the Spirit is amazing in His kindness and condescension. All grace is bestowed by the Father, preserved with undisturbed security in the Son, and supplied by the resistless energy of the Holy Ghost. How distinguishing and discriminating is this goodness! Our God keeps mercy for thousands. Mark! Not for everybody. Not for a few.* Mercy for a definite number. Sovereign goodness for an innumerable multitude. All of these known by name to God. Every one of them shall appear before the throne, because of goodness laid up."—Psalm lxviii. 10.

"A fulness resides in Jesus our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need:
The Father's *good pleasure* hath laid up in store,
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor."

* Unless when compared with the great bulk of Adam's sons and daughters who know Him not, or who have a name to live while dead. Indeed, God's people are *few* when compared with the Serpent's seed. Hence, the Lord's people comprise a number that no man can number; therefore, *not a few*; but, like Israel of old, compared with the Midianites, they are but as a small flock of kids.—Ed.

The experience of this goodness leads the mind back to covenant settlements before all worlds. Covenant goodness preserves the soul in life through all the intricacies of the wilderness, where the lost sheep are scattered in the cloudy and dark day of unregeneracy. At the set time of favour it allures to the company of a precious Jesus, there to enjoy the smiles of our redeeming God. It leads us by the hand, and opens up the treasures of infinite love. In the sweet experience of this, the saints rejoice.—2 Chron. vi. 41. Goodness completely encircles them. It goes before them in the way, and follows them all the days of their lives.—Psalm xxi 3; xxiii. 6. It is continual in its supply and operation.—Psalm lii. 1.

“ The work which His *goodness* began,
The arm of His strength will complete :
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.”

Amid the trials and perplexities of the way, the world's scorn and hell's deep-laid schemes for our overthrow, this precious truth is richly enjoyed. When doubts and fears arise, and indwelling sin distresses and annoys, sovereign goodness is brought home to the heart, and little faith puts forth the plea, “According to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy *goodness*' sake, O LORD.”—Psalm xxv. 7. Enemies will dog our steps and seek our overthrow, but hope in the *goodness* of Jehovah is the grand preservation the Spirit gives to weary souls.—Psalm xxvii. 13.

“ Why sinks my weak desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe if God be nigh ?”

Poor, downcast sinners brought to enjoy the goodness of God in the person of His well-beloved Son, have the repeated testimonies of the Spirit, that the good work which He has begun shall be completed. With the sweet enjoyment of Jehovah's love and grace, “They shall abundantly utter the memory of His *great goodness*, and shall sing of His righteousness.”—Psalm cxlv. 7.

Oh what goodness has been extended to us, the recipients of every new covenant blessing ! Taken from nature's wilds, and transplanted into the garden of Jehovah's choice, what care and tenderness have been manifested toward us ! Blessed with the full, free, and everlasting forgiveness of all sins, our persons perfectly justified from every charge, we nestle, at his behest, on the affectionate bosom of our loving Husband and Lord.

May the Editor and readers of the “WITNESS” be richly blessed with the company of this sweet Friend, whose goodness silences our fears, puts to flight our doubts, and causes the heart to sing,

"No good in creatures can be found,
All, all is found in Thee;
We must have all things and abound
Through Thy sufficiency."

Blessed, precious Saviour, may we be counted worthy of suffering for Thy sake through the "little while," and do Thou fulfil all the good pleasure of Thy goodness, and the work of faith with power; that Thy name may be glorified in us, and we in Thee, according to Thy all-sufficient, all-conquering grace.

THOMAS BRADBURY.

Barrow Hill, Staveley,
Chesterfield.

REVIEWS.

Evangelical-ism; or, "Evangelical Religion: what it is." By Thomas Huband Gregg, M. A. London: Marlborough & Co., Paternoster Row.

OUR readers will perceive that the above is a work by the Editor of "Gilead," therefore they will anticipate it to be a truthful one. It is a *critique* upon a published lecture by a Revd. Ryle, entitled, "Evangelical Religion: what it is;" and if Mr. Gregg's arguments be right, "Evangelical Religion: what it is," is just nothing at all in substance or vital truth but a mere empty theory floating in the brain of that respectable class of religious preachers called *Evangelical*, of which body the Revd. Ryle forms a part. Although we have "no opinion" of men of error writing and lecturing against men of error, yet we do like to see men of truth engaged in such business. Why? Because none but truthful men are equal to the combat. For one man of error to write or speak against another man of error, is like a pickpocket calling a highwayman a thief. If false doctrines are to be contended against, men of truth alone are equal to contend. If false preachers are to be exposed, men of God only are adapted for the work.

Our brother Gregg has shown in this *fourpenny* pamphlet that Mr. Ryle's "Evangelical Religion" is not the religion of Jesus Christ, and that his sentiments are not in keeping with the doctrines incorporated in the articles of that Church of which Mr. Ryle forms a part, and for which he attempts to preach. "Tekel" may indeed be written upon Mr. Ryle's worthless lecture. More than pleased are we to find that the Church of England has still within her walls a few men who can heartily join their immortal predecessor Toplady in saying,

" Careless myself, a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem :
Happy, O Lord, if Thou but smile,
Though all beside condemn."

Of these few—and they are but few, so that a child might write them—our brother Gregg is one, and we bless our God on his behalf for what He has done for him. We consider him an ornament to that Church to which he belongs, and of which he is a faithful and truthful minister. He is worth a whole host of such men as Mr. Ryle, in the same way that the prophet Elisha was of more value than 850 of the prophets of Baal and of the Grove. These "Evangelicals" are a very wily race of ministers, far more to be dreaded than his eminence in the chair of St. Peter. Why? Because very much nearer the letter of truth. A man one step in the divine life could see with half an eye the utter absurdity and worthlessness of Roman Catholicism, but he must be considerably farther on the road, with his eyes well open, to discover the fallacy of Evangelicalism. Our brother Gregg, however, has found no difficulty in proving the rottenness of Mr. Ryle's "Religion;" and it will be the latter gentleman's mercy if he be brought by power divine to see it too. If He have an interest in that eternal electing love of which he is at present a stranger, if he be an elect vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory, he shall be brought, sooner or later, by invincible power, to detest and abhor those false doctrines which he now so earnestly and zealously advocates: and then, instead of prating so much about "Evangelical Religion," he will be for singing,

" Sov'reign grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls, the tidings swell ;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its heights or depths can tell !
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell."

The Lord's Goodness Acknowledged; or, His Leadings and Dealings with "a Vessel of Mercy afore prepared unto glory." By Jabez Evans. To be had only of the Author, 13, Arundle Crescent, Plymouth.

WHEN we tell our readers that this work has been revised and transcribed by our own pen, they will be satisfied that it is one of which we approve. More than this. We have much enjoyed this little labor of love; so much so, that it has proved most pleasant spiritual pastime. The author is a hearer of ours, has been taught the truth in the grace school of Christ, having received the Word in much affliction with joy of the Holy Ghost. We shall be much

pleased if our friends will order for themselves and others as many of these books as they possibly can. The price is SIXPENCE each, post free. The author is extremely poor, and any little profit that may arise out of the publication of this work will be highly appreciated, on account of being greatly needed. We will give a short extract:

I will now relate how the Lord saved me from being drowned, when about five years of age. In the river Dart, close to the village of Tuckanhay, about a mile from my native place, there were some large pieces of timber chained together upon which we boys took no small pleasure in running. One day my foot caught in the chain, and I was precipitated into the water, and I must have been drowned had not my brother William come to my rescue. Although he was not on the spot at the time, yet the Lord had appointed that he should be the means of saving my life. The Lord is never at a loss for an instrument when needed. Hence He directed my brother to the spot at the very time appointed to save His child from a watery grave. The Lord tells us in His Word that "There is an appointed time for man upon the earth;" and Job says, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come." My brother said that when he reached the river nothing but my hair was visible, so that he pulled me out by the hair of my head; but I knew nothing of it until afterwards, being perfectly unconscious at the time. A few minutes more, and I should have been in eternity, but there were those few minutes between me and death. My time was not come. The Lord intended that I should grow to manhood and be called by His rich, free, and sovereign grace. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

NO THEME LIKE UNION.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I have been copying the enclosed Sermon with no small pleasure, and I thought as you said you wished to send your friends at Oxford a *special* one, this would be the very thing. In the glorious depths contained in this discourse I love to lose myself. What transcendent glories sometimes seem opened to one's view when contemplating that mighty subject, that blissful theme—union with Christ! Indeed there is

"No theme like this to raise the soul
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll."

It seems to me that this is the culminating point, the centre upon which everything that is blessed turns. O! what numberless blessings accrue from everlasting oneness with Jehovah's Fellow, "The Lord our Righteousness." How wondrous that we should be joined to him and one Spirit; and how blessed is it to be enabled to trace every stream to the fountain, every effect to the cause! Communion must arise from union, and when *He* comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills, do we not feel beyond prayer? We seem to have a glimpse within the veil, heaven is let down into the soul, and we dread again to have to return to time-occupations. We enter into Christ, who is our Sabbath of Rest,

our Heaven of heavens, our Paradise, our Home, our eternal All,
our God and our Glory. Yes!

"Christ is all the bliss of heaven,
Christ is all the joy of earth."

To enjoy His companionship brings peace and calm serenity; but how few know what it is to get communications from Him! We love His home-spoken and His heart-spoken words; we delight to listen to His whispers of love and mercy. "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." O! to increase in the knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal. O! to grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ.

I feel I have been very differently led to many, and very often questionings and reasonings, doubts and fears, arise; but I dare not say I have never tasted that the Lord is gracious, I dare not say I have never had a sip of the brook by the way; and I would not dictate to Him, but rather desire that His will in all things may be done. It is

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His;"

and O! how greatly privileged am I when thousands know nothing of being raised up and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, of being "caught up to the third heaven."

"The earnest grace, so rich and free,
But makes me long His face to see."

I confess I often think that if I did but feel *this* and realise *that* I should be far more convinced that I had not only a name to live but a living name; nevertheless, I am well assured that nothing but *power, dew, unction, and savour* will satisfy me, and nothing but the Lord's *manifested* presence will content me; and those lines you often quote rise uppermost to the mind:

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

But I must abruptly finish my note. May some handfuls of purpose be let fall to-morrow, and may the Word of the Lord run, have free course, and be glorified; so that we may forget self, time, creatures and circumstances, and be wholly absorbed in pondering over the wonders of redeeming love!

Believe me as ever, dear Friend,
Most affectionately yours,

E.

Plymouth.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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No. 116.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 20.

What a glorious word is this ! May our gracious Jesus make it spirit and life, and may we enjoy its fountain-fulness, and realise its gospel blessedness, and its free grace glories ! He is a King in authority, and when He speaks, there is a great calm. May He manifest His blessing, and bestow His favour ; and may perfect love cast out all slavish and tormenting fear ! O ! may the Lord chase away all darkness from our immortal minds, and raise us above everything of a sublunary nature, and the effect will follow : we shall be transported from the valley to the mountain's top, we shall rise *with* Jesus and *in* Jesus. How disconsolate are we when we cannot see the face of our Beloved ! We are not at home except on the mount of communion, and it is only when He appears, that our night is turned to day. Oft times our way is much hedged up ; we cannot feel the intwinings of our best Friend ; our glorious Sun of Righteousness is hidden from view, and Satan accuses : we feel we need a word of comfort and of consolation, another manifestation of the Lord's love, another development of His mind and will : we want Him to remind us of His unconditional covenant, and to restore unto us the joys of His salvation : we cannot make the crooked straight, or the rough places plain, but He can ; and He will work in His own wondrous way, and none can frustrate His eternal purpose. His counsel shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure : none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, "What doest Thou?" and when He enables us to leave all time-matters in His

hand, and to roll all our care on Israel's God, what comfort of heart, what joy of soul, what ease of mind, is felt! Clouds often hover around us, and we cannot see an inch before us, but the Lord knows the end from the beginning, and the times before appointed: He is at all times the active agent, and we are passive recipients of His favours; hence our strength is to sit still. "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent." What He has spoken in love, He will perform in faithfulness. "Blessed is she that believeth: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." He cannot break His word; He cannot nullify His oath; and though sometimes we forget all His loving kindness and tender mercies, and though all He has done for us seems at times swept away and obliterated, He has promised that the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, shall bring all things to our remembrance whatsoever He has said unto us. Child of God, had not the Lord have caused His voice to be heard, this promise would be of no avail, but you well know that you have listened to His accents sweet, and that you have sat under His shadow with great delight. May He cause a breeze to come from the eternal shore into your soul, and may He once more give you to feel that you are "complete in Him," "Accepted in the Beloved:" ah! as accepted as are the angels in eternal light, as spotless and as pure as are the flaming seraphs round the throne. O! to be raised above the tangible things of this time state, and to see our glorious Jesus seated on the right hand of power. O! to realise that we are in union with Him, and that we dwell in His bleeding heart of love. O! to feel far above earth, and to be brought to such a glorious altitude of faith as to forget Adam the first, and to fix our never-tiring gaze on Adam the second. We then forget ourselves as united to a nature head, and we revel in love, blood and salvation: we tread the world beneath our feet, and all this earth calls good or great; and we abound in the work of the Lord, and bask beneath the brilliant shinings of our precious Christ. In oneness with Him we dwell on high, far remote from death's dark shade: our place of defence ever shall be the munitions of rocks: spiritual bread shall be given us, and our waters shall be sure. Not only is Jesus the bread of God which came down from heaven, but He is also in us a well of water springing up into everlasting life. This pure, living, crystal stream, which proceeds out of the throne of God, this glorious rolling ocean, this fountain-fulness, cannot be exhausted: hence

" Bring your empty vessels nigh,
Cups or flagons, great or small,
To the brim, in rich supply,
Love eternal fills them all."

Child of God, may the Lord remove all timidity and all distance, and cause you to drink and to forget your poverty, and remember your misery no more !

"Go as a son, and plead your right,
Tell of the robe that's spotless white,
And ne'er will He an heir deny,
But grant your soul a full supply.

If sin annoy, or press you down,
Blood in the fountain still is found ;
Go, wash therein, no other choose,
A lawful heir He'll ne'er refuse."

"Ah," say you, "that is the point I want to be decided. Am I a lawful, a rightful, heir? May I claim relationship to the Omnipotent Jehovah, to that glorious Beloved, to that Eternal One, who rules over heaven, earth and hell? Am I allied to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? O! am I in living union with Jesus? Can it be really and vitally true, that the Mighty God of Jacob is my Friend my Brother, born for adversity, my Companion in tribulation? Will He look upon me with love and with complacency? Will He take knowledge of me, when He declares that all nations before Him are as nothing, and are counted to Him less than nothing and vanity? Will He regard me propitiously, and appear to me in a cloud above the mercy-seat? Will He shed abroad His love in my heart, and condescend to speak to one who is unworthy and wholly undeserving of the least favour at His hand: and will these blessed words, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' apply to me?" Yes! child of God, even to you. If you were the only living soul in our presence; yea, if you were the only redeemed sinner under the canopy of God's heaven, they would be applicable to you. How great the grace! how sweet the song,

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity!"

"Well," say you, "when I think of the fewness of God's elect people, when I contemplate how few comparatively are treading in the narrow way which leadeth to life, and how few know anything of enjoying the love of God shed abroad in their heart, I often think, perhaps I am wrong after all; perhaps I am mistaken; perhaps I have not come in rightly, and have not been instructed by the eternal Spirit. Revelation, inspiration, and manifestation, are terms which are repudiated in the present day; and the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills are scarcely touched upon now: and I often fear that my religion has commenced in nature, and that it will terminate in the flesh." I know that the living children of God frequently feel these reasonings and these questionings within, and clouds of darkness are produced by them; but let the Lord say, "Rise up,

my love, my fair one, and come away," and then they instantly rise above these insinuations of the enemy, and exclaim, O! to think that we should have fancied that we were wrong. O! to think that we should have had hard thoughts of our Beloved. He has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and yet we questioned His love, and doubted our interest in Him: we feared that our names were not enrolled in the Lamb's book of life: we could not behold Him as King, and as Priest upon His throne, and we thought we had no right and no memorial in the spiritual Jerusalem: we lost sight of every new covenant blessing, and of every spiritual favor, and we felt at an infinite distance from Him. Ah! none but the church of Christ, none but the body of Jesus, know anything of realising His comforting presence, and of going forth in the dances of them that make merry: none but the family circle, the citizens of Zion, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, have spiritual views of God's spiritual kingdom of grace and glory. Is there a living soul here who is tempest-tossed, and who feels dark in mind, shut up in soul? May the Lord communicate His favor, and seal such an one afresh! May He do His work over again in the land of his soul, disperse all gloom, and drive out the Amorites, and the Hittites, and the Perizzites, and the Canaanites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, that annoy and perplex, that tease and torment! May He raise His child above what he is in His Adam standing, and may love and blood inundate his mind: may the Lord ravish his heart, and may there be nothing between him and his Bridegroom!

"The cause of love is in Himself,
Then in Him we'll rejoice."

We have nothing in self, nothing in the creature, in which to glory: we have neither meetness nor fitness as joined to Adam earthy, but this is it: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God." May this be your holy resolve under power divine, for the Lord hath done great things for you, whether you can realise them or not; whether you can enjoy their sweetness or not. He says—O! may He speak it to you with the burning eloquence that sometimes flows from His loving lips—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This is His heart-language to every sheep and every lamb in His fold, to every jewel in His crown, as though He had no angels to attend to, and no bright intelligences from whom to receive an ascription of praise. "Lo, I am with you;" and this will apply to His Bride, to the partner of His throne, to the companion of His bosom, as much when dark in mind as when light, as much when far off in feeling as when enjoying closeness and nearness of access, and

realising intimacy and oneness. How blessed to know that He is unchangeable, that He is the "same yesterday, to day, and for ever," and that His years shall not fail! "But," says one, "does not the Lord sometimes leave and forsake His people?" Never! He says, "Lo, I am with you *always*." What a glorious declaration! what a blessed proclamation from His heart of love! He does not say, I will be with you sometimes, and under some circumstances; but He declares "Lo, I am with you *always*." At no time can it be said that He has forsaken a blood-bought child: not one moment will He withhold His guardian care, and His parental keeping. He does not promise that His garden enclosed, His portion, His inheritance, His purchased possession, shall always realise His presence, and enjoy His love, and feel His soft constrainings. His members often mourn His absence, and long for His sensible and clear shining: say they.

"More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;
We can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, Oh God, make haste."

But still, thus saith the Lord, "Lo, I am with you *always*;" and He means every word in its fullest latitude, and to its greatest extent. "Well, say you," "my strength is dried up like a potsherd I feel as barren as the mountains of Gilboa; neither dew nor spiritual moisture rests upon my branch." Still, even now, this portion belongs, and will apply, to you.

"'Tis well when on the mount
You feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When you the furnace prove."

True, the latter is not so pleasant as is the former, not so invigorating to the mind, not so refreshing to the soul, but equally as well. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hand shall be given him." What a vast distinction! It is written that the Lord put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel, or that He put redemption between them. He suffered none of the diseases which He brought upon the Egyptians to come upon His chosen people, and why was this? Because they were more deserving and more worthy? In no-wise: and are we better than they? No!

"'Tis all of sov' reign of grace that we
Do not as others do."

We have no room to boast or to glory in ourselves whatever: grace alone makes the difference, and with the poet we can heartily unite,

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring."

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Child of God, is this portion timely? is it suitable? is it seasonable? "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad." The letter of the sacred page will not raise the drooping spirits: it must be the spirit thereof. The Holy Ghost must take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us, before joy and gladness will be felt, before thanksgiving and the voice of melody will be heard; but

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss, ah! bliss complete."

When He speaks, we realise life in every sentence, power in every line, blessedness in every word, love in every letter, and we joyfully exclaim, "It is the voice of my Beloved." Nearnest access is then enjoyed, and we have a blessed entrance into that grace wherein we stand. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." What loving words are these which flow from the gracious, loving heart of our Ishi! No matter, beloved, what your feelings may be, He is at all times with you.

"Near to His heart you ever lie,
Dear as the apple of His eye."

You may seem to be as far from Him as the east is from the west, but whatever distance you may experience, He is still with you in the power of His own Spirit. "Ah," say you, "I want Him to be with me in the comforts of His love, in the allurings of His grace, in the ravishings of His person, in the overwhelmings of His mercy, in the overpowerings of His goodness. I want Him to be with me in the manifestations of His favour, in the revelations of His will, in the openings and unfoldings of His covenant purpose, in His 'Sov'reign grace o'er sin abounding.' I know that He is with me, inasmuch as I form a portion of His body, a part of the charge given into His hands in eternity, a member of His one household; but I want Him to be with me *feelingly, experimentally*. In one sense He is always with me, but I want Him to be with me in another." Yes! we perfectly understand what you mean: you want a faith's apprehension of your blessed Jesus; you want to see the King in His beauty, in His regal glory; you want Him to open to you His own uncreated fulness, and to give you to feel that you are so one with Him, that no air can come between; but, remember, He says that the days of darkness shall be many. The brilliant

shinings of the Sun of Righteousness are not always visible; but were it not for that glorious Orb of day, the darkness would not be discernible. That which makes manifest is light and you have light enough to see the darkness, but not sufficient light to see through it, and to see beyond it. To feel the Lord's intertwining care. His wondrous favour, is most blessed; to feel His heart of love beating toward us is most precious; to feel so joined to Him, so one with Him, so bound in the bundle of life with Him, and so closely allied that nothing can come between, is most glorious; but the darkness and the light are alike unto Him. "Lo, I am with you alway." Think you that the disciples believed the words which Jesus spake? Most assuredly they did; and why? Because it was the Lord who uttered them, and His words are with power: they are unalterable. Let me ask you individually, Have you heard His voice? have you realised His favor? can you remember one word that He has applied and spoken home? can it be possible that you have been professedly in the footsteps of the flock for a lengthened period of time, and yet have never felt any sweetness, and have never had any manifestation of the Lord's love? "Ah," say you, "I cannot say that I have never realised a little light, life, peace, and joy; that I have never in measure enjoyed freedom and liberty. Sometimes I have felt a bubbling up in my soul; sometimes I have felt the drawings and the constrainings of love divine." Then this portion—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"—will apply to you; but, may the Lord apply it! He that hath begun a good work in your heart will crown it: His purpose cannot be altered; His will cannot be frustrated. However low in mind you may be, He is with you; however depressed and disconsolate you may feel, He is with you; and as much with you as when He is shining sweetly, and brightly, and gloriously, upon you. He will never, no never, no never, forsake you; hence, be of good comfort, all things are working together for the best. When you feel distance, it does not argue that the Lord is far from you: you may seem far off from Him, but He is not far distant. The publican in the temple was a great way off, so far as his feelings were concerned, but the Lord was very near to justify him: and just so, child of God, is it in your instance. The distance is on your part, not on the part of your Beloved. He makes darkness His secret place; His pavilion round about Him are dark waters and thick clouds of the skies; and when He bows the heavens and comes down, when He flies upon the wings of the wind, you will feel that darkness is under His feet; you will rejoice in His meridian beam, and exclaim, "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." It shone before, but now it shines feelingly, and the Lord whispers, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the

end of the world." What a glorious word is this! It refers to the whole church, to every member of the body of Christ, and it applies to every sheep in the fold, at every time, and under every circumstance. It is an unconditional promise, it is one of the incomprehensible declarations flowing from the heart of Jehovah, and we shall never be able to fully fathom its depths, or to explore its breadths. It is so comprehensive so boundless, it will roll on and on throughout the ages to come, even for ever and ever. When time shall be lost in eternity, like as a drop is lost in the ocean, or a spark in the mid-day sun, these words will apply: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "But," says one, "the Lord does sometimes seem to forsake me: I cry and shout, and He shutteth out my prayers; the heavens are like iron, the earth like brass." He may hide the purpose of His grace to make it better known, but He cannot leave a vessel of mercy.

"He sees us when we see not Him,
And always hears our cry."

Like Jonah, we oft-times say, "I am cast out of thy sight:" but we then judge by our feelings, we judge according to the appearance of things, and this is not right judgment. The eyes of the Lord are upon His people from the beginning of the year, even unto the end thereof, and when He seeth that their power is gone, and that that they have none shut up or left, He arises for their help. They may feel that all things are against them, but when they have no strength of their own, He perfects His Almighty strength in their creature weakness: hence says one, "When I am weak, then am I strong"—strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. The old Adam is weakened, the inner man is strengthened, and thus they mount up as on eagles' wings, and realise that in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. As natural creatures, we do not like to feel our infantile weakness: flesh and blood would not choose the way in which the Lord leads us, but without Him we can do nothing; we are as helpless as is the clay in the hand of the potter, and we are compelled and necessitated to stand still and behold His wonder-working hand. He rules over all creatures. He reigns over angels, men and devils, and this glorious One is our Beloved, our best Friend, our God, who is a very present help in trouble. He is our gracious Jehovah, our Brother born for adversity, and He will never leave us: He is our performing God, and

"The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises."

"Ah," say you, "I want Him to speak home His promises to my heart." Child of God, I know you do. Some tell us that there are

many precious promises scattered up and down throughout the sacred page, and that all who like to go to the Scriptures of truth may apply them to themselves; but I believe, that the same Holy Ghost who inspired holy men of old to write, must equally inspire God's people now to read the sweet contents of the written Word. None can understand the free grace gospel blessedness therein wrapt, none can perceive the under current, the deep couching beneath, but those who are under divine culture, and spiritual teaching: and the Lord's power developed will alone take the child of God out of himself, out of the creature, out of the first man, and enable him to say, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." His Word is with power; His Word is with dew and unction; and as one has well said, "A word is a work with our covenant God." Whatever He commands, He also accomplishes; for He is a King in authority, and said some of old, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?" Mere professors of religion can read the literal Scriptures, and draw comfort from the statements therein penned, and get consolation from the declarations there made, at pleasure; but the living child of God wants the Lord to read the Bible in his heart. I find no fault with any for reading the Scriptures, but merely reading the literal Word will not satisfy the quickened soul; for such an one wants an *inward Scripture reader*, even the eternal Spirit of God: he wants Him to drop a word in his heart, to open it to his mind, and to raise him above all surrounding objects and subjects. The Holy Ghost exclusively can lead into all truth, and "search the deep things of God," and when He shows to the spiritual mind the perfection of the church, how every member thereof stands complete in the will of the Lord, and is blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; when He reveals to the new heart, that He has everlastingly blotted out all offences, and cancelled all debts, that He has suffered for sin, and has burst the bars of death asunder, and triumphed gloriously, and has gone up on high, and now reigns in all His regal splendour, seated on His eternal throne: O! I say, when He makes known these things, and says, in accents sweet, that we individually are interested in these realities, and whispers that He did all on our behalf, it is, "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord: possess thou the west and the south." We like the warm and sunny south; we love gales to blow from this clime: and we delight for the Lord to take us away, in a spiritual sense, to that shore where peace and harmony reign, and where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick." "Ah," say you, "I want Him to chase away all darkness, and to take away all my thoughts, and to introduce His thoughts: mine are contracted, His

are enlarged; mine are poor, His are thoughts of love, thoughts of peace, thoughts of mercy, thoughts of free grace favour. I know a little of His person, and a little of His dignity and of His beauty, but He has said, 'Thou shalt see greater things than these,' and I long for greater unfoldings and fuller developments." Well, this is coveting earnestly the best gifts. By His word *revealed*, by His power *communicated*, we are now partakers of the divine nature; but we must leave the stage of time before we shall know all the dignity of our Beloved, and realise all His excellencies. He has declared to us His love, and made known to us our union-oneness with Himself; but the half of His glory has not been told us.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Perhaps the Lord has sealed home this portion with power in your heart: perhaps He has made these words spirit and life to your soul: perhaps your blessed Beloved, your gracious Jesus, has applied these precious words, and dropped them with savour; but even if He have not made this sentence powerful to you, He may have given you other promises. It matters not what words He may convey with dew and unction: all flow from the same source, from the same ocean of love, from the same fountain-fulness of grace and of glory; and whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it. Do not think when another child of God may tell you of certain portions that have been given him, that because the same words have not been applied to you, that you are wrong, and wholly out of God's secret. His assurances of love proceed from the same eternal blissful spring, from the same cause of all endless glory, "Jesus only;" and let me tell you, if the Lord have ever dropped one sentence with sweetness and blessedness in your soul, He is yours for ever and for ever. "He that keepeth Israel, neither slumbers nor sleeps," and He protects His children from dangers seen and unseen. He wards off this calamity, He guards from that perplexity: many interpositions of His kindness have we realised, many manifestations of His parental care have we had; but we know not a millionth part of His loving-kindness: perhaps eternity will unfold and open up to our spiritual minds the righteous acts of our God, and then, in ecstasy and glee, we shall bless Him with sacred delight, and say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." He has never forsaken us, but He has supported us and sustained us, and we well know that

"He who has helped us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through."

He will be with us to the end of the chapter; yea, He will be with us to an eternal day: and in Christ, our lofty towering

mountain; in Christ, our peaceable habitation; in Christ, our hiding place, our pavilion, our paradise of joy, what can harm us? what molest us? He has said, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." "Wherefore, take unto you the whole armour of God." Your glorious Jehovah is your shield, and your exceeding great reward: and, clad in the divine array of your conquering Captain, you are more than a match for every enemy. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee;" for "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." He watches over His inheritance, and waters His plants every moment, and though, child of God, He may remove lover and friend far from you, He will always encircle you with His arms of love, and guide you with His vigilant eye. O! cheer up: when He has tried you, He will receive you home, and grant you an abundant entrance into His glory-kingdom; and in winding up time-matters you shall say that "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you." You may now be in His crucible, and in the furnace of affliction, but, rest assured,

"As gold from the flame, He'll bring thee at last,
To praise Him for all through which thou hast pass'd;
Then love everlasting thy griefs shall repay,
And God, from thine eyes, wipe all sorrows away."

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

SPIRITUAL FAMILY SECRETS.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I again address you in the name of the Lord, hoping that it is well with you: whether in affliction, temptation, or sorrow of heart, "it is well." It must be so, as the Holy Ghost has said, "Say ye unto the righteous that it shall be well with him." It must be well with them, for their God and Father has loved them with an everlasting love, blessed them and sanctified them a holy people unto Himself, preserving them in Christ Jesus our Lord.

What a mercy, my brother, to be brought, by an act of grace, in loving-kindness, from the pit of sin, corruption, and death, into the liberty of God's free-born children! The Lord's beloved family when brought into creatureship, in union with the first Adam, were taken captive by the devil at his will, and were shut up in the prison-house of sin and death; and not one of them ever would have come out unless the bar of sin had been removed by Christ.

Their mercy is, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in covenant love, devised means by which His banished ones might not be expelled from Him; but that they should be brought out of the captivity of sin and death, and the power of the devil, into the liberty of the children of God. The glorious Person of Christ is the only means provided by which God's banished family should return. The devil had no sooner taken the beloved family of God into captivity, bound by the cord of iniquity, in the land of sin and death, than their God came down into the garden, not in the heat of His wrath: no, for had He come down in anger, all creation must have been swept away at His presence; but He came in the cool of the day, the day of mercy, and declared the mercy promised [Christ], "the seed of the woman," that should bruise the serpent's head. Our God has said, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel." The heel is the lowest part of the body, the Church, or the family of God. The Holy Ghost by Isaiah says, "From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores. They have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." No, and they never would have been bound up, or mollified, had not Christ, who had engaged from everlasting to be their Surety, paid the debt of suffering due to them as transgressors of His law. The Holy Ghost says by Paul, "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." The Spirit of His Son is not sent to make us sons, but to make our sonship known to us. The Holy Ghost further says, "For as many [Neither one more, nor one less, but as many] as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God [Not shall be, but are]; for ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father." Therefore none can call God Father without the Spirit of adoption: and to have the Spirit of adoption is to have the Spirit Himself bearing witness with our spirits that we are—now—the children of God: "and, if children, then heirs [Of heaven? No,] heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ [Take special notice of what follows]; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." Paul was led most preciousely into the sufferings of Christ and His body the Church, and his prayer was, "that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His suffer-

ings, being made conformable unto His death." Again: the Holy Ghost enabled Paul to bless God for His mercy manifested in giving us the knowledge of Christ, and of our fellowship—or partnership—with Him in His sufferings and death. He says, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God: for as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ." There is no other way or means whereby the family of God can be comforted but by Jesus Christ; and the Holy Ghost says, "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell;" and "in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge:" and all for the comfort and well being of God's beloved family as they pass through this wilderness of sin and death. Our Jesus Himself has said, for the comfort of His family, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth [And Jesus is the TRUTH], which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of ME; and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with Me from the beginning." What a choice mercy it is to have God Himself as our spiritual teacher, according to His promise, "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." Their peace must be great, for Christ Himself is the Peace of His people, and He has made peace by the blood of His cross.

Again: the Holy Ghost says, "In righteousness shall thou be established; thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear; and from terror; for it shall not come near thee: no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." The Holy Ghost also saith by David, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day [no night with our God], and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted. For thou art the glory of their strength, and in thy favor our horn [our Jesus is the horn or strength of salvation] be exalted. For the Lord is our defence, and the Holy One of Israel is our King." Yes, glory to His name, He is "King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God:" and what a mercy it is to be under His reign, and to be enabled to rejoice with Paul in saying, "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Holy Ghost by Jeremiah, after pronouncing God's *woe* upon the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of His fold, says, "Therefore thus saith the Lord God of Israel against the pastors that feed my people, Ye have scattered my flock, and driven them away, and have not visited them; behold, I will visit upon you the evil of your doings, saith the Lord. And I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds, and they shall be fruitful and increase. And I will set up shepherds over them which shall feed them; and they shall fear no more, nor be dismayed, neither shall they be lacking, saith the Lord." The Holy Ghost also saith by Malachi: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not." Again, the Holy Ghost says, "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and execute judgment in the earth [His earthen pitchers, and His vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory]. In His days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is the name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." The Holy Ghost by Isaiah gives us, the family of God, a most precious view of His Majesty: "Behold a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgement. And a Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of great rocks in a weary land." Yes, glory to His precious name, He is the only rock and refuge of His family: and the Holy Ghost, by Moses says for our comfort, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: "and David, as a witness to the glorious truth, says, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Again David comes forth most blessedly to show God's faithfulness and mercy manifested to him in the midst of his trouble: he says, unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence. When I said, my foot slippeth, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up. In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul. Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law? They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn innocent blood. But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge." What a mercy, my brother, to know that "this God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our guide over death!"

JACOB TARRING.

Holbeton, Devon.

A KINDRED SPIRIT WITH THE LATE RUTH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is with very much pleasure I am writing to you to ask you to accept the accompanying book from me. I need not say I think you will enjoy reading it, because I know you value much the writings of Ruth Bryan. She was a highly favoured child of God, and the Lord granted her full draughts of the river of His pleasures. She found it to be a river which could not be passed over, a mighty expanse which she could not fathom. He privileged her, like Esther of old, to touch the top of the sceptre while He whispered, "What wilt thou, and what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom;" and often did He manifest Himself to her through the lattice, and lift up the light of His countenance upon her. How blessed is it to feel the power of His words, and to realize a little of that anointing which teacheth; to know something of the savour and the unction, and to find His words to be spirit and life! It is as you express it,

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss, ah! bliss complete."

We only need the live coal from off the altar to touch our lips and warm our hearts, and then the ascription of praise will follow as a sure consequence, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power;" and with Kent we are constrained to say,

"Eshcol's clusters we have eat,
Sweet their taste, their number few;
Lord, Thy visits oft repeat,
While we pass this desert through.

Soon with yonder blood-bought crowd,
We shall sing on Canaan's shore;
Songs of triumph, sweet and loud,
War with Amalek no more."

Yes! when the Lord suddenly comes to His temples, and says to the south wind, "Come.....blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out," it is easy to lose sight of wilderness-dispensations, and the reply flows forth, "Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits." When He says, "Spring up, O well, it is easy to sing in the height of Zion, and to go forth in the dances of them that make spiritually merry. But, how often is there a stone on the well's mouth, and how frequently is the mind carried away with the things of time, and one does indeed feel that "to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Well! this is not our rest, this is not our home, and it is right our nests should be stirred up, and that we should feel the thorns. You said to me the other day that you were "a bird of passage;" I know that you meant it with regard to remaining for a lengthened time in a fixed locality, but are not all the children of God birds of passage? They are passing through this waste howling wilderness, but they do not belong to it; and says one, "Oh that I had wings like a dove,

for then would I fly away, and be at rest." Soon shall our all-glorious Christ say once and for ever, "Arise and come away:" soon will He whisper, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I am *especially* fond of that portion, "*I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.*" The light affliction is but for a moment, the weight of glory is eternal, and if the streams we sometimes now enjoy be so inexpressibly sweet, what must full fruition be?

How few, dear friend, seem to know the difference between darkness that may be felt, and that blessed clear shining when the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in His wings, when He chases away the gloom and bids every doubt and fear depart, and enables His child to soar away in contemplation to the everlasting hills. What a marvellous change! one moment in the valley, the next transported to the mountain's top; one moment feeling utterly powerless, the next strong in the Lord, because endued with power from on high, because strength has been communicated. How apparently paradoxical, yet how true in the experience of the one family—the household of faith! But my letter is extending beyond bounds.

Wishing you and Mrs. Wilcockson every blessing, and much of the manifested presence of Him who is your God and your glory,

Believe me to remain,

Ever your's very affectionately,

E.

Isa ; xliiii. 2.

POOR IN POCKET, RICH IN SPIRIT.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I cannot refrain from sending you a line to thank you for your kindness in responding to my last by both letter and sermons. I would send more than thanks, but my heavenly Banker has not provided for it at this time. He sees it needful to keep some of His children very short in hand, and sense and reason want to know *why*, but faith says, "It is well." The Prophet and the widow shall be fed, though there be but a handful of meal in the barrel, and a little oil in the cruse. The Lord God of Elijah still lives, still works, and will still love even unto the end. "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God," and the members of the house of David do still, though they are often tried by the reasonings of the flesh and the insinuations of the devil, which twain are one in making it appear presumption to expect deliverance in the midst of such straits and difficulties where there seems no way; but "they only consult to cast him down from his excellency."

"The way of the righteous shall be made plain." Christ is our straight Way through crooked circumstances and feelings, and in such a straight Way we shall not stumble; for "He keepeth the feet of His saints;" yea, "He guideth our feet in the way of peace." "These things have I spoken unto you," says the Man of Sorrows, "that in me ye might have peace: in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Though now we walk in the midst of trouble, He will revive us, and how blessed the end—"These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are they before the throne."

I often find this to be a weary land, beloved; but He, who is our Forerunner above, has also gone before us below; and through Him we shall be more than conquerors. With His precious company we are at times made joyful even in tribulations also. Oh! yes, my soul proves it to be so; and His dear love, stronger than death, constrains me to praise Him even while outward things are puzzling and contrary to flesh and blood. My Beloved knows what He is doing, though often I do not. When I am resting in Him and His will, all is well. Then indeed I can rejoice that He has done, and will continue to do, all things well; but when I get to reasoning, and judging after the flesh, I am confused and bewildered enough. But, O, it is wonderful how my blessed Lord bears with me, and corrects my foolishness by His wisdom, and upbraideth me not! He is the dew unto my soul; so that, amidst creature dryness, I do not lack moisture; but He is not only as the dew, for the waters of this smitten Rock run into His dry places like a river. Praise Him! Yes, I must; for He is all I need both for time and eternity. In Him all fulness dwells, and He is Head over all things to His body the Church. He will nourish and cherish her in the wilderness for the appointed time, and then (Oh, happy hour!) He will come and receive her unto Himself. Then there will be no more tears, or sighs, or groans: no more seeing through a glass darkly, but, beholding Him face to face, in His eternal smile, we shall find our heaven, and see our Father's glory.

"Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal land of joy."

Ah! it will be

"——sweet employ to sing and trace
The heights and depths of sov'reign grace,
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity."

Whilst in the shell of mortality we get, through its cracks, some fore views of the glory which make us speak of these light afflictions being but for a moment, and of the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. That is a sweet contrast—"light affliction" and "weight of glory." "He shall bear the glory;" for we never could: and He will bear us, and carry us all the way to it, even as He did those in days of yore. I am sure He will: His love ensures it. Oh, that I did never dishonor Him in being discouraged by the thorns and briars of the wilderness! When I do it, it is by looking at them instead of looking unto Him. A feather of trouble is too much for me; a mountain is nothing to Him. "Two are better than one," and yet the very height of blessedness is, these two are no more twain, but one flesh; so that in all our afflictions, He Himself is afflicted, and is touched with the feeling of our infirmity.

Precious Beloved, in union near and dear, O let me get more into its privilege and blessedness for Thine own glory!

Pardon my childish talk, beloved: it is the utterance of the heart.....I have no desire to stay in the wilderness, and this disease seems an intimation of home, since the medical men consider it incurable. But though I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; yet, if He will it otherwise, I would not refuse compliance. I should like to know if your sister in law died from that complaint* at last. I have an idea that when it is driven from one place, it often fixes on a much worse. The Lord's dealings are wonderful and past finding out; but all His ways are judgment, and not one thing can He do at random, not knowing the issue. What a mercy that we are in such hands, and amidst all our tossing and toiling, and rowing, with contrary winds and rough waves, He is engaged to bring us safe to shore; and He still says, "I will not leave thee till I have done all that I have spoken to thee of." The outer man perishes, and all things around us are shaken; but our living Head is the same, and His years fail not; and He is our life, and the length of our days. He says, "I am among you as one that serveth." This is indeed the Highest in the lowest place. My heart pants for greater revelations of Him who is as glorious in the depths, as in the heights. I was very much blest the other day in reading the xxviii of Exodus. How blessedly is our ever-living High Priest set forth in this verse: "And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon His heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually." He does indeed bear us in His heart for ever and ever; and safe in that living Ark we shall be borne over the tempestuous ocean of life. Our merciful and faithful High Priest does appear in the presence of God for us, and in the holy place, not made with hands, He

* Cancer in the breast.

maketh intercession for us, which seems like the sound of those bells on the high priest of old; and of the pomegranate we say, "His fruit is sweet to my taste." He is our "holiness unto the Lord," and "the Lord our righteousness."

I well remember your reading a M.S., about the high priest's garment some nine years since, which I very much enjoyed. Oh, that I had more entrance into the living wonders of Him whose name is Wonderful, as they are set forth in the Word, and opened by the Spirit!

My heart has been much melted in Psalm xl. 5. I thought it was the language of Jesus to our Father about Himself and His Church; and that word "*usward*" tells home upon my soul very sweetly. Since He has such eternal thoughts of love and peace toward us, why should I ever have a disquiet thought or downcast feeling? I do not pity myself for such feelings, for I am ashamed of them; but I am very frail and feeble. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." That is most sweet.

With kind love to both yourself and Mrs. T., I am your ever-affectionate,

RUTH.

HIDDEN MYSTERIES, REVEALED SECRETS.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Again I greet you in the sacred ties of dear relationship in and with our most glorious Christ the Branch Jehovah, who is beauty and glory to all included in the following portion: "I will be a Father unto them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty:" and of such the Lord the Spirit saith, "He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all of one, for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." Jesus, the resurrection and the life, saith to Mary, "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

Being a believer in the Son of God, one with you in Him, in perfect life, health, and happiness, having passed from death unto life, I again hail and salute you in the glorious Jehovah, who is unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. Although we are contracted in ourselves, we are not contracted in Him. We have no reason to limit the Holy One of Israel, or set boundaries to the mighty God of Jacob; for He is a River that cannot be passed over. We rejoice in Him our glorious Lord, who is at all times unto us and for us the fulness of the Godhead. He who is the possessor of the heavens and the earth is our All in All, and there is neither

limit nor boundary to our blessedness in Him. Jesus is our eternal life that was with the Father, and is manifested unto us. He is the great mystery of godliness, and who by searching can find Him out? The Lord saith of His chosen ones, "They shall all know me:" and Jesus says to His Father, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." It may be that the Apostle had his eye upon this truth when he bowed his knee before the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. What a mercy to have the same heart and mind, object and subject, as had Paul; and so to live and walk beyond the boundaries set by creature minds. We cannot fully express the blessedness that we have in Him "who is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." We love to "know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," by having it shed abroad in our hearts, thus being "filled with all the fulness of God." Knowing the love of Christ, though it passes our present knowledge, makes us sing and say, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me!" This being true, and as we dwell in Him who is true, we are as free from sin, death, curse, and condemnation, as Christ Himself, who is our Advocate with the Father, and the propitiation for our sins. The Father "hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," having "delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son:" and the Holy Spirit hath "delivered us from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God:" and "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Jesus Himself "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification;" and "by Him all that believe are justified from all things," which they could not be by the law of Moses; "for the law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Hence those who are made free by the Son are free indeed. Thus we stand in Him and abide in all the fulness of life, blessedness and salvation, in peace with God, through Him, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: and as He dwells in our heart by faith, we are filled with all the fulness of God. Oh, let us daily ponder over these holy and precious truths, and thereby learn to live in eternal life which cannot be limited by our little experience, or bounded by our limited knowledge. Let us also rejoice in His unlimited interest in us which cannot be bounded by our interest in Him. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Herein and hereby I am nothing, and Christ is all in all. Thus I say to Him: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Hence I can daily sing: "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

"Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

Beloved, it is with pleasure and delight I write unto you, knowing that we mutually belong to Christ. My last scrap was from the heart, though written in haste; for I feared that you thought too highly of me in point of knowledge. This I cannot allow. You think that I am beyond you in faith and knowledge; but as we are one in and with Jesus we will jointly say with Paul, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him." Thus we walk worthy of the Lord unto all well pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, increasing in the knowledge of God. This is the way to live "ready to depart and be with Christ which is far better." What a mercy that we are not left in the dark concerning eternal realities! We have not now to seek salvation, and grope in the dark to find our Lord Jesus; but we are at a glorious certainty concerning the precious truths of our God, and we can say, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the Prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth," who is the glorious Nazarene, never failing to perform all His vows. By His death He has for ever destroyed the body of sin; yea, and He has destroyed death, and him that had the power of death; that is, the devil. Thus our precious Lord Jesus has triumphed gloriously.

The contents of your last valuable epistle greatly warmed my heart, and it proved to my soul a labour of love. It provoked some to emulation, and caused them to say that "Ruth" was far more highly favoured with sweet indulgences of love than were they, that the "Gleaner" was privileged to partake of more of the parched corn than they were; but they said nothing about dipping the "morsel in the vinegar," neither did I say a word in reply to them upon the subject. The truth of it is only learned at meal time, when seated at the table with our spiritual Boaz; for He alone reaches us parched corn. He is our spiritual Joseph who says, "Bring these men home; for they shall dine with me at noon." This is what my soul loves. These meal times are not like the three or six o'clock dinners enjoyed by the worldling and genteel professor. "Jesus only" is our food, our health, and our strength.

One word more to my beloved Ruth. When Joseph had been eating and drinking with his brethren, he said unto them, "Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother." He then wept with them, and kissed them, and said, "Ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen." He said not this in pride, vain glory, or ostentation; but he knew that it would please his father; and if we

ponder over John xvii., there we shall see the fulness of the blessedness of the glorious subject; and concerning His brethren our Brothers said to His Father and our Father, "The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one." He further says, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." What a mercy granted, blessing bestowed, and favor vouchsafed us, to have a heart and mind for the Lord of Glory!! How dear the privilege to live in the knowledge of Him, the God of Glory, our God, and our glory! Having seen the glory of God, and God of glory in the face of our Beloved, we cannot rest satisfied with our attainments, but are compelled and impelled to follow on to know the Lord, and run the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus. We are "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." This is active life and high living upon Israel's high mountain; and we press toward the mark, for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. We love to search the Scriptures; for they testify of Him whom our souls love.

I do not intend to weary you by my continual coming, but in love I would talk to you of things that fade not, which are eternal. Even our house is eternal in the heavens. God the Father is our eternal Father: Jesus, the only begotten Son, is our eternal God and Saviour, who has saved us in Himself with an everlasting salvation; and in Him also we have eternal redemption, an eternal inheritance, eternal life, and eternal glory; so that we can never perish.

We are born of the Spirit, who is the eternal Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and by Him we are constrained to say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." As we have a heart-felt experience of these precious and unalterable truths, by the demonstration of the Spirit, so we also know, according to the measure of the gift of Christ, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the holy Ones is understanding." These are the truths that my soul loves. They are more to be desired than fine gold, and they are far sweeter than the honey or the honey-comb. I love to hold communion and fellowship with the holy Father, the holy Son, and the holy Ghost, knowing that these three are one. This is the doctrine according to godliness, which is most precious unto me, and in it I live in peace and blessedness in my precious Lord Jesus, who says, "I and my Father are one."

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

EXTRACTS FROM RUTH'S LETTERS.

The bright beams of uncreated glory have again shone upon my soul in the face of my Beloved, in whose life-giving countenance their radiant effulgence is so softened that mortals may in spirit behold, admire, and love. I have basked in the sunshine of my Redeemer's presence, and bathed in the ocean of bliss unutterable, finding all human language inadequate to sound forth His praise... O! to remember that we have an eternity to spend together in the full-orbed presence of God, our own God, where sin will never interrupt, but we shall ever unceasingly serve and love Him as we ought, and sing "Unto Him that loved us" &c. Rev: i. 5, 6. May the Lord vouchsafe to each of us more and more foretastes of the glory which is to be revealed, till we shall hear the soul-thrilling words, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

I am looking forward to the being unclothed, and delivered from the chilling damps of flesh and blood; to the being raised above the lowlands, blissfully to range the mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense in unclouded day; and, more stedfastly than the eagle, to gaze all the while upon the Sun. O my glorious Christ, what will it be to see Thee face to face, in Thine own light! to see "the King in His beauty," and be absorbed in His love! This is the climax of love's anticipations: these are the mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense; even His perfections, His glory, and His transporting charms. O! methinks, how riveted shall I be; eternal ages will roll on, but still my eyes and heart will have room for no other object but for Him, who was dead for my sake, but is alive again—My Lord, my life, my all. There we shall eternally see that He was crucified for us—"the Lamb as it had been slain." Truly, I feel that mortality could not bear it; such "new wine" would burst the "old bottle;" but mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and then shall I be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.It is God the Eternal Spirit who enlarges my heart with desire for this land of Beulah, and gives me a sip of the ocean of love, which none can have without longing for the full draught—yea, to launch out into the ocean itself and be ever filled.

O! the blissful heights and depths and lengths and breadths which are even here to be enjoyed. Love is the dear element in which I delight to live. I long to be released from mortality, and get absorbingly into its pleasurable abyss and fulness of joy, but till then must seek above all things to live in love: I mean in that sense in which it is said, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." All that would interrupt or

interfere with this I cast away, and count all things but dross that I may win Christ, and wear Christ, and be found in Him, and find Him in me. He is the manifestation that God is love; He is the love of God in living power and revelation.

Surely we, who are the children and the partakers of such mighty love, must rejoice as its precious fulness inundates our souls with a full tide of ecstasy.

His glory is brighter than the noonday sun, fairer than the moon, and quite too dazzling for mortal sight. O that we could disperse these mists of flesh and sense, and our freed spirits range those fields of light of which the Lord God and the Lamb are the brightness and glory. This would indeed be living all on fire, and glowing as we would wish.

THE JOYS OF BLISS ANTEDATED.

How soothing to the mind,
How cheering to the heart,
That Jesus Christ will bind
The wounds that in me smart,
By pouring in the liquid stream,
The blood that could alone redeem!

When sin and Satan try,
And flesh and blood combine,
To make us mourn and sigh,
We faint without this wine:
But if we get a single drop,
It lifts us to the mountain top.

Then on the heights of bliss,
Remote from sin and earth,
We get a loving kiss
From Him of noble birth,
And view our Bridegroom face-to-face,
And triumph in His glory grace:

The inward veil is rent,
The outer court is pass'd,
Rich moments now are spent,
With Christ the First and Last;
The peaceful banner is unfurl'd,
And we enjoy the glory world.

What ravishments of love!
What brilliant beams of light,
Break on the mind above,
When faith is chang'd for sight!
The earth and time recede from view,
Old things are past, and all are new.

How we should like to stay
On this high mount of glory,
And feel the burning ray
Of Christ for evermore!
But day and night must interchange
'Till we the realms of glory range.

But when the cage of clay
Is open'd, once for all,
The bird will haste away
Beyond an earthly call;
Will upward soar in regions vast,
And get to glory safe at last.

It better then will sing,
It more at home will be,
The arch of bliss will ring
An echo to its glee;
When in its native place above,
T'will warble forth its song of love.

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

Canticles, v. 10.

All those who are instructed by the eternal Spirit in our presence, all those who are under the tuition of the Holy Ghost, must be aware that this is the language of the Church concerning her glorious Christ, her Bridegroom, her Husband, her Ishi, her Kinsman-Redeemer. "My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest—or as it might be read, the standard-bearer—among ten thousand;" hence He is not only the chiefest among ten thousand, but the standard-bearer also: and this is in sweet analogy with that blessed promise, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." "Now the Lord is that Spirit."

"My Beloved is white and ruddy," showing the loveliness, the beauty, and the glory of His person; and she calls Him her Beloved. She does not say, I hope He is my Beloved, or I trust that He will eventually be my Beloved, but she was sure that the bond of love existed. There may be some of the Lord's family here who cannot take up this confident language; they fear to say "My Beloved is mine, and I am His" (and they cannot adopt it without a warrant from God for so doing); they long to have the privilege and the right to say it, but they feel that they must qualify the terms. Say they, "We are quite sure that Christ is the chiefest among ten thousand: none can bear comparison with this Beloved, who is the Husband of His one Church, who has redeemed her by His blood and clothed her in His spotless righteousness, and it is our hearty

desire to call Him our own Beloved, but doubts and fears prevail." Well, I believe that all the children of God have this desire kindled in their hearts, and that they all long to know (until the Spirit witnesses adoption with their spirits) that the relative tie does indeed exist. We can look back to the time when we longed to say, "My Beloved." The Lord's children encouraged us, and told us that this language belonged to us, but we dared not adopt it until the Lord spoke home pardon and peace; but what a blessed moment, what a hallowed season, was it when, under the anointings of the Spirit and the unction from the Holy One, He enabled us to cry, "Abba, Father." We glided into our eternal sabbath; we entered into eternity; we entered into rest: ah! said we, now are we placed beyond the shadow of a doubt that we belong to Christ, and that Christ belongs to us; now we are assured that our name is enrolled in the Lamb's book of life. "But," one may say, "how do you know this thus early? how is it that you have realised adoption privileges so soon, when many to their dying day are doubtful on this point?" We are constrained to say in a spiritual sense, what Jacob did in a literal sense, "The Lord thy God brought it to me." "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." O! how gracious of the Lord to grant me this assurance, when thousands of His living children are filled with misgivings, and cannot take up the words of our text. I often tell Him, in the simplicity of my heart, that He deals more lovingly, more kindly, more graciously, with me than with any other child in His household, and I never get a frown from Him for speaking thus. There are only smiles on His lovely countenance. How blessed is it, child of God, when our Beloved leads us into His heart, when we can realise the whispers of His love, and when He tells us what He has laid up for us, and unfolds to us His riches and His glories! All the riches of the Indies are not to be compared to one drop of the Ocean of His love: all the treasures of wisdom are in Him; all the treasures of knowledge centre in Him; and He has said, "All are yours." His love is indeed wonderful: He is more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey. How grand, how dignified, is our Beloved! and He said to His righteous Father, "The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them." Such is His love, such His mercy, such His constraining grace: and often has He privileged me to say, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love." He has so refreshed me, so cheered me, and so comforted me, that I have desired no other heaven, I have coveted no other glory. Having Christ, I had all I could possibly wish for. He has many times granted me real foretastes, blessed antepasts, of that weight of glory which is reserved. Speak

of heaven at such times, I had heaven in my soul; speak of earth's delights, all were as nothing in comparison to my Beloved. He is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely, and there can be no loveliness in heaven and none on earth but my Beloved is the fulness thereof. If I read the word of God, it teems with descriptions of my Beloved; if I go to the house of God, my Beloved is both the object and the subject of praise: He is the one theme. If I look at creation's works, all in nature show forth His glory. If I take a walk on the sea-shore, and gaze on the surging ocean, it reminds me of the power of my Beloved, who gathers the winds in His fists, and measures the waters in the hollow of His hand. The government of all things is on His shoulder, and I can say to this omnipotent and glorious Lord, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

"My Beloved!" Some find fault with God's children because they cannot adopt these terms. "Why," say they, "do you not take it for granted that the Lord is your's? Why do you not rest satisfied with the literal statements in God's word? You desire to call Him your Beloved, why not be assured that such is the case?" Ah, the child of God must have this assurance from his Beloved Himself: the Lord must speak the word with power, and drop it with unction; He must make His words spirit and life, and when He is pleased to say to a son or a daughter, "I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love," then in sweet response he replies, "*My* Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand." Mary realised this in the house of Simon the Pharisee; her glorious Beloved said to her, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and having this assurance from His own loving mouth, she knew she was a jewel in His crown. Had you questioned her concerning anything in Simon's house, doubtless she would not have been able to reply; but she would have said, I was wholly taken up with my Beloved, and my Beloved was taken up with me. He bestowed such love on me, and manifested such mercy to me, that I was ravished therewith. I never merited His favor; I had been sinning as it were with a cart rope, and had I had my deserts, I should have been banished from His presence; but love flowed from His heart into mine, and whilst I washed His feet with tears, He bathed my soul in His precious blood. He said, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me," and when He whispered pardon, His dear words dropped into my heart blazing with fire: I had all I could desire, all I could possibly enjoy. "Yes," says a living child of God, "I have realised the same blessing at His footstool, and I could say with Paul, 'I have all and abound.'" "Happy art thou, O Israel!"

"My Beloved is white and ruddy." Some say that the whiteness

refers to the Godhead of our glorious Christ, and the ruddiness to His manhood: we do not know that this is the meaning of the passage, but we do not say that it is not: doubtless both descriptions show forth His purity, and Christ is everything that the Church can desire. He is all that is excellent, and all that is transcendently beautiful and transcendently lovely; but, child of God, is He more so than are you? No! He declares, "thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." All fair! there can be no comeliness beyond that, no glory, no beauty, beyond that; and He likewise says that His church is without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. What Jesus is, such is His Bride; for she is perfect through His comeliness put upon her; she is "complete in Him," "accepted in the Beloved." "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is, so are we in this world." O! wondrous truth: not only shall we be like Him ultimately, but even now in the time-state. Had the Lord have said we should be as He is when we dropped this clay tent, our spirits would have longed to realise this transformation, but we "with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, *are changed* into the same image from glory to glory." Is it possible? Can this be really true? O! child of God, how glorious, how transcendently glorious! We know that "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars." There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another; and how blessed is it to realise our beauty, our dignity, our glory, in the Beloved! "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit," and His description of His Bride far exceeds what she says of her Bridegroom. How often, when trying to think of Him and of His glorious person, do we forget that He loves us ten thousand times more than we love Him, and when we feel a moving toward Him, we lose sight of the fact that He is moving toward us. Look, for instance, at the prodigal. It is written, when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him, and he said, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." Did he act thus, and was it not just so with our glorious Lord? When far off, did He not bring us nigh? Did He not come down pinioned on love, and raise us to the heights of bliss and blessedness? Did He not say, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away?" "Shake thyself from the dust," from

time-dust, sin-dust, world-dust; and then did we not mount up and soar aloft as on eagles' wings, and run with alacrity and with delight the race set before us, "looking unto Jesus," and leaning upon Jesus? How sweet is it to rise above Adam earthy, and to dwell in Love's embrace! I can speak of the glory of His kingdom and talk of His power, because His kingdom is established in my heart, His power has been developed in my soul. I have seen the King in His beauty: His presence has filled my heart, His glory has filled my tongue, and I have felt that had I ten thousand hearts I would love Him alone, and had I ten thousand tongues I would praise and extol Him exclusively. Some tell us that the song of Solomon is not inspired, and that it should not be considered as one of the books of the Bible; but, says the child of God, I know it is the word of God, and why? Because the Lord has spoken home sentences therefrom; because He has taken portions from it and sealed them in my heart; because He has inspired me to read it, and to hear it. His presence has annihilated infidelity; His voice has banished all doubts from my mind in the twinkling of an eye. Yes! when He speaks, and clothes His words with power, it is done. "Lazarus, come forth," caused him, though before dead, to come forth: "Loose him, and let him go," set him at glorious liberty. "Where the word of a King is, there is power." How many times have we been dejected in soul, depressed in mind: the earth has seemed like iron, the heavens like brass, and, with Jonah, we have said, "I am cast out of thy sight;" but, by and bye, under the ministration of the Spirit, we have been constrained to add, "I will look again toward thy holy temple Salvation is of the Lord." The Lord has dropped a word with living power, and this has raised us infinitely above all we were the subjects of, and instead of being like a wilderness in feeling, we have been like a fruitful field: "The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." We have been satisfied with favor, and we have rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and what has effected this change? The glorious voice of our Beloved.

"No other voice can calm my breast,
Or still the raging sea,
But when He whispers, 'In me rest,'
I'm lost in Deity."

Ah! the whispers of our Beloved, the fear notes of our best friend, cause us to triumph in Him. When He manifests Himself to me. I feel folded in His arms of love, and wrapt in His embrace; I feel that though all hell were in arms against me, and that though all

the powers of earth conspired my ruin, I should not fear, because my Beloved was with me; and He is the most dignified and the most glorious of Beloved's. Love realises His presence and enjoys His love: it is mutual, but, "We love Him, because He first loved us." There may be one here who may say, "I long to call Him my Beloved: fain would I adopt these words, but I cannot." Well, "As many are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The Holy Ghost does not say that those alone who can say, "Abba, Father," are the sons of God; and no matter how much you may be under bondage, fearing you shall be cut off at last, yet you are as much led in hungerings and thirstings after communion with the Lord as those who inhale an atmosphere of love, and live under the bright shinnings of His countenance. There can be no desire to say "My Beloved" unless life has been communicated, unless you have passed from death to life, from darkness to light; and you are as much led by the Spirit in the first dawns of Gospel day, in His first quickenings, as when you can sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in His spiritual kingdom. If the Lord have taught you your lost and ruined condition, and if you can say, "Whereas I was blind, now I see," you are not dead. God is your Father, Jesus is your Saviour, and the Holy Ghost is your Comforter, and by and bye, in God's own time, you shall know your interest and acceptance in Christ Jesus. I speak confidently, because I have seen the King. What said the prophet? "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up." This was a glorious description of our Beloved. We know that Jehovah fills all space, and therefore cannot be lifted up, but it was as though he would say, I saw my glorious Christ in resurrection-blessedness in contradistinction to seeing Him in His humiliation. I saw that identical Jesus, that lowly Nazarene, that "root out of a dry ground," lifted up, "and His train filled the temple" with transcendent glory: and if you be privileged to see Him to night, by precious faith, you will fall at His footstool, and crown Him Lord of all. His train is composed of a number which no man can number, and forms "the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven"—that great cloud of witnesses; and are we not living witnesses of the faithfulness of our covenant God? He has done everything for us, and He has whispered in our individual heart, "Behold, thou art fair, my love: behold, thou art fair!" "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister spouse." "Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house: so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him." Are we comely and fair, and lovely in ourselves? By no means. The Bride says, "Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." He looked upon her in eternity, and

why? Because He was her Beloved, and when He bade us "live," He communicated to us eternal life, and thus saith the Lord, "Because I live, ye shall live also." We can no more die than can our glorious Beloved: the Bridegroom of our soul will ever watch over and take care of us; He encircles us in His arms of love, and He is unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. Child of God, "Thy Maker is thine Husband, the Jehovah of hosts is His name;" and when feeling cold and lifeless, shut up in soul and dark in mind, He will shed abroad His love in your heart; when the clash of arms is heard, and when enemies surround you, He will say, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Ah," says the disconsolate Bride,

"I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone."

"I know that Christ is my Beloved, but I want to see Him again; I want to hear His voice again; I want to rejoice in the God of my salvation; I want to see that He is my standard-bearer, my glorious conquering captain, my forerunner. I oft-times feel very much cast down; the enemy tells me that I do not love the Lord, and that He does not love me; he says I do not care for Him, and that He does not care for me; and sometimes I fear these insinuations are true; but, anon, my Beloved comes again, and then I go forth in the dances of them that make merry, and I exult in the riches of my deliverer." Ah, it matters not what grandeur, what beauty, what glory you may discover in Him, you know not one millionth part of His excellency.

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire.

To heav'n I soon shall rise,
Shall rise no more to fall;
There, with ten thousand flaming tongues,
Praise my great all in all."

Do you doubt it sometimes? Do fears arise in your heart? But, let me ask you, is not this Beloved more to you than aught beside? Many speak of going home to glory, but is not Christ all and in all to you? He will comprise your heaven, He will constitute your glory; and if you can realise His presence now, have you not all your heart desires? and are you not sometimes constrained to say, "Enough, my gracious God?"

O! cheer up: the Lord will not send the highest angel to conduct you hence; He will not commission ten legions of angels to escort you to the realms of bliss, but He will come Himself according to that promise, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also;" and He has moreover said, "I will see you again." Is there a disconsolate child of God here

who feels one drop of sorrow more would be too much? O! may the Lord pay a visit to you in love, and again manifest His favour; and the effect of this manifestation, this confirmation—the result of this intercourse with the Shepherd and the Bishop of your soul—will be holy rejoicing in the Lord. “I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.” He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps, and though you may be full of sorrow now, cast down by reason of the roughness of the way, and mourning the absence of your Beloved, yet should He come down in majesty and in power to night, and bid every mountain flee; should He communicate His love to you at this time, you will say in the language of our text, “My Beloved is white and ruddy: He is the chiefest among ten thousand:” you will follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth: you will be ready to go wherever He may lead; whether into the furnace or into the flood; into the tempest or into the lion’s den: you will take up your cross and follow Him through evil report and good report, through persecution and distress. How sweet is it to enjoy and to realise His presence, to have a sip of love, a drop of the ocean thereof!

“The cause of love is in Himself,
Then in Him we’ll rejoice.”

To be found in Him is the grand point, and if blessed in Him there can be no condemnation. To be in living oneness is beyond all expression, all description; to be one with Jesus, by eternal union one, is indeed a free-grace privilege; and we rejoice to know that He has answered every law charge on our behalf, and that He has blotted out all our sins from the book of His remembrance.

“Once, in vain, this peace we sought,
From the law, but found it not;
We at length to Cal’ry came,
Fill’d with sorrow, guilt, and shame.”

“Will our God this peace reveal,
When our heart and flesh shall fail?
Then we’ll sing in Jordan’s flood,
Sweet’s the peace that’s seal’d by blood.”

This is solid, real and vital peace: we are sealed up to the day of redemption, and soon shall we be in the immediate presence of our Lord: we shall see Him face to face, and live in endless fruition. How many here can take up the language of our text? We delight to call Jesus our Beloved, and it rejoices our heart that those who hear us should realise the same favours which we enjoy. We love to feel knitting of soul to the one household. It is sweet to meet with kindred spirits, and to contemplate that we dwell together in our peaceable habitation above the strife of tongues. It may truly be said concerning Jesus and His church, “In their death they were not divided:” and thus saith the Lord, “He that seeketh my life seeketh thy life: but with me thou shalt be in safeguard.”

There can be no division, no separation: in oneness with Him, we are beyond death, and we now live in resurrection glory and resurrection blessedness with Him. Isaiah saw Jehovah Jesus lifted up, but He was not without His people: "His train filled the temple;" and in the vision the Lord granted John in the Isle of Patmos, he saw a great multitude standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and singing loud Hallelujahs to Him that loved them, and washed them in His own blood. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." This we have realised in the earnest thereof, in the firstfruits. Some like looking forward into the future, but we like present realities. The Lord sometimes keeps us waiting and whispers, "My time is not yet come; but your time is always ready:" nevertheless, He has promised there shall be times of refreshing from His presence, and He has said there shall be "showers of blessing," and when He develops these favours, we exclaim with one of old, "All my times are in thy hand." Yes! times of sickness, times of health; times of darkness, times of clear shining; times to be in the valley, times to be on the mount; times to feel hunger and thirst, and times to feast at His table, and to slake our thirst at Jacob's well; times to mourn His absence, and times to banquet with the King; times to sink almost into despair, and times to rise even above heaven itself. Child of God, rest assured the Lord will lead you rightly, and when He causes you to realise His peace which passeth all understanding, are you not constrained to call Him by ten thousand endearing names, and is not the language of your heart, "O taste and see that the Lord is good?" May the Lord give you to feel, taste and handle of the word of life: may you see greater beauty and greater glory in Jesus, than you have ever seen before. You are in union oneness with Him who has marched through the territories of death, and who has brought the strongholds of sin and Satan to ruin; you are bound in the bundle of life with the Lord: He has removed all curse and all condemnation from you; and now, as the result, peace flows into your soul. "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing is come." "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains;" and He says; "O my dove in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." This is Love's description of Love's bride, and no matter how glorious her description may be of Him, His description of her is beyond it. His is an eternal mind, and He speaks of His church as He views her in Himself—clad in His divine array. We know not half her comeliness, but He declares that she

is "all fair," and we can say that our Beloved is the "chiefest among ten thousand;" and when we shall leave the stage of time, we shall see our transcendently glorious Christ as He is; we shall admire His loveliness; we shall chant His praises; and we shall sing of His worth throughout an eternal day.

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

SPIRITUAL LEADINGS & PROFITABLE DEALINGS.

"He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known."

The fact is, folly is so tightly bound in the heart of a child that it requires the repeated use of the rod—of love, not anger—to drive it out, and the Lord does not intend to spoil His child by sparing the rod. He will see to it that wholesome discipline shall be dealt out, and He will not spare for our crying. When the chastening has had the desired effect, He is pleased to say, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving kindness, have I drawn thee" away from creature props and time resources. The Lord well knows *how* to lead and *where* to lead each of His children. He will not allow one of them to run alone. He will support them with His staff and correct them with His rod. And has He not a right to do so? The wicked are allowed to run wild; suffered, apparently, to have their own way; but it is not so with living children. These are led in a thorny path, along a rough road; but they are led by their God and Saviour. How much better to be led through a rough way by a real friend, than through a smooth path-way by a sworn enemy! Let the wicked prosper here, his prosperity will terminate in death; but not so the Lord's tried children. They have sorrow here, but joy hereafter. They have trouble and turmoil here, but everlasting bliss and blessedness by and bye. They often sigh deeply and groan heavily, weep bitterly and mourn dreadfully, and yet they can join the poet in singing,

"Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes,
Above your highest mirth,
Our saddest hours we prize:
Although our cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

The Lord's people would not get on without plenty of trouble; therefore the Lord lovingly and wisely leads them in paths that they have not known. The furnace and the flood are not pleasant spots to the flesh, but they are most profitable to the soul. If the natu-

ral body be not crucified, the spiritual body does not rise. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body; but that which is first, and would be most important, is not spiritual but natural; afterward that which is spiritual. This we find true daily in experience. But the Lord makes the first (flesh) last, and the last (spirit) first; for Christ must increase, but the flesh must decrease. Our Martha nature is cumbered about much serving, but it cannot get the Lord's consent for our Mary nature to help it. No; for that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Mary sits still in the house until the message arrives, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee:" then she rises and is hastily off. Hence she is obedient to His call. Had the whole world called for her, there would have been no movement; but a message from her beloved Lord had the desired effect. Thrice-highly favored Mary! "One thing is needful," says our blessed Jesus, "and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

The wicked have their portion in this life, which is natural; but the Lord's blood-bought children have their portion in the other, which is spiritual. The portion of the former is of but short duration, but that of the latter is for ever and ever. Which is the best portion? Who covets his fading transitory portion? Shall a child of God? Banish the thought. Why should he wish the worldling's lot?

"Jacob's portion is the Lord,
What can Jacob more require?
What can heaven more afford,
Or a creature more desire?"

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him." What a portion! What an inheritance! What a possession! Who can rob us of it? Who can dispute our right to it? "He that believeth, hath the witness in himself:" and He who is the witness of the portion is the portion itself; for Christ, our own Beloved, is called the true and faithful witness: and can we not joyfully sing, "This God is our God for ever and ever!" He is not our God by fits and starts; but what the poet sings of Him is most graciously true:

"The mountains from their seats may start,
And sink beneath the sea,
But such th' affections of His heart,
He hates to put away."

"He that hath the bride, is the Bridegroom," and He cannot hate His own flesh, He cannot despise His own body, and He will never write her a bill of divorcement. Why? He loves her too well.

His love of her is perfect and eternal. It cannot increase in warmth or diminish in fervor. Hence what dear Hawker says is most sweetly true:

"He cannot love her more,
Nor will He love her less."

Why?

"In loving her Himself He loves;" for "they are no more twain, but one flesh." Can it be true that we are so one with Jesus, so united to our Lord, that we cannot be seen in distinctiveness, viewed in any separatedness? It is gloriously true, most blessedly real. Let the Lord Himself decide the matter. What does He say to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God?

"And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." Hence, according to our own Beloved's heart-expression, we are as unalterably one with Him and in Him as He Himself is one in and with the Father. Oh, glorious union! Oh, blessed relationship! Oh, indissoluble oneness! Intervening clouds may often cast their dark shadows upon our spirits, but it requires something more than either clouds or their shadows to make twain those made one by the Lord. Tribulation in the world, bodily or relative affliction, may frequently cause us to go mourning without the sun, but they must all eternally fail to separate those joined together by the Lord. The longest and darkest night, the roughest and severest tempest, shall fail to prove sons aliens, children bastards. Indeed, what Kent sings is sweetly real:

"What from Christ that soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands!
Once in Him in Him for ever,
Thus th'eternal cov'nant stands:
None shall pluck thee
From the "Strength of Israel's" hands!"

Christ is the "strength of Israel" and Israel's only strength, and when we have no strength shut up or left, it is then that we prove that the "strength of Israel will not lie." He is the faithful God, the keeper of Israel who never slumbers, never sleeps. He is the great and good shepherd, who gives unto His sheep eternal life, and says of each and all of them, "They shall never perish." How can they perish when He Himself is their life and preservation? The roaring lion would like to devour them, the dog of hell would be pleased to bite them; but

"I know my sheep, He cries,
My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell."

Whatever the Lord's children may be called upon to pass through, however much trial, temptation, or affliction they may have to endure, nothing can interfere with their lofty standing in Jesus, and nothing can change His thoughts of love and peace toward them. "He is in one mind, and none can turn Him" against His people, and nothing can deter Him from loving and blessing them. Child of God,

"He'll love thee, and bless thee, and rest in His love."

The great adversary of your soul's everlasting well being may harass, tease, torment, worry, and perplex you: He may try to make you have hard thoughts of your God, and cause you to fret against the Lord, but you will live long enough to prove, by happy experience, that all your hard thoughts of your best and unchanging Friend were unfounded. You will again and again prove that your blessed Beloved has ever your best interest at heart and continually chooses for you the very pathway and circumstances most conducive to your health of soul and real joy of heart. Love and wisdom are inwrought in all the Lord's leadings and guidings. However contrary things may appear, however perplexing they may grow, and however much worried and exercised you may be, rest assured,

"'Tis the right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough."

For a moment look back and try and remember the troubles that you have been brought through. Has the Lord ever failed you or forsaken you? Has He ever been a barren wilderness or dry desert to you? Has He not, rather, made your wilderness blossom like Eden, and your desert like the garden of the Lord? Has He not frequently been in your heart a well of living water? Has He not often been cold waters to your thirsty soul? Again and again, has He not said in power, if not in words, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away?"

"Let nothing felt or feared within
Thy trembling soul dismay:
From self, from slavish fear, and sin,
My fair one, come away."

Have you not then responded to the power felt, the love realised, the peace enjoyed, the companionship experienced, and said, "The voice of my Beloved?" Has there been any darkness left? Have you had one desire ungranted? Has He not renewed His work in your soul? made it over again in your heart? Has there been any trouble at all left? Would you have had one thing altered? Have you not admired the wisdom, adored the love, and extolled the goodness of your covenant God in all His leadings and dealings? Have you not told Him that none were ever so favoured as you,

blest as you, cared for as you, watched over as you, and treated so kindly and mercifully as you? Has it not been your privilege to praise Him, with a warm heart and free spirit? Have you not felt, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord?" Could you not then say, with all your heart and soul, mind and spirit,

" 'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
At thy dear feet to lie,
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly?"

Well, then, if all that we have said, and much more that time would fail us to mention, be true, what cause have you to *now* doubt your best Friend, your only Beloved? Can He not appear *now* as then? Can He not deliver *now* as then? Will He not prove Himself as faithful *now* as then? Is He *now* less Almighty? Can He *now* be less loving, less gracious? Is He *now* at a loss for means? Is not the whole machinery of nature under His easy management and all-wise control? Are not the entire means of grace at His present disposal? Are not all beings and things under His bidding? Must not all obey His nod? Can eternal Love grow cold? Can divine Faithfulness be indifferent? Will your only Friend and Brother refuse to interfere, fail to interpose? Can He neglect you at this trying moment? Is it possible for Him to turn His ear from you, and harden His heart against you? Is not the poet, rather, right in saying,

" Whenever His children have need,
His goodness will find out a way?"

Yes, indeed, beloved one, it shall. He is not put into a corner, if you be. He knows the way that you take, and He knows what He intends to do. Be assured,

" The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

When He shall have appeared gloriously for your help, when He shall have delivered you fully out of your present trouble, how you will admire and adore His love and wisdom in arranging the whole matter. You will see the needs be for all the trial, the necessity for the extra heat of the furnace. Indeed, from the very core of your inner heart you will joyfully say,

" I know, in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all things well."

We do not think that Daniel ever had cause to regret visiting the lion's den; for, no doubt, it was none other than the house of God

and the very gate of heaven. The lions were there, it is true; but there was one Lion who could keep them all at bay. His enemies were all around him, but His God was in the midst. The presence and companionship of his beloved Lord made the lions look like lambs in his view. They were all harmless, and why? The great lion Tamer was there. He closed, with ease, their terrible jaws. He subdued, at pleasure, their natural voracity. But was Daniel favored with the company of his beloved Lord and ignorant of the glorious fact? Could he see those usually infuriated beasts of prey as harmless as infants and as tame as lambs and be at a loss to account for the strange phenomenon? Impossible. He knew, well knew, that the Lord alone could produce safety in the midst of such apparent danger. But it was not only the fact of the power of the Lord in subduing those terrible forest rangers, it was the presence of the Lord, in heart-realisation and soul enjoyment, that delighted his mind. As a creature, he might admire the Power that bound the beast; but as a sinner saved by grace, he could adore the Person of His beloved Lord who thought not the lion's den too mean a place in which to meet His child. Beloved, Daniel's God is your God. Neither nearer to Him nor dearer to Him was the Prophet than are you. "Believest thou this?" Are you now similarly placed? He will send His Angel and shut the lion's mouth in your case as well as in that of Daniel's.

You're safe in Him when dangers press,
When beasts of prey around you roar:
They cannot harm; they may distress:
The Lord will see they do no more.

Perhaps, however, beloved one, instead of being in the lion's den you are in the furnace heated seven times hotter than usual. Be it so. Were not the three Hebrew children in the same position? Had they cause to regret it? Did it not prove a wealthy place to them? Was it not a communion-place to them? Were they in the furnace and their Lord in heaven? Could they be in the fiery flame alone? Had they not the presence of the Fourth with them? Did they feel the extra heat of the fire? Was not the inward fire of love hotter than the outward fire of anger? Were they not blessedly shielded and shaded by Him who was a wall of fire round about them and the glory in the midst of them? What did they lose in the fire? Their bonds for one thing. What more? Themselves for the next thing. They were favored to have the presence-power and communion-power of their beloved Lord. What more did they need? What else could they desire? But were they more favored than are you? Can you not testify of the same treatment? Have you not realised the fulness and the sweetness of this dear love-promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with

thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee ?" What more can He say ? Can such a glorious promise from so gracious a God fall to the ground ? Is it possible for Him to nullify His Word ? Can He break His oath ? Have not the heirs of promise cause for strong consolation ?

"Sooner all nature shall change
Than one of His promises fail."

EDITOR.

SPIRITUAL RECIPROCITY.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED,—In the dear one-ness that we have in our precious Christ, and in His love, I come to you, most affectionately to enquire how you are.

My heart has been sensibly touched to-day in hearing from Mrs. L. that your health was much failing. I have had sweet communion with you in Him and of Him whom our souls love. You are blessedly led into the mystery of His Person, and the sweet secrets of union and oneness which are marrow and fatness to my soul. There is a certain something in this subject which I seldom hear so fully as I desire. I well remember my delight and astonishment when I first heard from your lips those dear secrets which God alone had poured into my heart, and how often since then has He, by your means, refreshed my spirit. But can I wish to hold you from the sight of Jesus face-to-face ? No, indeed, I cannot, though I shall deeply and tenderly feel the separating pang whenever you shall be called to leave the lower house. How often are the sensibilities of our nature a source of suffering, and yet the Lord has constituted us with them. Well, when we suffer according to His will, we have One who can sympathise ; for Jesus wept at the grave of His friend Lazarus. Oh, precious Brother born for adversity ! We need not fear strippings and tossings, for Thou wilt sustain and fill up all the void.

"How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee ?"

I thank you much for your last dear letter. They are all of the same tone—"no man save Jesus only." He is the one object and subject, and we are in Him, and He says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you : continue ye in my love ;" and, "The Father hath loved you as He hath loved me." Ah ! beloved, you may well joy in God, as you say, through the many changes that take place in outward things, and believe that His

love runs unchanged through them all. This is pure language, and with one heart and one mouth it is glorifying God. Thus your peace flows as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea, in Him who is our peace, and "the Lord our righteousness." The Lord does not let you wander from His commandment which is life everlasting in Christ Jesus who says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." He is our life, and happy are we when we forsake all, and hate our own life also, for His sake. This we cheerfully do when He says, "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him."

What a dear verse is that in Eph. iv. 15: "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ." I have found much honey in this portion, and believe that there is yet a deep and dew couching beneath which I have not reached. I would be hearkening in Him for more of His sweet words, revealing that oneness which constitutes my heart's delight. I have had quite a lift in this way in two or three interviews with Mr. W. who preaches at Margate. He has been two Sabbaths preaching in our Sion. He is only twenty-seven years of age, and how amazed and delighted I was to find him knowing the dear secret of union, and speaking so much the pure language. His name is Arthur, and some have given him the appellation of "Young Arthur," in reference to you. I do feel at home when I can hear the sound blown over the sacrifice.

I have heard this week that Mr. S., who is in the Asylum, has written a very precious letter to a friend, and that he is in a very blessed state of mind. "Truly God is good to Israel" in all places and in all cases, and very soon it will be a matter of no importance in what outward circumstances we passed our pilgrimage; for eternal rest in the bosom of Jesus will be a full reward of the Lord God of Israel who gave us to our heavenly Boaz, and ordained that we should find rest in the house of our Husband, and only there. I have been thinking that the cords of love alone drew Ruth out of the land of Moab, even a secret union to Boaz which she then knew nothing of; but when it was discovered, how it swept away the sorrows of her widowhood and poverty!

Though the Lord has set darkness in your paths, you are light in Him, and He is a light in you and about you. I feel very much sympathy with you in the things which have befallen you; but how precious to remember that the Lord stands by you, and says, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I:" and how you can see His footprints in the thorny way, expressed in this dear portion: "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine own

acquaintance into darkness." Ah! He had the bitterest of all our bitters, whilst His love sweetens all to us.

Do excuse this poor and hasty line of sympathy, as being of the same body. "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." At times I have thought that some members are nearer to each other than are others. With some there seems such an easy access, and such sweet communion; but, with others, there appears no interchange of spirit or response of soul. Perhaps you will think me childish. "The Lord Jesus be with thy spirit."

With kindest love to dear Mrs. T., your's ever affectionately,
RUTH.

A SERMON.

(Continued from page 160.)

We will now look at that sweet Gospel chapter the seventh of Romans. Perhaps there are many of you here who have known the love of God for years, and you have sometimes thought that God's love has been manifested in a very peculiar way, as though God and His love were working against you. Ah! saith Moses, "He will love thee." God loved us before we had life, God loves us while we live, and God will love us when we shall die; and I believe that we shall not go down to the grave alone. I believe that our precious Lord will go down with us. He will change this vile body, and fashion it like unto His glorious body, according to the working of His mighty power, whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.

"He will love thee." Where will you find creatures, except ourselves, that could exceed in rebellion the children of God that Moses was talking to? If Moses had appointed hundreds of class leaders, or had sent out a whole host of missionaries among them, they would not have effected anything at all. They might have made them a little calm, but they would have been as rebellious against Moses and Aaron as ever, and as equally willing to stone them, saying, "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt! or would God we had died in the wilderness.....And they said one to another, Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt." Here we have human nature manifested; and if you know anything of the plague of your own heart, you will not have one stone to cast at a rebellious Israelite; and yet, remember, God's love was set upon them. God help us to think of it amidst all that is going on. He will love thee, and bless thee. I must speak it out, and some will understand what I mean: if I had no

more blessing or blessedness than I ask the Lord for, it would be a scanty thing with a witness; but He loadeth us with benefits: He opens the windows of heaven and pours us down a blessing. Sometimes there is a little gratitude, and sometimes a few words of thanks; but nine times out of ten we are as unthankful as unthankfulness can be. "Well," say you, "that is just like me." I am glad that you feel it. I have not been able to look away from or to forget the great differences that there are in the feelings of God's children. "Yes," say you, "sometimes I feel as though I were face-to-face with Him, and at other times my mind has not been out of the room; I have had no access to vent out the heart in praise and thanksgiving, but have been feelingly shut up, without any coming forth, even for a whole week at a time." Bless Him, He will love thee, He will bless thee, and thou shalt be blest above all people. And these people named in our text are the people that the Lord says "shall come and sing in the heights of Zion."

But I find that the time is running on fast, and perhaps you may not feel in your seats what I feel here. Mark down a mercy or two more why they must come, why they shall come, and why nothing can hinder them from coming. Just take a view of it. We read of one child that the devil had in possession; he tore him, he rended him, and it appears he would have gladly killed him if he could. The Lord has had the account handed down so sweetly, and so encouragingly! "While he was coming." There may be some poor child here coming, and every possible thing may be placed in his way, and Satan bringing up to view his badness and the greatness of his sins. "Ah!" say you, "I often get a lecture from him." He will never injure you.

"While he was coming, the devil threw him down." Methinks I can hear some of you saying, "That is true, but he did not keep him down." It is one thing to fall by temptation, and another thing to fall into temptation. So in this case. The devil threw him down for the Lord to lift him up. Do you understand these secrets? They are only known by God's church. There are thousands of mimics, and thousands who speculate on these things, but God's children alone know them in the heart.

Sing, my soul, O! sing of Jesus,
Triumph in redeeming love:
Vent thy swelling joys and praise Him
Who hath made thy peace with God:
Glorious mercy,
One with Jesus Christ the Lord!

Friend and Brother is my Jesus:
Oh, how sweet this truth to me!
And His love is ever constant,
Never changing, always free:
Dear relation!—
Members of His flesh and bones.

WORLDLY SUBSTANCE GONE BUT HEAVENLY COME

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I received a few days since three copies of the **WITNESS**. I am delighted with their contents. It is something that I have been longing to obtain. Lately I have been so wonderfully favored by my gracious God in Christ, that the world has lost its charms to me, and nothing will now do but a precious Lord Jesus. I am now feeding upon Him that blessed Bread which came down from heaven. Oh, how sweet, how soul-satisfying, is the good old wine of the kingdom! Many and many a sip have I had, but never so much as lately. I have entered into rest. Resting in the bosom of my Beloved, and hearing the sweet whispers of His love, I can happily walk through this vale of tears. What a sweet and precious Lord Jesus He is! How shall I speak His worth! How shall I be able to sound aloud His praise! Join with me, my beloved brother, in exalting His great name. You know me not, and yet I know you well. I have never seen you, never heard your voice, and yet are we not as well known to each other as though we had met a hundred times? Do we not know that our "names are written in heaven?" Do we not "know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren?"

"Are you sure that you are not deceived?"

Yes, brother.

"Many have spoken in very exalted strains of the love of Christ, and have known nothing vitally and experimentally of the matter."

Granted. Brother, I have not learned these glorious truths as a schoolboy learns his task. No. They have been revealed to me by that glorious Teacher, the blessed Comforter! Years ago, although in Christ, I was barren, cold, worldly, &c., hoping to "get on the world;" but the dear Lord blasted my hopes, frustrated my schemes, and brought me almost to my wit's end * * * * *

Well, brother, when my troubles began to come on, thick and fast, the dear Lord began to arouse me from my stupor; so that, like Jonah, I was compelled to look again toward His holy temple.

There was no rest for me in the world, my earthly prospects being blighted. In this state I came again to Him, and, bless His dear name, He encouraged me; for He drew me with the tenderest cords of love. I thirsted for Him—for His power, His presence, His love, to be shed abroad in my heart. None but Jesus would do for me *then*, and nothing but Jesus will satisfy me *now*. However, He did not at once grant the desire of my longing soul: but I went about day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year; and now I have found Him. Praise to His great and adorable name! He has satisfied the longing soul, and

filled the hungry soul with good things, even with the finest of the wheat. Yea, Himself draws nigh, and feeds my soul with His own flesh and blood, and now He is all my song. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

I have now such a sweet assurance that heaven is my home, that Christ is mine and that I am His! I am on the look out for this faith to be tried; for I have found that my path is tried almost every inch of the way. My mountain will perhaps sink, and I may probably fear that this is all fleshly. I am sometimes dreadfully tempted with Atheistical thoughts. The enemy comes in like a flood; but the blessed Spirit again and again lifts up the standard against him.

I am, dear brother, your's in the securest covenant,

H. F. GARDNER.

Bampton, Farringdon.

THE CHURCH SPOTLESS.

The Lord says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Does He mean it? Most assuredly. If the Church, the Bride, be "all fair" in the eyes of Purity, why should she so continually be mourning her depravity and corruption? If she be all fair, she must be perfection itself. Indeed she is called the "perfection of beauty" by the Lord Himself (Psalm L. 2.); and the Lord also says that "the King's daughter is all-glorious within;" so that it is utterly impossible to add to her perfection. We also read of Christ, "the Head of the body the Church," presenting it "to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." Hence says the Holy Ghost by Paul, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" or "who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" There can be no charges made, and no separation can take place. All charges have been met by the Head for body, by the Husband for the married wife; and the union is so complete and lasting, that eternity itself shall fail to see a separation.

"Once in Him, in Him for ever."

Child of God, you are a member of this perfect body, this spotless Church, this all fair bride, and you are now and for ever living in lasting union to it, and full perfection in it. Christ is as much your Head, your Husband, your Lord, your near Kinsman, your Friend, your Brother, and ever-dear Beloved, as He is of the Church in one grand whole. Do you question this? Why should you? Have

you any real cause so to do? Are you not as much beloved by Him as those who are now glorified? There can be no difference whatever.

"The Church below, and Church above,
But one communion make."

Have you not felt whispers of His love? Has He not endeared Himself to your soul? Has He not again and again refreshed your spirit? Have you not been constrained by love to esteem Him as "the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, the altogether lovely?" Can you not feelingly say,

Christ is all the bliss of heaven,
Christ is all the joy of earth,
Jesus is our precious leaven,
Jesus is our wealth and worth :
None but Jesus
Can to us true bliss afford.

Sweeter to us far than honey,
He the fairest of the fair ;
Bought without our legal money ;
He the Father's Son and Heir :
Precious Jesus,
We in Thee now glory share.

Whom have we in heaven but Jesus?
Whom on earth beside our Lord !
Nothing short can ever please us ;

He alone can peace afford :
Dearest Kinsman,
Saviour, Husband, Brother, Lord.

Thou art precious to our spirit ;
Without Christ we are undone :
In our Lord we all inherit ;
With our Jesus we are one :
Sacred union,
Binds the Father to the Son.

Let us praise Thee, Lord, for ever ;
Bid us shout aloud for joy :
Oh, our Jesus, may we never
Cease this happy, blest employ !
Hallelujah !
Bless the Lord for evermore.

A. W.

CHRIST THE OBJECT OF PURSUIT.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—“Mercy unto you, and peace and love, be multiplied.” How true it is that our all-glorious Lord has the key of the banqueting-house in His hand! He opens, and none can shut; He shuts, and none can open: and we do indeed find that when our Bridegroom is absent, we are compelled to fast. Disquietude and gloom then prevail, and, as you most truthfully express it, “nothing but chaotic darkness is felt within.” He hides His face, and we are troubled; still we remember the days of old, and with David, we are constrained to say, “As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?” Well, He has said—O thrice blessed words! —“I will come again;” and I take them to mean not merely when He shall call us hence, but *now*, in the manifestations of His love; *now*, when He extends peace like a river; *now*, when He turns our captivity and enables us to sing His song (Isa. v. i.) though in a strange land. Yes, we love *present* possession, *present* participation. It is

heaven to dwell in His embrace, it is heaven to realize His presence, it is heaven to enjoy communion and fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. I believe but very few can take up the language of the two disciples who journeyed to Emmaus: "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" These are secrets but little known; these are themes but little dwelt upon; these are glories but little realised; these are precious truths but little enjoyed; but when these eternal realities are revealed and brought home by the Spirit with living power, the heart is warmed, the soul is fired, and we long for the moment when, standing on Jordan's brink, we shall wait to hear that Voice, which now cheers and enlivens us, whisper, "Come up higher." "A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry;" and, methinks, we shall not wish to abide any longer in the vale when He shall beckon us away, when He shall come to escort us home (John xiv. 3). Now oftentimes we feel on the wing, and we long to soar away: we forget ourselves, and, as you say, "lose all relation to Adam the first, and swim in the ocean of bottomless love," finding it to be an expanse which can never be passed over, or fully explored. But a few more trials and afflictions, a few more temptations and trying dispensations, and what will it be? Endless fruition! Eternal glory! Everlasting bliss! Oh, what a destiny! What a glorious future!

"Whilst everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast our soul;
And scenes of bliss, for ever new,
Rise in succession to our view.

O! sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity."

Are my thoughts stretching too far? Am I rising too high? It is only as the well of living water springs up that I can speak thus. I feel more and more wholly dependant upon the Lord; and day by day do I prove that without Him I can do nothing. I am only strong as He strengthens me; I can only rise above time-things as He raises me; and often, after sitting under His shadow with great delight, doubts will arise, and everything that I have experienced will be called in question. Still, the cry ascends, "Lord, were the joy and the peace that I realised vital? If so, O! grant me another token of Thy love, grant me a confirming word, grant me an assurance from Thine own lips that Christ is mine, and that I am His." It is worth going through a sea of trouble to get a moment's intercourse with Him who is all our salvation and all our desire. I think that our trials are diversified in order that we may lean exclusively upon the mighty God, and sigh out all our troubles and complaints into His ear. His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting, and His loving-kindness is better than life.

Whilst contemplating His surpassing goodness, I feel but an atom in creation; and it does seem wondrous that *that* Mighty God, who spake this world into being, and who upholds all things by the Word of His power, should condescend to commune with worms of the earth. Oh, for more thankfulness and real gratitude! Oh, to realise more continually the truth of those blessed words, "I am the Lord: I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." May He graciously grant us much of His presence, and may He often (as you blessedly word it) take us out of the world in a spiritual sense, that we may get into eternity, and be absent from the body in heart-realisation! We then lose sight of our deadness, darkness, and insufficiency, and we mount up with wings as eagles; we behold the Sun of Righteousness, and we are satisfied with "Jesus only." Blessed translation! Glorious transition! Well may we sing with Kent:

"O! glorious grace, mysterious plan,
Too great for angel minds to scan:
Our thoughts are lost, our numbers fail,
All hail, redeeming love, all hail!"

But I must finish my note. May the Lord bless you and Mrs. Wilcockson abundantly, and may you be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fulness of God!

Your's very affectionately,

E.

REAL EXPERIENCE,

Thorns and briars may wound the mind,
And sorrow grieve the heart,
But Christ we never prove unkind,
For He is always near to bind
The wound, and heal the smart.

A wrathful word, from friend or foe,
May rankle in the breast,
And fill us full of grief and woe,
That to our Lord we're bound to go
To get some peace and rest.

We often find a sudden gust
Of wind, contrary, blow;
Then, in a moment, we are thrust
Upon the ground, amid the dust,
And know not where to go.

But by and bye we hear and feel
A still small voice of love,
When, by the blessed Spirit's seal,
We prove the love of Christ so real,
The mind is rais'd above.

'Tis then we know that wind and tide
Are subject to His nod;
And not a foe can us deride,
Nor can a friend in anger chide,
But by the grant of God.

Rest then upon Him, O my soul,
Whatever be thy lot!
When tempests rise, and billows roll,
He has them under His control;
He'll see they harm thee not.

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God."—2 Thess. iii 5.

Now every living child of God desires this above all things. O! to be directed into the love of our gracious and glorious Lord. There is something very wondrous and very comprehensive here. We know what it is to realise His love shed abroad in our hearts; we know what it is to have tastes of His love, droppings of His love, sips of the brook by the way, and intimations of His loving-kindness and tender mercy: we have many times enjoyed the first-fruits of the eternal harvest; the earnest, the antepast, of what we shall one day fully take possession of; but there is somewhat in the words of our text infinitely beyond these foretastes, glorious though they be. Here we have not only the drops, but the cause itself; as though the Holy Ghost by Paul would say to those whom he addressed, My desire for you is that your hearts may be directed—or guided—into the ocean of Jehovah's love, into His very heart of love. The streams of His love, the showers of His love, the rivulets of His love, the droppings of His love, the drawings and the constrainings of His love, are most precious blessings; but how transcendently glorious is it to get to the fountain of love, to the rise of love, to the source of love, to the height of love,—ah, to get to the everlasting ocean of love, to the eternal river of love! Let the eternal Spirit direct our hearts into the gloriously full ocean to-night, and verify this portion in our experience, and we shall say in the language of the hymn,

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this."

Like Peter, when upon the mount of transfiguration, we shall exclaim, "Lord, it is good to be here." It is good to be where our Beloved is; and when He presences Himself in our midst, we feel that we have all and abound. How sweet is it to have the heart directed into His love, and to feel that we are settling down in love! how glorious is it to be rooted and grounded in love, and to be knit "together in love unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ; in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" and how blessed is it to be able to say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"! It seems that he, like Paul, in after days, lost sight of his life and of his living, for here he exults in the assurance that his Christ lived; and what said the great apostle of the Gentiles? "To me to live is Christ." "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me:" as though he were perfectly contented that Jesus lived, well knowing that since He lived, he must live also in his membership, in his union-oneness, because joined to the Lord and one spirit. O! then shout aloud for joy, ye living children of God, Christ ever liveth, and we have a grace relationship with Him, and this is a bond of love, a relative tie, that sin cannot touch, Satan cannot break or destroy, and time cannot alter.

"The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God." Thus directed, thus guided, we are satisfied with love, we feel love in our souls, we enjoy love in our mind, we expand into the ocean of love, and enlarge into the source of love. O! I say, there is something couched in the words of our text far above tasting that the Lord is gracious, getting sips of love and intimations of His favor: it is realising the ocean of His love. You remember that in the vision which Ezekiel saw, the waters first reached the ankles, then the knees, then the loins, and after that it was a river that could not be passed over. O! glorious river of love: here he could swim, and how blessedly was his heart directed into it! We, too, have enjoyed the same free-grace mercies; and when pondering over His great love, wherewith He has loved us, the exceeding excellencies of His love, the blessedness of His love, the preciousness of His love, and when our minds have been directed into this love, we have felt an atmosphere of love around us, and we have swam in the ocean thereof. Love has seemed to envelop us and to enclose us; yea, to be in us and we have been lost in love, blood, and salvation. The changing things of time have been beneath us; we have been in the embrace of love, we have stood upon the foundation of love, we have sat at love's table, and partaken of love's provision, and His banner over us has been love. This is living experience,

and I delight in this kind of experience, for it is purely spiritual : and, child of God, if the Lord direct your heart into His love, your experience will be most blessed and most precious, and the effect will be that you will forget all your own experience. We love to lose sight of ourselves, and to remember the goodness of our God : we love to feel that He is with us, and that He is guiding us with His eye. Many troubles have we in the flesh, many corruptions rise within, and many temptations we pass through : often is there a burden on the mind, and we know not what to do : the Lord leads us through a rough path, and in an intricate road, and many difficulties and perplexities attend us ; but how sweet is it to fly away from these things ! What do we go to the house of God for ? Is it not to forget the wilderness journey, and to experience God's love, to share His blessing, to enjoy His favor, to realise His smiles, and to feel that peace, passing all understanding ? Is it not to forget our every day's experience, and to lose ourselves in the ocean of God's love, in the river of His love, in the source of His love ? Is it not to rise above time-cares, and to sit down under the tree of love ? We know that we are wayward children, and lost and ruined sinners in union to a natural head, but we want to realise an antidote to this, and if we see Jesus, we forget our own image in oneness with Adam earthy, we lose sight of our likeness there, our character there, our baseness and low original there, and we glory in our high pedigree, in our exalted standing in Jesus : we bear the likeness of Christ : "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory," and we realise that by virtue of relationship with Him, union to Him, "as He is, so are we in this world." It is written, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself took part of the same," plainly showing that they were His children before they partook of flesh and blood, and that their partaking of flesh and blood did not constitute them sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. As they stand in union to a nature head, they are not His members ; this relation has nothing to do with their childship, sonship, and heirship ; for they "were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," created in righteousness and true holiness : and because they were always His household, His family circle, His sheep, His portion, He came down to redeem them. Had it not been for this indissoluble bond, He never would have saved them, and ransomed them from the hand of him that was stronger than were they : but "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day, when I make up my jewels." Has He made them up ? Yes ! bless His precious name, and bright and sparkling gems are they in His crown, and the language of His heart to His Bride is, "Thou shalt be for

me, and not for man, so will I also be for thee." Child of God, may the Lord direct your heart into His love, may He raise your noble mind above earth's baubles, and may you realise that there is nothing but love in His heart toward you. We love to feel the free flowings of His love; we delight in the droppings thereof; but here we find His love to be a boundless ocean. When He grants us a taste of His mercy, we enjoy it; but presently the sweetness passes away, and the blessedness and the glory recede, but O! when He directs our heart into His love, we realise it to be a mighty abyss, a glorious rolling expanse, and we swim in the river of His pleasures wherein can go no galley with oars, neither can gallant ships pass thereby. The glorious Lord is unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, and in these waters we sink without the possibility of being drowned. His love inundates us, His love overwhelms us; and how wondrous is it that worms of earth, creatures of a day, should be allowed to bathe here! We are less than nothing and vanity; we never merited this great blessing, never deserved this special mercy, this signal favor, but many times has the Lord manifested His glory to us, and beamed upon our immortal mind: He has brought us to His footstool, and given us to see that although we change from day to day, and from hour to hour, there can be no change in Him, no alteration in His affection, no suspension in His thoughts of peace toward us. May the eternal Spirit direct you, beloved, into the love of God! Unless He direct and guide you, you cannot enter His heart; for He alone can show you the way into the holiest of all. How can you enjoy His love, and swim in this ocean, unless He lead you? It is impossible. His love is a glorious and blissful expanse, and in this fountain of love we delight to dwell, to rest, and to abide: here, in the place of drawing water, far remote from the noise of archers, we rehearse the righteous acts of our covenant God, speak of the glory of His kingdom, and talk of His power; and when He constrains us to come to this retreat, when He beckons us into the inner court of the King's palace, we give Him the praise and the honour due unto His name, and we say, "He brought me to the banqueting house;" He directed me into the love of God; He softened my heart; He enlarged my soul; and He enkindled a flame of love and a fire of holy desire within. Only living sons and daughters of the Lord know anything of being directed into the love of God, and never should we have realised His love, never felt the sweetness of His companionship, and never enjoyed His blessed presence, had it not been for covenant relationship. "Well," say you, "I cannot say I have never had a drop of His love, a little of His wondrous peace, a gleam of His glory, but these precious things have seemed to pass away; or, rather, the sweetness I have at times

realised has gone, and the language of my heart is,

"And is my name enroll'd?
Do thou my soul assure :
Am I within that fold,
Which Jesus keeps secure?"

Well, child of God, may the Lord direct your heart into His love! This will assure you, this will confirm you; and if He grant you this free grace favour, you will know that the fold is composed of love. "I, saith the Jehovah, will be unto her—the church—a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her:" and if He graciously direct you into the fountain-fulness of His love, you will be satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord, and you will not like to come back again into time. "What do you mean," say you, "by this expression?" Why, that if you realise the Lord's manifested presence, you will get into eternity, and that to return to time after this delightful transition, will be most distasteful to the new man. When the Holy Spirit directs our hearts into the love of God, we rise above Adam the first, and we bear the image of the Second Man, the Lord from heaven: the glory of the upper world beams upon our enraptured souls, and what the redeemed host now enjoy before the throne, we enjoy in part, in measure. They realise fully the river of His love, but we have copious draughts therefrom, and we bless and praise the name of our gracious God. O! how unmindful are we of His goodness, and what hard thoughts have we of our Beloved: we are wayward and rebellious, and our minds are circumscribed and contracted, but when the Lord reveals Himself to us, we see that His heart is pure love, yea, that He is all love; we behold only smiles upon His lovely face; we dwell in His sight, and walk under His sunshine, and live in His embrace. Ah! say we, now we realise His love, enjoy His mercy, feel His blest intwinings, but still His eye was upon us when we were in darkness: His heart was moving toward us then. He changeth not, and there is neither wrath nor anger on His brow: only complacency and delight are visible in His countenance, and we know that He is eternally satisfied and pleased with us. "O! but," say you, "we are sinners in union to a natural head." Yes! and were we not sinners, we should not be suitable for our glorious Christ, for our Kinsman-Redeemer who is the High Priest of our profession. He it is who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way, and yet these only are in the way. In a qualified sense they are out of the way; that is, they are out of the way feelingly, experimentally; but they are not out of the way really, truly, vitally. They think they are out of the way, they fear they are out of the way, and Satan tells them they

are wholly out of the way, and he likewise insinuates that they never will get into the right way; but he is the father of lies; and although in their feelings, and according to the enemy's suggestions, they may appear to be wholly out of God's secret, yet to these the Lord will manifest His favor, display the riches of His grace, and say, in accents sweet, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come; and the glory of the Jehovah is risen upon thee." Then they will rise above all these accusations, and bathe in the river of eternal delights, launch out into the ocean of Jehovah's favor, and get into the glorious abyss of His changeless and bottomless love. There is no fury in His heart, no anger there; and when He directs us into His love, we see at once that He regards us as His sons and daughters, and looks upon us as all fair and comely. We are not spotless in our own sight, and this is right; but in His view we are as pure and as blameless as are the flaming seraphs round the throne. O! to be directed into the love of God: we then discover that the Lord has no claim upon us because Jesus has expiated our every offence by blood divine, and has put away our sins by His one atoning sacrifice. He has magnified the law and made it honorable, and now we are out of debt and everlastingly out of danger: no sword of justice can touch us, for it has been sheathed in the bleeding heart of our Beloved; and when the Holy Ghost leads our minds into the sweetness of these truths, and gives us to see that Christ was eternally our Surety, our Substitute, our responsible Head, we realise that in Him we are wholly acquitted, in Him perfect and complete. We dwell in safety in Him: all our comeliness, our beauty, our rectitude, and our glory are exclusively in our Head, and it is because we are in living oneness with Him that we are pronounced "all fair."

"No claims can law or justice crave,
From Jesu's mystic Bride;
Full payment to the law He gave,
When for her sins He died."

"When justice whet its glittering sword,
It found His bosom bare."

These are the precious realities we love, and these are the truths we realise and enjoy under the powerful ministration of the eternal Spirit; and when He directs our hearts into the love of God, our faces shine, our souls leap for joy, we magnify the Lord, and our spirits rejoice in God our Saviour. O! the wonders of His grace. "Ah," says one, "if the Lord would but direct my heart into His love, I should be contented, but I feel as far from Him as the east is from the west, as far distant from my Bridegroom as are the two poles. O! that He would constrain me by power divine, and direct my wandering heart. O! that He would guide me, and

teach me, and instruct me, and tell me that He has redeemed me, and ransomed me. I long to enjoy His love, and to plunge into that fountain which is opened for sin and for uncleanness: I want to bathe there, and to feel that I am clothed with His spotless righteousness. If He would grant me these requests, I would praise His name all day long, and take my harp from the willows, and

'Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.'

Ah! child of God, nothing is half so glorious as being directed into the love of God, into the source, the ocean thereof. Jesus said to His righteous Father, when speaking of His members, "Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved me * * * * * for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world;" and He moreover adds, "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." This is indeed having the heart directed into the love of God, and, as I said before, this is far more glorious than having the love of God shed abroad in the heart. O! to get into this pure atmosphere, to be founded on His eternal love, built up, established, rooted, grounded, settled on love. Love is our foundation, our solid basis, our robe, our provision, and it is in this robe of love we sit down at His table and hear Him say, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Well," says one, "I am not sure that I belong to the Lord; I am not certain that I am His child." Then if you be not assured on this point of all points, is not the language of our text the very breathing of your soul? Do you not desire to be directed into the love of God? You know you cannot direct yourself into the ocean of His love, you cannot lift your soul upwards and heavenwards, but do you not long to hear the Lord's voice, saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away"? It is a common expression that man should lift up his heart to the Lord, but all God's people are taught sooner or later that they have no power whatever to raise one thought God-ward, and they often feel that they are like the fool's eyes, wandering up and down in the earth. The Lord shows them their own creature insufficiency, their emptiness, their helplessness, and unless He direct the mind into the right channel, not one thought can we wing toward the Lord, who is our eternal Beloved, our blessed Kinsman Redeemer. Unless He draw us, we cannot run; unless He raise us, we cannot mount, take the wings of the morning and rest in His embrace. He must pinion us with love, and raise us with His own Almighty power; and when invigorating and refreshing breezes come from the eternal

shore, when He bids us arise and shake ourselves from the dust, when He directs our hearts into the love of God, we instantly rise above time things and fly away from this dreary wilderness: we feel the warm rays of love, the enkindlings of love, the drawings of love; we then bless Him for love's acts and love's achievements, and we revel in this shoreless ocean. He will not send us empty away; He will not say, "Depart from me, I know you not;" He will not spurn us from His presence, or deny the work of His hands; and, child of God, if the Lord direct your heart into His love to-night, you will feel that it is a full and ever flowing river, and you will say you have had a glorious time of refreshing whilst sitting before the King of kings: you will acknowledge that your heart went out of time into eternity, you will feel that your joys and your Ishi's were mutual, and you will exclaim, my Christ belongs to me and I belong to Him. How blessed is it to be translated, transformed! How glorious to leave everything at the foot of the mount! O! dreary time, dreary desert, wretched wilderness world. When gazing on the King in His beauty we want not to return to earthly circumstances: how miserable is it to have to battle with the storms of life after feeling love around us and love within us! At such times how we long to fly away and to be eternally in the loved embrace of our glorious Beloved! "But," say you, "we have natural ties here and creature connections, and we are bound down to the circumstances around us." Then I would say to you, "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God." If He fulfil this portion in your experience, you will forget creatures and circumstances, and all your wilderness journeyings; you will cast your burden on the Lord, and every desire will be granted and every wish crowned; you will be satisfied with substance, and you will feel the encirclings of your best Friend. O! when He beckons us from time, when He draws us away from this dreary waste, we lose sight of the intricate pathway, and of the furnace and the flood through which we have been passing, and we see that the Lord cannot steel His heart against us, but that He loves us as much in the valley as on the mount, as much in the furnace as in the banqueting house. We never fully forget His favor when He directs our heart into His love: it has a lasting effect on the mind: we then discover that our names are enrolled in the Lamb's book of life, inscribed upon His heart of love, and we see that all spiritual blessings are treasured up in His fulness, that the winter of God's terrible anger has gone, and that with one great draught of love our glorious Christ drained hell dry: we forget our poverty and remember our misery no more: we drink full draughts of love, go up and down the river of His pleasures, feel that His heart is beating in love toward us, and taste that the Lord is gracious: He is

merciful and slow to anger, long suffering and of tender mercies. He oft-times grants us a reviving in the midst of our bondage, but it is seldom that He directs our hearts into the love of God. Ah! these are choice seasons, and they are few and far between. We often walk in darkness, having no clear shining, and we go mourning without the sun. The Lord seems to have gone a long journey, and to have left us no supplies: the sun is behind a dense cloud, and we long for Him to return and to chase away all mists and all gloom. We think the day of prosperity is short and the day of adversity is long; the morning without a cloud and the clear shining upon our favoured soul so short, and the dark night so long, and we say, When will He come again? When will He shine again? When will He manifest Himself again? When will He reveal to us afresh the abundance of peace and truth? "Why is His chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of His chariots?" Child of God, are these your feelings? We know these longings and pantings well: we know what these sacred emotions of the soul, these heart-breathings, are, and in the Lord's time He will come again and commune with you from above the mercy seat, and shine you up from self and sin to be entirely lost in Him. How glorious to have the heart directed into the love of God; not only *unto* it, but *into* it, into the ocean thereof; yea, into His very heart: nothing else will satisfy you, nothing else will content you. "No," say you, "this is just what I want; I often long for His coming, but He appears to turn a deaf ear to the voice of my cry; He seems not to regard my groans and my sighs; and when I think of my shortcomings, I am not surprised, but I am rather surprised that He should ever take knowledge of me, and ever drop one drop of His love into my heart, and shine upon me as brightly as He has. I cannot boast of swimming in the ocean of His love as some can, or of rising as high as some are privileged to soar, but I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, I know something of entering His heart of love, and I have felt it to be most blessed to wait upon Him when He has waited upon me. He is all my salvation and all my desire, and I am looking forward to the blessed moment when I shall see Him once and for ever, and never get back again into time; when all pains and all sorrows will be o'er, when all toil and all labour will be past, and when night shall be turned into one glorious day. These are the aspirations of my mind; these are the breathings of my soul." Well, child of God, He will come in His own blest time, and whether He see fit to keep you on this earth for ten, twenty, or even thirty years longer, it will be but a short time compared with an eternal day. "Our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The glorious God is your Father, Jesus is your

Brother born for adversity, the Holy Ghost is your Comforter, and when you shall leave the stage of time, you shall enjoy the same company as you do here. Here we realise the presence of Christ, and unless intimately acquainted with Jesus whilst in a tent of flesh, unless heavenly companionship be realised and something be known of communion with the church of the Firstborn which are written in heaven whilst below, how can any hope to wake up in His likeness hereafter! There will be no full fruition without the antepast; no full harvest without the first-fruits; no full refulgence without the earnest grace; but, rest assured, if the Lord grant manifestations of His favour here, developments of His mercy, openings and unfoldings of His covenant purpose in the time-state, it is a sure proof that the weight of glory is reserved.

May He direct your hearts into His love more and more; into His warm love, into His unchanging love, into His uncoolable love! may you enjoy it increasingly as you journey upward and homeward, and may you feel that soon you will realise everlasting glory, see Jesus face-to-face, sing His matchless praises for ever and ever, and crown Him Lord of all!

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

A LINE FROM JERSEY.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and your's, and with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth: and "what is truth?" "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." What was He yesterday? The eternal God. What is He to-day? The same, and He will remain unchanged to an eternal day. Who was it that walked on the sea and said to His disciples, "Fear not; it is I?" Jesus Christ our Refuge. Who was it that saved Peter from sinking in the deep? and who saved your soul and mine from going down into the pit of perdition? The same glorious Christ. Who was it that said to me about four years and a half ago, "Be not afraid?" The same precious Lord, and, blessed be His all-glorious name, He led me up into the "hill country," as He did Mary and Elizabeth in the days of old; and now I can say, with Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Here I am now upon the high mountains of Israel, feeding on God's eternal truth, for nothing else will satisfy my never-dying soul. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want" a drop of water in hell to cool my parched tongue. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and enables me to feed upon those pro-

mises which He has fulfilled in my soul. He leadeth me beside the still waters of His everlasting love, and says, "I am the Lord; I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." But I thought that I should be consumed before I heard His "still small voice." When He spake in love and mercy to my soul, I could join David in singing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." It was then that He put a new song into my mouth.

Oh, my brother, how I should like to be in Plymouth to join you in singing that sweet song of Kent's:

"Sav'd from the damning power of sin,
The law's tremendous curse,
We'll now the sacred song begin
Where God began with us."

What a mercy to know, without a doubt, to our own soul's joyful satisfaction, that Jesus died and rose again for us! Yes, my dear brother, He holds the keys of hell and of death. I am sure of this because He has delivered my soul from death and hell, and the Comforter, which He promised to send and teach us all things, has come, and He leads me over the field of God's eternal truth, and shows me the very promises which He has verified in my soul, and this is my daily bread. When we feed upon His Word, we eat His flesh; and when He fills us with His love, we drink His blood. He says, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." This is true transubstantiation which the Pope of Rome knows nothing about; "for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and give it to dogs." None but the elect and true children of God ever eat of this living bread which came down from heaven. But we can say, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."

From thy brother,

JOSEPH POORLAND.

23, Grove Place, Jersey,
May 27th., 1868.

[We have had several communications from our brother Poorland, and we feel a union to him as a fellow heir with us of the one promise of life in Christ Jesus. In former letters he has told us that he cannot meet with a companion in tribulation in the Isle where the Lord has been pleased to locate him, and he would be glad to come to any part of England—should the Lord open a way—work at his trade, and speak to a few of the Lord's blood-bought children of those things which he has tasted, handled, and felt at the hands of

"Sov'reign grace o'er sin abounding!"

He is a tailor by trade, and has a son and daughter who work with him, but they have very little to do, owing to the great depression in trade. When the Lord delivered his soul, He told him that he was to tell *what great things God had done for him*. He takes it to mean that the Lord intends, sooner or later, to open a way for him to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ;" but up to now the way has not been made clear for him. The Lord make the way plain before our brother, if it be His will that he should preach "peace by Jesus Christ—He is Lord of all."

We believe, thoroughly believe, conscientiously believe, that God's servants are as much ordained of God to preach, and anointed *for* preaching, now as in the days of yore. Yes, there is no question in our mind about the matter, though there are a few miserable perverters of God's word about here who do not believe in anything of the kind. We should wonder if they did when they entirely reject receiving the Word with power. This proves them to be out of the secret of heart-realisation and soul enjoyment. The Lord's doctrine dropping like rain upon the mown grass, and His speech distilling like dew upon the tender plants of His right hand planting, are strange things to their ears; but they are blessed realities, and glorious verities, to the living family of the one household. "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but to them it is not given."

The leader of this party came to us some three years ago when we were visiting Plymouth, and wished us to devote two pages of the "Witness" monthly to some hymns that he had composed until they were all printed, and as an inducement for us to comply with his reasonable (?) request he said that they would take *twelve* copies (!) monthly until his hymns were finished. After they had all appeared, they intended cutting out these said pages of "poetry" in order to form a small hymn book which they might use at their little assemblies. We were, of course, left to suppose that he viewed his hymns as Devonshire cream, and when he had taken them out, the skim milk would do for any pigs to feed upon. However, we were much too dull to see our way clear to comply with his request, and we told him that had he offered to have taken a thousand copies per month of our magazine we should do nothing of the sort. We found him a very wise man in his way, and he could find fault with Huntington and other of God's servants whose shoe latches he was utterly unworthy to unloose, trying very hard to make us believe that his rush-light was far more brilliant than was their sun-light. They were pigmies in divinity and lilliputians in theology to his own dear self. We contended with him for some time, insisting upon inspiration and revelation, and having the word spoken home with power, etc.; but all to no pur-

pose; for he was too deeply rooted in his delusive dogmas, and too much stupified with Satan's powerful opiate to treat even with respect anything that we might advance. After this interview, he told a friend of ours, a man who loves the truth, that we were as ignorant as a Hottentot; and another of his party by the name of Jacobs told the same friend that we were partly insane. Suppose we had devoted two pages a month of our magazine to his hymns, a little of the mist of our ignorance might have moved off, and a part of the cloud of our insanity might have cleared away. Who knows! Paul told his son Timothy that some had a form of godliness, but denied the power thereof, and they did not stand high in the Apostle's esteem (2 Tim. iii. 5.). What is it that draws the line between the Lord's people and the mere professor of religion? Life-power, love-power, grace-power, mercy-power, peace-power, blood-power, presence-power, communion-power, union-power, resurrection-power, justification, and glorification-power. Without spiritual power, religion is a farce, a shade, a non-entity. There is power, Almighty power, put forth in making the spiritually dead spiritually alive; and there is no less power, omnipotent power, continually communicated in order to sustain the spiritual life thus imparted. Christ is the life in the living soul, and the bread of life to the soul. Can spiritual life be imparted without power being felt? Can a soul be quickened into life without a difference being realised? Can a sinner be called by grace, made willing in the day of God's power, without experiencing a wondrous change? Shall another nature be communicated, another life given, and no power felt, no inspiration realised? Is godliness a mere name? Are spiritual things empty shades? We trow not. There is not a living child in our land who would not agree with us in saying, with the poet,

" True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

Hence, whilst the multitude of mere professors are contented with form without power, a name to live while dead, the Lord's children are daily sighing and crying for more power, more life, more light, more love, more peace, more joy, more communion, more fellowship, and more resurrection glory, to be manifested unto them and revealed in them. Notionalists may call us enthusiasts if they like, infatuated persons if they please, but be it our privilege to increase in *enthusiasm* and grow in *infatuation*, if the revelation of Christ in our heart, and the inspiration of His Spirit in our soul, produce the wrongly-called enthusiasm and the mis-applied infatuation.

One word more. Child of God, ever be on the look out for power. Be assured, if holy men of old needed inspiration to

write the Scriptures, you equally need it to read them. He who inspired them to write, will inspire you to read, that you may with one heart and one mouth glorify God; and every living child of the one household shall be brought sooner or later to say with Paul, "And last of all He appeared to me also * * * * Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Ed.]

WISE COUNSEL AND CAUTION.

DEARLY BELOVED,—I have had you much on my mind lately, knowing that you must be daily expecting a line from me. I shall give no explanation, farther than, I have put it off till a *convenient* opportunity should offer. I perceive you meet with much discouragement from the worldly professors around you in your labour of love to the soul's salvation of those among whom you are. O, may you look with steadfast eye to the dear Lord Jesus! Strive to learn His will in the matter; let Him be your chief Shepherd, going before you, and it shall be no cross, but you shall bind it as a girdle of the highest honour around you. While your Jesus smiles, your enemies may jeer, mock, and report evil, till they have no strength left in them, and you will ride gallantly over it all. I pray that you will lay nothing to their charge, seeing what vile sinners we are of ourselves; and while we pray for ourselves, let us not forget them also. O, that precious heavenly spirit, the image of our blessed Lord and Master, may it shine upon us, and abide with us, that we may count it all joy to suffer for His name! My very soul is delighted within me for the way in which He leadeth me; thorny indeed to my flesh, but, O how replete with His mercy and goodness! O, how he endears Himself to me by the sweet visits of His returning love! For some few days it has pleased Him that I should fast; but, blessed be His dear name, He has again made Himself precious unto my soul, even to the rejoicing of my heart. People may say what they please about one's being able to keep his eye upon his Lord, so as to have an abiding of comfort, and a spiritual appetite, and this at all times, of his own strength, I am persuaded it is a lie from hell; for, though my eye be constantly viewing Him as mine, I only grieve and mourn to think I am left to feel my own vileness and wretchedness, and can get none of His *smiles*. When He smiles, all is well; otherwise, I am wretched and truly miserable. I go about the city seeking my Beloved, but cannot find Him. In sorrow I faint, and swoon at the gate of His palace, just as He puts forth His hand and raises me to joy and praise. The more He discovers of His beauties, the more I repent and abhor myself in dust and ashes at His feet, and

praise Him for free and sovereign grace. Go on then, my brother, though hard and rugged be the way, remember He doeth wisely, making all things work together for good. May He sanctify your crosses also in Providence! I know a little what it is to be fed on *short commons*: I know also somewhat of the sanctification of these *bitter herbs*; and my prayer is that every bitter may have its "*secret something sweetening all*."

I have heard nothing from the quarter you name; neither do I expect it, for surely my help cometh not from thence. Man, the very best, is, at best, but a briar and a thorn hedge, and is but a channel of pain, sorrow, vexation, and disappointment! "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh the arm of flesh his stay." This is verified so surely as we turn to man, expecting sympathy or aid. I find it so. But, blessed be the dear Lord, my expectation is from Him; He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. "Blessed is he that maketh the Lord his trust." O may we be enabled to keep this in memory, and continually put it in practice.

Mrs. W. joins in kindest regards and christian affection, while I am your's in the bonds of love for Christ's sake,

R. WATERS.

Church Gates, Cranbrook.

ANOTHER "BEULAH" TESTIMONY.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—It was a glorious text which the Lord put in your mind to deliver to His people this morning: so glorious, that angels desire to look into the heights and depths of wisdom's glorious plan.

"All the vast blessings time can bring
From this eternal fountain spring."

I was sweetly led into it this morning by that blessing of the Lord to His church by the hand of Jacob: "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord, possess thou the west and the south." What a glorious mercy it is for a poor lost and undone sinner, as I feel myself to be, to be satisfied with God's salvation. The mercy is so full, that I cannot conceive it; so vast and so abounding, that my heart overflows, and I am dumb before the Lord, and cannot find words to utter the praises of the Lord; and He says, "Be still and know that I am God." I do delight to sit at His dear feet, and bring all my sorrows to Him who is the "Man of sorrows." I am "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The path was rugged to my feet,
 Yet still I followed Thee :
 Went often to thy mercy seat
 With, " Lord, remember me ! "

Troubles and trials are the lot of His dear people, but it is His glorious person that fixes all my love. His beauty was so marred more than any man's, and His form more than the sons of men : He was the root out of the dry ground, and he grew up before Him as a tender plant, yet was He the Captain of our salvation, who was made perfect through suffering ; and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation. Jesus Christ, the great Jehovah our righteousness, is the author and finisher of our faith ; He is the Alpha and Omega, and before Him was no God formed, nor shall there be after Him : the heaven is His throne, and the earth is His footstool. I do delight to speak well of His name. Crosses I meet each day, as I travel through the wilderness to the city of habitation, and I find no strength to remove one or other of them ; but, bless His holy name, He gives me strength to bear them ; and thus out of weakness I am made strong ; and He is " the strength of Israel that will not lie nor repent."

I said this morning as I returned home, " Woe is me that I dwell in the tents of Kedar ! " I am so black, and yet I am all-fair through His comeliness which He hath put upon me ; or as you said this morning, my clothing is of wrought gold, and it is He who hath wrought and done it, calling things that be not as though they were. What a glorious repast I had at the table of the Lord this morning, fed with the choicest of the wheat, the oil of joy was poured into my heart, and I had the garment of praise : I said, as dear Hart sings in one of the hymns of the Holy Ghost :

" Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
 And gives true peace and joy,
 Which Satan's power cannot control,
 Nor all his wiles destroy.

Come from the blissful realms above,
 My ravished breast inspire,

With thy soft flames of heavenly love,
 And fan the sacred fire.

Breathe comfort where distress abounds,
 Make the whole conscience clean,
 And heal, with balm from Jesu's wounds,
 The festering sores of sin."

My Jesus endears Himself to me sweetly in the furnace, and though He sends the thorn in the flesh lest I should be exalted above measure, yet His grace abounds and overflows in my heart, a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. I am emptied from vessel to vessel, and yet I am full with the blessing of the Lord ; and He says, " Thou shalt be a blessing." These words dropped into the mind as I sat at chapel, " This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." They are the words of the last Adam to His Hephzibah whom He

loveth, and He resteth in His love. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can the heart conceive, the greatness of the gift which God hath bestowed upon us in His dear Son Jesus Christ.

"O Lord, I faint, I pant, to see
The place of thine abode,
Where thou unveils thy lovely face,
My Saviour, and my God."

Oh that I had wings like a dove ! then would I flee away and be at rest where there is neither sin, nor curse, nor sorrow, nor pain ; for the former things are forgotten ; but I shall see light in God's light, behold Jesus the brightness of the Father, see Him as He is, Emmanuel, and know as I am known. When will the day dawn and the shadows flee away ? Come, my soul, enter into thy chamber, and hide thyself for a little moment until this calamity be overpast.

"The more His glories strike my eyes
The humbler I shall lie,
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high."

May the spirit of all grace and truth lead us more and more into the great mystery of godliness, and may we have sweet manifestations of the divine breathings in our heart day by day, until we shall come to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, who is at the right hand of God ; angels, authorities, and powers being made subject unto Him !

Your's faithfully in Jesus,

CHAS. FARMER.

Brompton, London, January 1st., 1860.

FROM A NOW GLORIFIED BROTHER.

"I will make a covenant of peace with them ; it shall be an everlasting covenant with them ; and I will place them, and multiply them, and set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore. My tabernacle also shall be with them ; yea, I will be their God, and they shall be my people."—Ezek. xxxvii. 26, 27.

This precious promise of our God in Christ, our Head and Husband, is no solitary one ; for the family Bible abounds with them. It is one of the many choice blessings that the Lord has revealed to His saints in Christ Jesus since the time that He came down into the garden in the cool of the day, and said to the serpent, the devil, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed : it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel." This was said in the hearing of Adam and Eve for their comfort. Surely the mighty Person whom the Lord

promised should bruise the serpent's head is no less an One than the Son of God! Isaiah caught a glimpse of His glory when he saw Him travelling in the greatness of His strength, mighty to save. Have not you and I also, my brother, with God's children, shouted from the top of the mountain of His covenant love in Christ? Have we not, many times, proved His covenant to be ordered in all things and sure to all the seed in Him?

"Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's name,
Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,
This covenant stands the same."

The covenant of peace stands unchanged between the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the blessed Comforter, bears witness in our hearts. The Spirit Himself makes known unto us the riches of His grace and glory in order to draw up our noble minds above all our wretchedness with which we groan, being burdened, whilst remaining in this body of sin and death. The good old covenant wine, a sure mercy of David, has made our dumb tongues sing, and our lame feet to leap like a hart upon our high places in Christ Jesus. This is the mountain of spices, and here we partake of wine new and old that rejoices the heart of God and man; and whilst the Lord sings over His people, they sing of His mercy for ever. They sing heartily and cheerily to Him who swallowed up death in eternal victory, and who "turns the battle to the gate." Those who know no strength but His, and who are constrained to cry out, "Make haste, my Beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountain of spices:" those who know, realise, and appreciate the spiritual realities of His eternal kingdom: and those who grow up into Christ their living Head in all things, being conversant with Him in His resurrection power and glory, become dissatisfied with everything save "Jesus only," and their heart-language and soul-breathings are expressed in these words, "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." Oh, "when shall I come and appear before God?" Thus they are proved to be "children that will not lie;" they are created new creatures in Him, being predestinated conformed, by an act of their Father's everlasting love, to the image of His Son. It is indeed hard work, at times, to believe that we are Christ's free men; but "the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the death" helpeth our infirmities even in our panting times when we know not what to pray for as we ought. "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for the saints, with groanings that cannot be uttered," according to the mind and will of God.

Cheer up, my brother, it is to glory we steer; therefore let us

sing with the poet,

"Be this my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God."

Christ is our substance, and we are the holy seed in Him; and though we have cast our leaves, still Christ is our life, and He will come down like showers upon us, making us to grow like the lily, and causing us to cast forth our roots as Lebanon. This is in union with Him who saith, "I am the vine and ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." Will not a knowledge of these covenant mercies make us sing with the sweet singer of Israel in our high covenant places in Christ Jesus for ever? When in our right mind, which is "the mind of Christ," we can joyfully and heartily say, "Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil when mine iniquities compass me round about?" "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath the Lord removed our transgressions from us." This is not twisting the pure word of God which abideth for ever. Fears respecting such eternal matters are wholly groundless, and none but those who are born of God know what it is to be troubled with these groundless fears.

"What groundless fears are these
That make thee mourning go?
Here's precious blood and promises,
And full salvation too."

The glorious covenant words are, "Fear not." These "fear nots" flow from God's fear which He implants in the hearts of His elect, "which is clean and endureth for ever." God's covenant words and judgments are true and righteous altogether. "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey or the honeycomb." These precious things of the everlasting hills, which alone grow in our spiritual Joseph's land, are meat and drink to God's children. Christ's sheep and lambs love to feed upon the high mountains of Israel, where they prove that it is not "do and live," but "open thy mouth and I will fill it." The good Shepherd's voice is only known in these green covenant pastures of peace and plenty. Hosea says that the Lord's "earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel," the seed of God. The Lord also says, "I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God."

You know, with me, my brother, what it is to be sown in the earth. Trees of our heavenly Father's planting are sure to be fat and flourishing in our spiritual Joseph's land. He warms us with the sun of His love, waters us with the rain of His mercy, and re-

freshes us with the dew and deep of His blood. We are the Lord's thirsty ones, and love to get full draughts from Jacob's well: and our Father says to Christ our Head, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses." This is our Lord's garden into which He comes to eat His pleasant fruits, and the breezes spring up from the ancient mountains of God's eternal love in Christ, and blow upon His pleasant plants. These make the odour to flow forth, the fragrance to arise. There is no "garment spotted with the flesh" upon the saints in this garden; for it is left on the other side of the hedge.

Those who are taught to understand and appreciate these things are weaned from the breasts of creature comfort, and are drawn from the milk of the flesh; and they can feed on nothing less than the sure covenant blessings settled by our spiritual David, our glorious Shepherd, who feeds His flock of slaughter in the green pastures, and causes them to lie down by the fountains of living waters. These are wedded to the Lamb in an indissoluble union, and He gives them a heart to love Him by shedding abroad His love in their hearts; and they find that many waters cannot quench this love, neither can the floods drown it. God's saints know that they have nothing with which to purchase this love, and if they had, it would be utterly contemned: it would be all dung and dross, for the excellency of the knowledge of covenant love in Christ. They well know the plague of "the thorn in the flesh," and they find their own mother's children rise up against them; but they can suffer all things for Christ's sake. They will not fledge themselves with the feathers of the flesh, but soar aloft in their golden plumage in Christ. Jesus is the light of the morning and the bright morning star to their souls. These are God's passengers that have passed from death unto life; the people that have walked in darkness, but now see a great light in the Lord. They alone can rejoice in Him their sun that shall no more go down; and they go from strength to strength, and appear before God in Zion. They all virtually arose with Christ when He ascended on high, saying, "Father, here am I and the children which thou hast given me." This was the fulfilment of this portion: "Thy dead shall live," said the Father to the Son: "My dead body shall they arise," responded the Son to the Father: "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust," joins the Holy Ghost. Hence, "these *three* are ONE." All this is wrapped up in the covenant of peace, the bundle of life in Christ Jesus. The Church is hid with Christ in God. She is

"Sav'd in the Lord, for ever sav'd,
And in life's bundle bound."

Such a territory belongs alone to Jesus, such a possession to the

spiritual Joseph of His saints. Jesus has the preeminence in all things, and His kingdom extends "unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills." He is an eternal kingdom wherein dwells joy and peace for ever, wells of living water, springing up into everlasting life.

What can I say more, my brother? Why this: "If children, then heirs: heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The foregoing, beloved brother, are truths which constitute the joy and the rejoicing of my heart; and I am expecting soon to hear my Lord's call, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."* We shall all groan being burdened until mortality shall be finally swallowed up of life. "Now He that has wrought us for the self same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit;" and "faithful is He that hath promised," who will perform and not tantalise; for He is not a man to lie, but Christ who is "God over all, blessed for evermore."

I had written thus far when the "Witness" arrived; and now one word more. I have just dropped upon this verse: "I will sow them among the people, and they shall remember me in far countries; and they shall live with their children, and turn again." God's "turn-agains" are precious in His sight. They are also His "look-agains." Jonah was a sweet flower in the Lord's garden, and he was a "look-again"; therefore he was constrained by love to say, "I will look again toward thy holy temple." These "look-agains" all look one way "toward thy holy temple." This temple is our precious Lord Jesus. They look unto Him and are lightened. I know what I am writing about, for it has come to me in the power of the Spirit; and you, too, know these things, my brother. I have remembered the Lord in a far country, and He has been a little sanctuary unto me. There are no ifs and buts in God's covenant of peace; for "they SHALL live with their children and turn again." God has sown His people here and there as it has pleased Him, but we do not find them come up very thick. How ever, the Lord knoweth them that are His.

Fare-thee-well, my brother. Your's in Christ Jesus,

S. SIMMONDS.

* Thy best wishes are now realised, beloved brother. The Lord has indeed called thy blest spirit home. Thou art for ever with Christ, eternally like Christ; for thou art a member of Christ. Thou wilt hear our voice no longer in that thrice-hallowed spot,

Beulah. Infinitely, eternally, better off art thou now. Thou hadst long and severe tossings to endure on the turbulent sea of life, but thou art safely landed now on the blest shore of an endless immortality. Thou didst not founder at sea; for thy pilot guided thy ship, thy captain held the help. Joseph, thy Brother, thou didst prove to be both Lord of sea and land. Thy sighs are now ended, thy sorrows have now ceased. Thy burdened breast heaves no longer, thy trembling heart has ceased its palpitations. Toil and turmoil are now over; rest, sweet rest, is for ever entered into. Upon the bosom of His warm love thou art now reclining, before His throne thou art now bowing, in His brilliant sunshine thou art for ever basking, in the river of His pleasure thou art delightfully swimming, up and down the ocean of bottomless and boundless love thou art now gliding, and who can wish thee back to earth? We cannot. No, no, beloved; for "to depart and be with Christ is far better" than being tossed about like a ball upon this vain and sinful earth. Indeed thou art better, far better, off than thou wert before. How we should like to join thee, brother! But our wings are not quite fledged, our full plumage has not yet appeared. Presently—Oh, longed-for time!—"He that shall come will come, and will not tarry" a moment longer; and then we shall join thee, brother. But we do not expect a natural recognition, but a spiritual one. We do not anticipate seeing thee in flesh, but in spirit. We shall see Jesus. His glorious person will transfix our gaze, His warm love will absorb our untiring thoughts. He alone will be our orb, around which we shall ever move. No sleeping there, brother; no aching head, no burdened mind, no trembling heart. There will be no night there, no shades of darkness, clouds of distress, there. This thou now well knowest. Dost thou pity our poor scribblings? We fancy we can hear thy flaming spirit say, "Lay down thy poor frail pen, and cease to write; for what knowest thou of the consummation of my joy? What canst thou understand of the bliss of the glorified? Thou hast, even if thou couldst anticipate the happiness of the blest, but mortal language by which to set it forth. We find even a pleasing difficulty here, with the full-toned fluent language of heaven, to express a millionth part of the praise and honor eternally due to our most precious and glorious Lord. If this be the case above, how insignificant must human language below appear! But beloved kindred spirit, our blessed Lord stoops to listen to the song above, and we well know that He can stoop still lower to the song below. Nay, He loves *your sighs* as well as *our songs* for the time being. He delights in honesty of heart, and He knows, well knows, that you cannot help sighing whilst in the body of death. But when He shall dissolve thy clay tent, and open thy prison cage, thou wilt be loosened from earth's bondage,

released from time-sorrow, delivered from nature's ties and toils, and then thy gladdened spirit will join us here : and O, beloved, a sight of our glorious Lord, our mighty God, will dissolve thee into everlasting nothingness. The vale of mortality being drawn aside, the shades of this world being driven away, and the body of death left far, far behind, what wilt thou think, what wilt thou say ! But thou wilt have language to express thy thoughts. Thine heart will burn with love, thy soul will be all on fire, and thy spiritual tongue will be like a flame. How thou wilt sing ! What burning eloquence will break from thy gladdened heart, what pure singing will warble forth from thy spiritual mouth !

GLORY ANTICIPATED.

When from the stage of time we glide,
And take our lofty seat beside
Our Friend enthron'd above,
We'll make th'ethereal arches ring,
With praises to our God and King,
In songs of purest love.

Indeed we'll sing and never tire ;
Dissolv'd in Love's eternal fire,
Lit up with holy flame,
We'll feel all over in a blaze,
O'erjoy'd beneath the brilliant rays
That issue from His name.

Whilst dwelling here we're not aware
Of what, in Him, we're bound to share
When time shall be no more ;
But this we know, and joy it is,
'Twill be the substance of our bliss
His fulness to explore.

I'll range the everlasting hill,
Once and for ever take my fill,
Of purest love divine :
Then warble forth my sweetest lay,
Throughout one long extatic day,
And drink the good old wine.

To burn in love's eternal fire,
Not in Jehovah's wrathful ire,
Will consummate my bliss ;
And whilst the arms of love intwine,
I'll sing, with rapture, He is mine,
I am for ever His !

He's mine by love's eternal tie ;
I'm His ; for me He deign'd to die,
For me resign'd His breath :
And when He rose, in triumph, high,
I liv'd in Him, and yet not I,
He liv'd in me through death.

He lives, enthron'd in highest glore,
But without me He lives no more,
Since I'm His breathing frame :
Hence He is life, and lives in me,
I live in Him, for ever free,
And bless His precious name.

Our life's a unit, joy the same ;
He's free from spot, I'm without blame,
We're wholly justified :
He sings the song, I join the choir,
I am His wish, He's my desire,
Indeed I've none beside.

Thus mutually we dwell in light,
All lovely in each other's sight,
Eternally entire :
We bask amid the orb of day,
And whilst we sing our sacred lay,
Each other we admire.

We each to other shall intwine ;
I'll cleave to Him, He is my Vine,
He'll cleave to me His Bride :
And thus, in one long, sweet embrace,
Glory shall prove the flower of grace,
That blossoms in His side.

The fragrant odour then will fill,
The vale of bliss, the tow'ring hill,
The whole of Eden's bower ;
Yea, all the perfume of the plain,
Must be expressed from Jesu's pain,
From Jesse's fruit and flower.

Oh, how exceeding near and sweet
Is my Beloved in whom meet
More beauties than the sand !
Whose person is, by far, to me,
More dear than all His blessings be,
More glorious and more grand.

A. W.

"HE OPENED NOT HIS MOUTH."

The Lord's children are called upon to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. The path in which He leads them may be a trying one, a flesh crucifying one, but still they must follow Him. The Lord said to Peter "follow Me," and Peter was crucified. The Lord says to us, "Follow me," and we must obey. Paul says of himself, and all the living children, "As deceivers, and yet true." Yes, true in God's sight, though treated as deceivers. They are made true by grace divine; they are kept true by power divine. They are "children that will not lie." They may be accounted liars, looked upon as liars, and treated as liars; but still the Lord has made them love the truth, contend for the truth, and hate and abominate a lie. They may be hated, they must be hated, and their motives misconstrued, but "this is the way, walk ye in it." It is the way the Lord Himself went. He was opposed on every hand, His words were continually wrested, His works were attributed to Satanic agency, and He was treated worse than the vilest wretch ever merited at the hand of his fellow man; and yet "He opened not His mouth." He silently endured it all. When one side of His face was smitten, He turned the other toward His cruel foe, and "answered not a word." Beloved, have you things laid to your charge which you know not? Have you experienced wrath and ill treatment where you have looked for love and kindness? Are your greatest wounds and bitterest pangs received in the house of your friends (Zech. xiii. 6.)? Be it so. You are following your beloved Lord, and may He give you special grace, special patience, and special forbearance, to endure all, to suffer all, and to meekly remain as a deceiver, and yet true. Soon, very soon, it will be all over with you here, and the Lord, thy Lord and thine own beloved Friend, will receive you unto Himself, that where He is, there you may be also. Never mind the thorns and briars of the wilderness; for you are His lily, though placed in a position so contrary to your nature. He will soon take you hence into an atmosphere that is all love, and plant you in a soil that is all love; and there you will find no pricking thorn, no scratching briar. Can you not say,

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there!"

Sin and sinning will then be all left behind. The world, the flesh and the devil will then be all left below, and thou shalt experience the days of thy mourning to be for ever ended.

ELIHU.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. X.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"There shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi, 25.

I believe that this is one of the most glorious declarations proceeding from the heart of Jehovah which we find recorded in the sacred page; and none but the Church of the living God, none but the members comprising the one body, none but the sheep in the Shepherd's fold, can realise the sweetness or enjoy the gospel-blessedness of this dear portion.

In the preceding verses of this chapter we have a lively and a glowing description of the holy city, the new Jerusalem. It is written, "I saw no temple therein; for the Lord Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof:.....And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there." The Lord Himself is the temple, He is the light, and He is the glory. How wondrous! how sublime! Christ is Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all; and when, by precious faith, we are enabled to realise our position in Him, we rise in nobleness of soul and go forth in the dances of them that make merry. We well know that there can be no fulness either in heaven or on earth but our glorious Lord must constitute it. "Christ is all in all." He is the fulness of angels, and He is the fulness of His saints; He is the ever rolling ocean; and whether we be vessels of cups or vessels of flagons we are filled by Him who is eternity, immensity and infinity. O! may He fill us to-night *feelingly* with "all the fulness of God:" may the Almighty Spirit blow auspicious gales from the eternal shore, and

then the spices will flow forth: we shall bless and praise the name of our God and sing, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;" we shall bask under His sunshine and feel like children at home seated at their father's table: we shall behold Jesus' smiling face and know that His thoughts toward us are thoughts of peace and not of evil; yea, the language of the living heart will be,

"How precious are thy thoughts
That o'er my bosom roll!
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul:
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies."

But to our Text: "There shall be no night there." We believe that this chapter contains most glorious and most blessed realities which alone can be realised by spiritual minds, and none can enter into the vital and the never-dying truths here written but those who are under divine teaching. The Holy Ghost, who led John to write, must open and unfold what He caused him to pen, and He alone can lead and guide into all truth. There are varied opinions respecting the book of Revelation: some think it speaks of prophecies yet to be fulfilled, others believe that it refers to events which have taken place; but the child of God likes to be raised above everything of an earthly nature, above the beggarly elements of this time-state, above all that is tangible, and to be in the same position as was the Apostle when in the isle of Patmos, namely, to be "in the Spirit on the Lord's day." Thus favored, he can realise experimentally something of the blessedness of the words of our Text, "There shall be no night there." The natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned, and we read that "To be carnally minded is death..... Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Again it is written, "The things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." Now, if the Spirit exclusively can search "the deep things of God," how wholly dependant are we upon Him for any knowledge, sweetness, or blessedness! "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." By this we understand that the word of God belongs to the entire household of faith. The Eternal Spirit indited the good matter in their hearts, and revealed His truth to them by power divine, and we need the same unerring Spirit to open our eyes, to unstop our ears, and to open up to our

hearts and spiritual capacities the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures, and likewise to show to us the harmony and the analogy of the entire word. The Lord leads all His children into the simplicity which is in Christ; He leads them to the Rock which is higher than is their finite mind; He leads them to one object, to one blessed subject; and the sacred page in all its bearings centres in Jesus: He is the marrow and the fatness, the sum and the substance, of the whole Bible. All glories and all beauties are resident in Him; and when, by faith, the eye is fixed on our glorious Christ, when our feet are placed on the Rock of Ages, when we are brought to the Ancient of days, and see the King in His beauty, in His own royal splendour, we see no man save "Jesus only;" we recognize none but our Bridegroom; and we say with the Church, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His;" He is "the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely."

The account of the city of the living God, as recorded in this chapter, is given us by the pen of inspiration: not by natural teaching did John write, but by the teaching of the Holy Ghost alone: and how blessedly did he speak concerning its grandeur and its glory! The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof, the Christ of God is the light: no other temple is needed, and neither the light of the sun, nor the light of the moon are requisite.

"There shall be no night there." This day shall not be succeeded by night; this day shall never have a successor; God's heavens will be clear and cloudless to a never-ending eternity. The sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself; for the Lord will be the everlasting light thereof. What said Jesus to His righteous Father? "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." This is uncreated glory, this is the glory of the Godhead, the glory of the Deity; and we are told that this great city, the holy Jerusalem, which John saw descending out of heaven from God, had the glory of God, and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal: she was clothed with the sun; that is, with the Lord, who is the orb of day, the fount of light, the circumference of holy delight. He only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; but when, by His Almighty allurings, by His blessed drawings, by His powerful constrainings, we are raised above the first man, above natural things, above earthly circumstances, we gaze on His glorious Person, and we behold Mount Zion, the perfection of beauty, out of which God hath shined: we see that wondrous city—the city of our solemnities—whose name is "Jehovah is there." Infinite

mercy! we are citizens thereof, and it is verily no mean city: we are moreover free-born. One said to Paul, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom;" but he replied "I was free-born." O! child of God, it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us:" we have no qualifications in ourselves considered; we have no inherent holiness, no creature merit; but by the grace of God exclusively we are what we are. How much we are indebted to grace! How much we owe to grace! Ah! "grace has placed us in the number of the Saviour's family," and grace shall have all the praise. We are born from above, by the transporting power of the Holy Ghost; "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." We are strangers and sojourners here below, as all our fathers were; we are pilgrims on this earth; but here we have a continuing city; and we rejoice that we are children of God, heirs of glory, that we are born of the Spirit, and bound for eternal bliss, bound for that glorious land which flows with milk and honey. Yes! we are bound for the realms of light, and when we shall leave the stage of time, we shall realise in all their effulgence and in all their blessedness these precious words, "The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." God's city is Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the bride of the Lamb, the church of the living God, and He has declared, "This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it." This city is His dwelling-place, His habitation; and, as we have before intimated, the Lord Himself is both its temple and its light. O! if but one beam strike upon the mind, if we be enabled to realise but one millionth part of the glory of our Beloved, what joys we experience! He is our All: whom have we in heaven but Christ? and there is none upon earth we desire beside Him: He is all the bliss of heaven, He is all the joy of earth. Most gloriously did He shine upon the great apostle of the Gentiles when he was hastening to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughters against the disciples of the Lord: this light was above the brightness of the sun; it was the uncreated light of our precious Christ, of our eternal Ishi; and it was so powerful, so grand, and so glorious, that he was struck blind by its wondrous rays. He says, "I could not see for the glory," so dazzling, and so brilliant was its refulgence, and, child of God, has not the same Almighty Lord beamed upon your immortal mind? has He not transported you from earth and fixed you in heaven? and has He not many times whispered, "Arise, and come away?" "(C)" says one, "do you think that it is possible to realise these things whilst here below?" Yes! the Lord transports us now sometimes to the mountains of spices, to the hills of frankincense, and there we hold communion and fellowship with

Him. He now permits us, at times, to meet together in the temple of the living God, and to sit and sing in heavenly places: we feel His blessed shinings even in the lowlands of sin and sorrow, and unless we know something of enjoying His presence here, we have no reason to infer that we shall be with Him eternally. I repeat it, unless we realise some of the joys of heaven in the time-state, some of the pleasures of the redeemed above whilst in the vale, unless we now and then feel intimacy with a glorious Christ, nearness and closeness to the Lamb of God, and in some measure enter into our union-oneness with Him, and feel Him to be our light, our quickening power, our day-star from on high, where God is we never shall come. Some think that this wilderness is one scene of care, and that when they shall leave this dreary waste, it will be one scene of bliss. They have no idea of present participation; they know nothing of being transformed into the image of God's dear Son here; they cannot comprehend the blessedness of heart-realisation and soul-enjoyment. They think that the saints of God are only sinners here, and they regard them not as sinners saved by grace, and hence they do not believe that there is reality and vitality in being "caught up to the third heaven." But can the child of God rest satisfied with future anticipations only? No! he knows that to settle down here would be one of the most delusive things imaginable: he must enjoy the first fruits of bliss here, and have the antepast of glory now, or he feels neither certainty nor assurance respecting his eternal state; and he knows that he has no ground for thinking that he shall wake up at last in the likeness of a glorious Kinsman-Redeemer without hearing the Shepherd's voice and feeling the Shepherd's power whilst dwelling in this house of clay. If we realise not the earnest here, how can we be assured that we shall take possession hereafter? If we have not the antepast below, how can we be confident that the full refulgent blaze of glory is our's? If we never have a manifestation of the Lord's love in time, what reason have we for inferring that He has loved us, with an everlasting love, from all eternity? Of what use are the Scriptures unless they be for our comfort and consolation here? The secrets therein wrapt are unfolded and opened in this wilderness; the precious things written in their pages are enjoyed here below. Many repudiate *revelation*, *inspiration*, and *manifestation*; they do not understand how heaven can be begun on earth, but we delight to have manifestations of the Lord's love, revelations of His glorious Person, and unfoldings of His mind and will: we love to have the light of life beaming on our mind, and to enjoy His comforting and His invigorating presence; and when He transports us with His looks of love, and transforms us by the power of His own Spirit, we get a real foretaste of endless fruition; and when He tells us

that we belong to Him, that we are His by adoption and grace, and that we comprise a portion of His breathing frame, we are lost in wonder, love, and praise. "Ah," say we, "it is true that we are strangers here, but we can glory in our high pedigree, we can glory in our relationship to the King of kings, and Lord of lords; for we now dwell in the gracious, loving heart of Jesus by faith." How many picture what glory will be, and dilate upon the plains of heaven, who know nothing of a faith's apprehension of the Person of Christ; but let me realise Him here, let me have communications from Him, and enjoy communion and holy intercourse with Him, and I am content. O! when I can feel the intwinings of His arm, and realise the kisses of His mouth; when I can exult in my union-oneness with Him, and feel so joined to Him, that no air can come between, my cup runs over. Child of God, be it your's and mine to know more and more of the earnest grace, more and more of the firstfruits of the eternal harvest. Christ in His matchless and glorious Person infinitely outweighs ten thousand heavens: let me identify myself with Him, and know that I am united to Him, in bonds of love and blood, and this is far more than heaven or bliss to me. What would glory be without my Christ? What would heaven be without my Jesus? A blank, a void. I would rather be in hell with Him than in heaven without Him, were this possible; for hell would be no longer hell if He were present, and heaven would cease to be heaven if He were absent. Where I enjoy communion-oneness with Him, there I realise heaven in my soul: Christ is my Heaven of heavens; He constitutes my Paradise of joy; He makes my bliss complete; He is the consummation of my happiness; He is the delight of my heart, the bower of my mind. My maker is my Husband, the Jehovah of hosts is His name; He is my Brother born for adversity, my Friend that loveth at all times, my companion in tribulation. I have no heaven of high delight but Christ, no river of pleasure, no sea of bliss, no haven of rest, no arbor of repose, but Jesus. He is everything to me, and when I can enjoy His blest presence, I experience no night, but a morning without a cloud. Many dark nights of adversity I pass through here; in many dreary paths I am called to tread, and much darkness I am the subject of below; briars and thorns surround me, and snares and traps oft times entangle my feet; ten thousand foes and enemies environ me, and frequently a night and a day am I in the deep: nevertheless,

"My home is not here, my dwelling's above,
In His gracious heart who rests in His love."

I walk by faith, I realise by faith, I enjoy by faith, I apprehend my blest position and my saved condition by faith, I walk up and down the lengths and breadths of Emmanuel's land—the land of

uprightness—by faith, I enter the bleeding heart of my Beloved by faith; and when, by precious faith, I can dwell in Him, my peaceable habitation, my quiet resting-place; when I can listen to His gracious words, and see His own wondrous smiles, I am above the earth, above the world, above time-sorrows; I am taken out of darkness and translated into His marvellous light, and in His sunlight there can be no darkness and no night. Christ has endured the Church's night; He has finished transgression, and made an end of sin; and now the winter is past, the rain of Jehovah's terrible anger is over and gone. "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth" in the glorious kingdom of our God, in the temple of our glorious Lord: this light shines exclusively in the Church of the firstborn which are written in heaven, and none but the members thereof can enjoy it. O! child of God, do not rest in anything short of individual participation. That light which was manifested to Paul must be manifested to us, and in heart-realisation we must be brought to feel that we are crucified with Christ, but that nevertheless we live, and yet not we, but Christ liveth in us. The Apostle, when writing to the churches of Galatia, declared that the gospel which he preached was not after man; for he says he neither received it of man, neither was he taught it but by revelation. He enjoyed it by the powerful ministration of the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and when the Lord grants us disclosures of His heart-love, when the Sun of Righteousness shines upon us in His strength, we lose sight of ourselves altogether: no shades of night are then discoverable, we realise an unclouded day, we glide into our eternal Sabbath, and we feel that Christ is both our rest and our refreshing. "There remaineth therefore a rest—or a keeping of sabbath—to the people of God," and Jesus is the substance thereof. He is unchangeable, and His love is constant: there is neither alteration nor variation in Him; we experience no alternate day and night in Him; and though clouds of sin often eclipse the ray that issues from the fount of day, He knows no change at all. In this sublunary state it is

"Here a song, and there a sigh;"

here a manifestation of the Lord's love, and there a withdrawal of His sensible presence: sometimes we are on the mount of communion, sometimes in the valley; sometimes in the banqueting-house, sometimes in the furnace and in the flood: one moment perhaps sitting at His feet, the next at an infinite distance from Him in feeling. These are "constant changes, known below but not above;" and when our glorious Ishi, our beloved Bridegroom, shall come to take us home, when He shall bid us leave dull mortality behind, and enter into the joy of our Lord, time-changes will

be forgotten, sublunary matters will recede. We shall bid a long, long farewell to everything of an earthly nature, and cares and wilderness dispensations will vanish from the mind. "Ah," say you, "when I can now realise the earnest of this, I feel far remote from death's dark shade; I feel transported from this world into the Lord's blissful kingdom above: beholding as in a glass His glory, I am changed into the same image from glory to glory."

'I lose all relation to Adam the first,
From ties of the creature I joyfully burst,
Releas'd from this wilderness clod.'

I live in the sight of my glorious best Friend, I bask in His meridian splendour, and I realise that I am not an inhabitant of this world, that I do not belong to this earth, to this lower sphere. I am not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world; my rest is not here, for I am a native of the upper skies, and my heart breathes and beats for eternity, my soul pants for full fruition, and I long to have every tie dissolved, every bond unloosed. When the Lord communes with me, and when He privileges me to commune with Him, I forget the storm and the tempest, the rough road and the intricate pathway, and I dwell in Christ, the Harbour of my soul, and feel as though I were walking the golden streets of the new Jerusalem with its jasper walls and its pearly gates: my heart is so enlarged and expanded, that I feel all light, all life, all love, all glory. Adam earthly is out of sight, natural circumstances are hidden from view; I revel in the Lord's love, and in His favor, and I am perfectly contented and happy; but, by and bye, like Abraham of old, I have to return to my own place, and it is a dark and a miserable one, and I find it to be especially so after enjoying such communion and such divine fellowship, such friendship and such intercourse. Yes! after having been transported to the mountain's top, how low the valley seems! how dreary the wilderness appears! how rugged the road! how complicated and perplexing the path! But O! when the Lord shall come finally, when He shall effectually and everlastingly call me away from earth, when I shall depart to be with Christ which is far better, then I shall be ever with the Lord, and ever like the Lord. Glorious moment! It will be one final adieu to everything below, and I shall soar into the presence chamber,—never to come back again to this sublunary state." Well, child of God,

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast,
Where we shall sing the song of grace,
And see our glorious Hiding-place."

"There shall be no night there;" there will be no darkness there;

no shades there; no clouds there; no mists, no fogs, no dense vapours there. There will be nothing there to cause the spirits to droop, nothing to cause the heart to sigh: there will be nothing to oppress and nothing to depress in those blissful realms of endless day: there will be no sorrow in that upper land. All will be eternal glory, eternal delight, eternal joy and rejoicing. We sometimes wonder what full fruition will be, and what our mode of existence above will be; but we cannot fully enter into the contemplation of that "weight of glory" which is reserved. The Word of God says, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." We can enter feelingly into the blessedness of being His children, but what the refulgent blaze will be we cannot tell. Ah! we must live to know it, we must depart to know it; but of this we are well assured, that "when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him;" and though "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit," we know not one millionth part of the glory which awaits us when we shall leave this dreary desert. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known. Now we are sons of God, heirs, yea, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, the recipients of His grace, the sharers of His glory; but when we shall drop this tent of flesh, this clay tabernacle, when we shall bound away once and for ever from a time state into an eternal state, such glorious light will shine upon us, such heavenly fire will burn and enkindle in our souls, that we shall be overcome with rapture sweet, and we shall fall down adoring at His feet. O! I say, what will glory be? We cannot divine, and yet we know that the bliss and the blessedness which we now enjoy, under the powerful ministration of the Spirit, are real earnest and firstfruits of the eternal harvest, sure pledges of full possession. Here night succeeds day, but "There shall be no night there;" there will not be one doubt or one fear upon the mind there; nothing shall ever check communion, or stop that song which shall roll along throughout the countless ages of eternity, and it will be, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." We shall cast our crowns before the throne, ascribe all blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto Him, and be eternally satisfied. How we shall exist we do not enquire, but the sun shall be no more our light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto us; but the Lord will be our everlasting light; we shall not need creature light, or natural mental light, but

Christ, that pure light, that glorious light, that fount of light and heat, that orb of day, will ravish our hearts and engage our thoughts : we shall be absorbed in contemplating His beauty ; we shall be filled with His fulness, and our souls will be lit up by His brilliant beams. The days of our mourning will be ended, the house of this tabernacle will drop off, we shall rise above earth and creature-connections, and we shall be as are the angels which are in heaven. What, can it be possible, can it be really true, that we shall be as are those bright intelligences ? Yes, and it is still more glorious to ponder over the thought that worms of earth shall ever be one with Incarnate Deity. We shall wake up in the image, in the likeness, and in the dignity, of our blessed Beloved, of our eternal Friend ; we shall see the Lord for ever, and behold our precious Christ without a veil between.

What a glowing account is given in this book of the happiness of those who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and who are now before the throne of God ! We read, "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and "they shall not sorrow any more at all." This we realise in measure here, and what a wondrous figure the Lord has used in order to convey somewhat of the blessedness of the glory-world ! You know when tears are shed it shows that the heart is overwhelmed, that the mind is overpowered : the feelings being pent up, the sorrowing one is relieved by a flood of tears ; but God shall wipe away all tears, and we understand this to mean that He will remove the oppression and the sorrow which cause them rather than that He will actually chase them away. There will be no reason for depression and anguish above ; there will be no sighing and crying in the upper world ; but it will be one eternal song of joy and triumph. Who will sing the loudest, and who will lead the anthem of praise ? Our precious Christ : He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last. He will rejoice over us with joy, He will rest in His love, He will joy over us with singing ; and we shall join in the song, live in His uncreated light, and dwell in His sunshine for ever.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there ;

and yet there will be no sinners above. "Well," say you "I am a

sinner." In union to Adam earthy you are, but I believe that all God's children are saints, that all His people are sons and daughters. "The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." As united to Jesus, and one with Him, we are more pure and more spotless than are angels before the throne. Those bright intelligences cannot outshine the glorified host of ransomed sinners, because they are in oneness with God's Christ, they are His on the ground of eternal relationship, and they can sing louder than can angels and flaming seraphs, they can touch a note which the highest archangel cannot reach—the note of precious blood, the note of the atonement, the note of redemption by a glorious Kinsman-Redeemer. Ah! angels never did and never will be able to sing of blood, but we will touch this chord, and strike this note, upon our golden harps, and sing it, not in the minor, but in the major key. Yes,

We'll make th'ethereal arches ring
With praises to our God and King.

How can seraphs sing of the atonement? How can those bright spirits join to praise redeeming love? How can they speak of victory and of emancipation? They have been kept in their primitive rectitude, they have never fallen, and they have never been raised; hence they have no power to unite in the anthems of the blood-redeemed family of heaven. We fell as low as sin and Satan could sink us, but we are as high as we can be by virtue of that bond which exists between us and our Head. We are sharers of His kingdom, and made to inherit the throne of glory; we are raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and we know that "There shall be no night there." Our glorious Sun will shine everlastingly in His primeval glory; nothing will eclipse His rays, and nothing shall supersede that brilliant and that spiritual day. We now enjoy the first-fruits; Christ is our sun and shield; and when we can lean on His arm and recline upon His bosom of love, we realise only light and glory; time-things then do not harass or molest us, wilderness cares do not exercise or perplex us; and soon we shall enjoy an everlasting day, and realise everlasting glory: we shall see our eternal Friend, and be with Him for ever.

How many in our presence know anything of these glorious realities? How many have enjoyed the earnest grace? To how many has the Lord revealed the abundance of peace and truth? One day we must all leave the stage of time, and we shall either

be with Jesus or with Satan, we shall dwell in heaven or in hell, in glory or in darkness for ever, in the upper or in the lower world. These are important inquiries; may the Lord seal them home! Concerning the saints it is written that they shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father, but concerning the children of the wicked one that they shall be cast into a furnace of fire. What a wondrous difference! O! child of God, what have we done to merit a better position and condition than thousands of Adam's sons and daughters? Nothing: according to the almightiness of the Lord's grace, according to the riches of His mercy, and the boundless love of His eternal heart, He has singled us out and snatched us as brands from the burning, and we are assured that He will be with us to the end of the chapter, that He will grant us an abundant entrance into the courts above, that we shall enter the portals of bliss with Him, and enjoy His presence to an eternal day; but

" 'Tis all of sov'reign grace that we
Do not as others do."

We can boast of neither goodness nor virtue in ourselves, but by grace exclusively are we saved. We now share the joys of the redeemed; we realise the earnest of everlasting bliss: the Lord has bestowed spiritual favors upon us, and unfolded His covenant purposes to our immortal minds, and our gracious Jesus comprehends the fulness of every mercy: He is our light, our glory, our delight. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." We have entered with Him through the open door into the holiest of all, into the secret place of the Most High, and now we dwell in Him, our quiet resting place, our peaceable habitation, above the strife of tongues; and when He grants us the comforts of His love, the manifestations of His favor, the openings of His mind and will, we are happy and joyful in Him, wilderness-journeyings are all forgotten, and time-things recede. O! let me ask you, personally and individually, what do you know of forgetting earth and realising heaven now? What do you know of leaving the stage of time and getting into eternity now? Has the Lord revealed to you, in never so small a measure, His covenant love and His covenant blood?

" How stands the case, my soul, with thee,
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesu's blood thine only plea?
Is He thy great Forerunner there?"

Can you conscientiously say in the sight of an heart-searching God that you are "one with Jesus, by eternal union one?" Have you the assurance in your mind that your name was enrolled in the

Lamb's book of life before the mountains were settled and before the hills? Have you the satisfaction of knowing, under the ministration of the eternal Spirit, that you are

"Saved in the Lord, for ever say'd,
And in life's bundle bound?"

Have you obtained and realised the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory? Are you looking forward to that blessed day which shall never be superseded by darkness, to that glorious time when sorrow and sighing shall have fled away? And is the language of your heart, Hasten, dear Lord, the coronation-day, hasten the consummation-day? O! hasten the time when Thou shalt say with almighty power, "Come up higher?" If so, you are bound for the realms of bliss, and nothing shall prevent your being taken home to glory: then shall you crown your Ishi Lord of all, bask beneath the rays of your full-orbed Sun of Righteousness, and be eternally with Him in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

FLESH PLEASING AND TIME SERVING

Is the order of the day. The world loves its own. Religious men of the world, pious members of society, are highly esteemed amongst men, and are rated to the skies for their religious zeal and zest. They are held in higher esteem than is the Man of sorrows, are thought much more of than the lowly Nazarene. Universal-Redemptionists, General-Salvationists, meet with a cordial reception amongst nearly all professors in our day. Men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith, enemies to God by wicked works, are extolled and eulogised as though they were something more than mortal. The free-will doctrines of men and devils, advocated by nine-tenths of the preachers of the day, are thought infinitely more of than are the free-grace doctrines of God's Bible. It is thought a matter of little importance now whether a man hold and advocate from pulpit or press universal redemption and universal salvation or not. If he be a zealous man, a religious man, a pious man, and speak in unmeasured terms against Romanism, Ritualism, and Puseyism, he is all right, and is esteemed as a dear child of God, a highly-favoured and sent servant of God; and woe be to those who attempt to say or write one word against him or the lies which he propagates: and if an honest speaker or writer contend that the so-called "servant of God," and "dear brother in the Lord," upholds the devil's doctrine of universal salvation, and general invitations of

the gospel, the answer generally given is "*Well, certainly, he is not quite sound in the faith, but he is a dear brother, and a blessed man of God, for all that. He will be brought to see his error one day, therefore it behoves us to be very charitably inclined toward him, and in no way to speak reproachfully of him, or of the doctrines that he preaches.*"

Indeed. What next? Are these thy teachers, O Zion? Are these thy servants, O Lord? Where are the Coalheaver's successors? Where are to be found the descendants of the immortal Toplady? Where shall we look for a Hawker, Romaine, or a Gill? Surely there were spiritual giants born in those days, compared with the pigmies of our days. We live in such a compromising age, such a time-serving day, that the truth of God is softened down to that degree, and modified to that extent, that one scarcely knows what is piped or what is harped. The hackneyed phrase of "*charity*" has become quite sickening to an honest, spiritual mind. If a man, sent of God, led by God, anointed of God, dare be so bold, so uncharitable, as to say or write one word against the various *isms* of the day, unless it be the three *isms* connected with Popery, he is put down, in a very pious gentlemanly way, as a man with a *very bad spirit*, and though he may have the credit of being a child of God, a brother in the Lord, and a servant of God, it is supplemented with—"He is yet a very young man, has much still to learn, there awaits him long and severe furnace-work, and he has many a day and a night to endure in the deep. When years shall have greyed his locks, age shall have furrowed his brow, and time shall have enfeebled his frame, he will be more meekened in spirit and glad to exchange the wounding sword for the healing plaster. He will then reflect with deep remorse upon the rashness and uncharitableness of former days. In reflecting moments he will weigh in the even balance of impartiality the sayings and doings of inexperienced years. He will then see how wrongly he judged Mr So-and-So, and how unadvisedly he spoke against the Revd. James Go-between, and how uncharitably he dealt with the Revd. John Love-all. Indeed he will weep bitterly for the wrongs done to his brethren in the Lord."

This may appear very reasonable and most feasible to a natural mind, but take away flesh and blood, and what is there left? If God send an Elihu, he must magnify his office. If He be pleased to send "*sons of thunder*," they must roll peal after peal against false profession and false professors. They must contend for truth and expose error. They must thunder against false doctrine, heresy, and schism: and if man advise God's servants to lay down the sword ere they perish by the sword, be it theirs to reply, "*Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.*"

The word of God is quoted by the go-between professor in order to support his propositions which urge for an extension of charity toward every dark light that may appear in the religious world. One portion especially is quoted as favorable to their bowels of compassion: it is this, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbade him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part." There is not a renegade professor in our land but would fancy that he might fairly and securely shelter under such a favourable portion of God's Word. Now, we hold that these portions, with many similar ones, which are quoted for certain purposes by professors, are not at all applicable to the cases to which they are generally applied. We maintain, and justly too, and scripturally as well, that all free-will professors, and free-will preachers and writers, are against Christ and His Church. We need not the natural discernment of a philosopher to discover this, for it is glaringly apparent wherever and whenever "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" is contended for. Let a man, taught of God, boldly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints; let him insist upon the doctrines of electing love, sovereign grace, and particular redemption; let him but affirm that "the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded;" let him fearlessly declare that all who were loved by God the Father in Christ before time, who were blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, were saved—fully saved, thoroughly saved, without the shadow of a shade of a possibility of being lost—by Christ, their sin-bearing Surety, and glorious Saviour, in time, and that all those thus loved, blessed, and saved, are called with an high, holy, and effectual call at the fixed moment, on the decreed spot, and are made to realise and enjoy the sweet fruits of electing love, discriminating grace, and pardoning mercy, under the almighty ministrations of the eternal Spirit: let him, we say, contend for these eternal realities, these vital, undying, and unalterable verities; these grand, glorious, and precious truths; and then it will soon be seen who is against the Lord and His servant, or who is for Him and His Church. Indeed we live in a God-dishonoring, Christ-despising, and Holy Ghost-denying day. Expediency is the order of the age. To offend man—proud, pompous man—is a far greater crime than offending God. Indeed to speak reproachfully of the Most High, His Christ, His truth, His Church, is to do the thing that will meet with religious applause and pious eulogy. But put the creature, with all his cobweb array, in the dust, and exalt

"Sov'reign grace o'er sin abounding,"

and then you will be esteemed by the professing world as "the off-scouring of all things." But insist upon grace, free grace, unmerited grace, sovereign grace, from first to last, in a sinner's salvation, and you will call down upon you the ire and odium of nearly all the Christian world. Draw a line, a distinctive line, between Adam the first and Adam the Second, and then see how much your testimony will be appreciated! Declare boldly and faithfully that Christ is the Shepherd of the sheep alone, that He loved, died, and rose again for the sheep exclusively, that He grants eternal life to none beside, and that these sheep only hear His voice, realise His power, enjoy His presence, experience His peace, and partake of His divine nature (2 Peter, i. 4.), and then you will discover, without the least effort, how little your testimony is appreciated, how little loved and cared for! Preach Christ the first and last in God's design, the first and last in a sinner's salvation, the first and last in the Holy Ghost's revelation, and the first and the last in the Church's sanctification, justification, and glorification, and then you will perceive how few will care for a Christ who is, and ever must remain, all in all. Contend earnestly for the new birth by God's Spirit alone, a separation from the formal professing world, as well as from the infidel world, a heart-realisation and soul enjoyment of spiritual truth, an experience of covenant love by an application of atoning blood to the conscience, a full and final discharge from the consequences of all the first Adam transgression, and a glorious, gracious and blessed antepast of eternal bliss and blessedness; and then it will soon be manifest who is on the Lord's side and who is not. Insist upon eating the flesh of Christ by faith, drinking the blood of Christ by faith, and holding communion and fellowship with Christ by faith, and then the old cry will soon be raised, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" None but children: none but the blood-bought sons and daughters: none but "vessels afore prepared unto glory:" none but the sheep in the Shepherd's fold: none but "the heirs of promise," "the election of grace:" none but those who are "made willing in the day of His power:" none but those who are "partakers of the divine nature:" none but those who are "bound in the bundle of life with the Lord their God:" none but those whose names were indelibly "written in the Lamb's book of life before the foundation of the world:" and none but those who are brought, by Almighty power, and enabled, "by the exceeding greatness of His power," to become spiritual believers in the Christ of God to the saving of their souls. These exclusively can

hear such "hard sayings." But no thanks to them: there is no credit due to them; "for it is God that worketh in them to will and to do of His own good pleasure." Indeed,

"Tis all of sov'reign grace that these
Do not as others do."

What are preachers and writers trying to do in our day? To remove the ancient landmarks, tread down the hedge of eternal election, and let swine into the fold with sheep, bastards into the house with home-born children, and the offspring of Satan into the inner circle of the one family. But shall they succeed? Shall their efforts be crowned? Shall their best wishes be realised? Indeed, no! Ere they accomplish their fond desire, they will have to hurl God from His lofty throne, make Him love those whom He now hates, choose those whom He has eternally rejected, save those who are irrecoverably lost, and bless those who are eternally cursed. They will have to get another Head, another Christ, another Saviour, another Surety, another Husband: in a word, the whole of Heaven's eternal, unalterable arrangements must undergo an entire revision. What, worms of earth wiser than God! Creatures of a day dictate to the most High! Blush, for ever blush, at the impious thought! The Lord will have His own children, and not one more. The Shepherd will have His own sheep, and not one more. The Head will have the members of His body, and not one more. The Holy Ghost will quicken into life all God's sons and daughters, and not one more. The Lord will speak home peace and pardon to all His own people, and not to one more. He will take to Himself every heir of glory, every child of promise, and every elect vessel of mercy, and not one more. How dreadful! say some. How true! say we. However much these truths are despised, however much set at naught, and however much railed against by pious parsons and professors, they stand unalterably firm upon the Rock of Ages. Neither Pope nor priest, bishop nor deacon, parson nor people, saint nor sinner, world nor flesh, earth nor hell, have any authority from God or His word to extend the bond of covenant love, or expand the circle of eternal election. "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded," stands as immovable as God's throne; and its consequent truth is just as unalterable as it was on the first day that it was penned by Paul under the inspiring power of the Holy Ghost: "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

We have "no opinion" of those preachers and writers who can so speak and so write as to offend no one. Indeed we think but very little of those who fail to stir up the enmity of the serpent's seed, and provoke the wrath of their father the devil, We believe

that God never sent a man to preach to please flesh and blood professors. The work of the ministry is a separating work. The Lord acknowledges none as His mouth unless they separate the precious from the vile. The Lord says, "He that hath my Word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord?" Why, it is thought much more of than is the wheat in our day; but not by the Lord, and not by His living children. "The time will come—the time has come—when they will not endure sound doctrine." Well, the Lord knoweth, and the Lord loveth, them that are His; and His word stands unalterably true: "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." But those who are not His children, but the children of the bondwoman, are not taught of the Lord; hence they neither spiritually know nor spiritually love His truth. "The children's bread shall never be given to the dogs that are without," or to sows that wallow in the mire of corruption. Christ is the Shepherd of His sheep, and He Himself will feed them upon the high mountains of Israel.

"Upon Israel's high mountain their fold it *must* be;
To drink at the fountain they all *must* be free;
The dog and the lion I *must* keep at bay,
Not a sheep of the fold shall wander away."

We do not pretend to say that there are not many who hold clearly the doctrines of grace, who contend earnestly for these doctrines, and who speak in unmeasured terms against the errors and isms of the day, and yet know nothing savingly of Christ and salvation; for we are well aware and fully conscious that there are many such characters in the professing church at this moment. But this is no reason why the truth of God should be hid under a bushel of creature lies or be screened from view by a bed of fleshly ease. The truth is to be preached whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. The discriminating doctrines of sovereign grace are to be contended for, and the grace of those doctrines, as felt and realised, is to be insisted upon; and all those who have tasted and handled and felt the preciousness of God's Word, are sure to speak of the glory of His spiritual kingdom and talk of His communion power. Why? Because "if these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out." When God's sent servants speak of His love, they can testify of having had it shed abroad in their own hearts by the Holy Ghost: when they preach of atoning blood, they can declare how sweet and precious it has been to their own souls when applied by power divine: when they talk of imputed righteousness, it is a joy of heart to them to bear witness to the blessed effect that it has had upon their mind when they were enabled, under the ministration of the Holy Ghost, to put it on and wear it. When they

speak of the glories, beauties, and preciousness of the Person of Christ, they tell their hearers of the *where* and *when* the Lord revealed Himself to them. And all those who stand up to preach of love, blood, and righteousness, ought to be able to give a personal testimony of being sent by the Lord. Those who cannot, are dry breasts to Zion's children.

What can a man know of the love of Christ if he have never tasted it? What can he know of the blood of Christ if he have never enjoyed it? What can he know of the righteousness of Christ if he have never worn it? What can he know of the peace of Christ if he have never realised it? What can he know of communion with Christ if he have never experienced it? What can he know of union with Christ if he have never felt it? What can he know of the doctrines of Christ if he have never participated of their free-grace blessedness? Just nothing. Each and all of God's servants can say of Christ, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Those who cannot say this are not qualified by the Lord to "minister in word and doctrine;" and they shall not profit God's people at all, because He sends them not. EDITOR.

CHRIST OUR ALL-FULNESS.

BELOVED IN JESUS,—In our one meeting place, and in our one bond of union, I come again to enquire how you are, and to thank you for your last letter and sermons. I hope to receive the whole series of the sermons as they are published. My soul desireth the first ripe fruits, and if I might be allowed to choose the kind of preaching that I would always hear, it would be that in which my glorious Christ is Alpha and Omega, and in which I could receive most of Him. Truly my soul thirsts for a fuller knowledge of Him and for the revelation of Him in *all* the Scriptures; for I know that He is there; but I often read and find Him not, though, to His praise, I must acknowledge, at many other times He is blessedly found of me according to that saying, "After these things Jesus showed Himself again to His disciples;" and it is then with me, as it was with them of old, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." He seems to be turning me more and more to Himself, and to be showing me something of that oneness with Him in which is wrapped up all our blessedness. I am bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord my God, and all the sifting and shaking that I feel cannot dissolve that tight bond or untie that fast knot. I am safe in Christ who took my nature into union with His own dear person to part—never, never! We are members of His body, of His

flesh, and of His bones; and in our union to Him we inherit all the benefits arising from His suffering and death: as His bride we possess Himself as our inheritance; and He, as our Bridegroom, claims us as His purchased possession unto the praise of His glory. Truly the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, and in Him we have a goodly heritage. Whatever law and justice demanded on our account was amply found in Him who stood for us, and thus we are free; and we may plead that freedom to any who would bind us, and many such there are even among the Lord's own living family. My soul often pants for more breathings of the free Spirit, and to hear the redeemed speak more worthily of the precious Redeemer and less of the creature and its changes. It appears to me that our Father has placed all our blessedness in His precious Son, and that He says to each of His children, "Hear ye Him," which is much better than hearing ourselves or aught beside; and to be hearing only of the ups and downs of creature feeling only genders to bondage; for there seems always something done too much, or done wrong, or left undone: hence there is no satisfaction to be derived from that creature source. It is "in Him all the seed of Israel shall be justified and shall glory." To seek for any good elsewhere can only end in disappointment, as I have often sharply and justly proved. Oh to be kept from turning back to folly! Really many preachers seem to lead more to self than to the dear deliverer who alone can turn away the ungodliness from Jacob and rebuke the devourer who would consume all the fruits of the land. Do you think that such a ministry can cause the soul to go back in any measure from the liberty wherewith Christ hath made it free? I know a person who thought it was so in their case.

You enquire about Sion. They are still looking for a pastor. May the Lord send one after His own heart! Should He see fit to do so, I shall exceedingly rejoice. My eyes wait only on Him. I did enjoy Mr. W. of M. How few speak of the Person of Christ as I long to hear Him spoken of? How is it? Have they not had the revelation of Him? Is it withheld from them in sovereignty? Is it the Lord's pleasure that we should hear so little on that dear subject? I cannot help desiring to hear more of Him with great desire. Tell me *how* it is this subject of all subjects is so scarce. It is so precious and so strengthening to hear of Him in this weary land! It is so safe to dwell in Him whilst enduring temptations and tribulations, and so blessed to come up from the wilderness leaning upon our Beloved, and finding Him enough to satisfy and delight us even when all else seems barrenness and desolation! I feel more than I can express, finding in Him what is unutterable, and that which takes me away from all that I am in myself; so that, in a sweet satisfaction and rest of love, I delight in Him, and possessing

Him I have the desires of my heart. When I would seek for the exercise of any particular grace, I am borne away from that to my all-fulness in Him, and then I can ask no more, but I am compelled—nay sweetly constrained—to give myself up to Him to do with me as He pleases, since I am His own, and He has bestowed Him-upon me. Surely since the Father is satisfied and well pleased with Him, we may be also, and find enough to delight us where His infinite mind is delighted. Ah! if we were brought more here, there would be less murmuring and complaining amongst us, I do believe. May the blessed Testifier of Jesus exalt Him more and more in His one church!

I hope, beloved, your bodily health may be better, and the Lord's house filling with guests. May our Mechizedec meet you with bread and wine when you are faint and weary! He knoweth all your walking through this great and terrible wilderness. He now gives you rest in Him, and, ere long, He will give you rest *with* Him for ever and ever. Oh, it will be sweet to see Him face-to-face, and learn from His own dear self how much He hath suffered for us! Thus the new song will be kept ever new by the constant outflowing of His infinite loves and glories. May He refresh and comfort you!

With kind love to yourself and dear Mrs. T., I remain ever your's very affectionately,

RUTH

A STREAM FROM THE RIVER.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN OUR GLORIOUS AND UNCHANGING LORD,—May the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills be copiously poured into your soul, and in watering others, and in ministering to God's saints, may you realise His choicest favours and experience His blessing which maketh rich, and wherewith he addeth no sorrow. "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who riddeth upon the heavens in thy help, and in His excellency upon the sky." Who can tell out half His glories? Who can utter forth half His excellencies? The blessedness of a heart-realization of His love exceeds human language to express, and words are wholly inadequate to convey a tithe of the loveliness we behold in Jesus when He reveals Himself to us through the lattice, and shines upon us in His own meridian glory. It is this closeness, this nearness, this intimacy, this realised union, that is so blessed; but how few appear to enter into these deep, these glorious, realities! We want

Christ manifested in the heart, Christ enjoyed in the soul, Christ untold to the spiritual mind; and O! how sweet is it to be enabled to take the wings of the morning and to dwell on high, to leave time, earth, and wilderness cares for a little season, and to feel mortality swallowed up of life, to realise the companionship of our eternal Beloved, who is our resurrection and our life, in whom we live, move, and have our being. His power put forth, His love shed abroad in the heart, and His blissful presence enjoyed, make us regardless of surrounding objects and subjects, and we gladly soar aloft, like the eagle, gazing all the while on the Sun. Yes, we then, as you truthfully say, "breath *for* eternity, and we breath *in* eternity." The fire of love, enkindled in our souls by the Holy Ghost, flows back to its source; the heart, enlarged and expanded into His fulness, ascends in longings and pantings after Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; and joyfully and heartily do we sing in our high places, even from the mountain's summit, the exalted praises of our covenant God, of our triune Jehovah. All blessings come to us *from* the Father, *through* and *in* Jesus, *by* the Spirit, and what an infinite mercy is it to know something of the Lord's everlasting love by realizing the droppings thereof, of His precious blood by having it sprinkled on our consciences, and of His spotless righteousness by being clothed feelingly in it. These things, enjoyed in their dew, unction, and savour, make one long to drop this chrysalis, this cage of clay, and to soar into the audience chamber. According to the Lord's boundless grace He has spoiled us for earth, and for earth's associations, so that now our thoughts are continually turning homeward, and we are ever waiting and listening, and looking out for His coming; not only for His blessed appearances and communings by the way—most precious though they be—but for His coming to receive us unto Himself. How sweet is the anticipation, how glorious is the prospect! He will whisper us home, He will come for us in person, and we shall enter yon bright and celestial abode with Him. Ah! dear friend, we know that Christ Himself will form our heaven, that He will constitute our glory; for He is all our salvation and all our desire. How expressive are those lines:—

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire!"

Whom have we in heaven but Jesus? and there is none upon
earth we desire beside Him.

been much

I delight to hear you speak.

dwelling upon lately: namely, that the person of Christ is more to His people than are all His blessings. How precious is it to be enabled to trace all up to this one source, to this one fountain! It seems to me to be the climax, the consummation, the ultimatum. We cannot rise higher: and when the Lord comes, in the manifestations of His love, and transports us to the mountains of spices and to the hills of frankincense, when He satisfies us with favour, and fills our hearts with His shining presence, thus causing our cups to run over in praise and thanksgiving to Him, the Author of all our mercies, how inexpressibly glorious is it to lose sight even of the blessings He showers down upon our unworthy heads, and to see "Jesus only!" thus to be absorbed in the *Giver* instead of in His *gifts*, to be taken up with the *Person* rather than with His *favours*. He is our ever-full ocean, our eternally-springing well; and though He sometimes "hides the purpose of His grace," it is "to make it better known;" and when He disperses the darkness and again arises with healing in His wings, when in His light we see light, and when He grants us a glory-view of Himself, we are necessitated to bless Him for all His dispensations, and for all His leadings and dealings, and from our inmost soul we can then say with one of old, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Yes, now when His peace rules and reigns within, we feel that all things are working together for good, and with joyful heart we can extol His worthy name; but when He shall call us up higher, how we will chaunt His praise, sing of His love, and crown His royal brow!

"O blissful dawn of endless day,
When sin shall cease, and death shall die,
And Christ His glory shall display,
And beam upon my longing eye!"

What you said to me a few days since respecting the blessedness of being led to turn from speaking of the Lord, to speaking to Him seemed to touch a chord in my soul, and I can most fully re-echo the observation. David knew something of this, for he says, "My heart is inditing a good matter; I speak of the things which I have made touching the King, my tongue is the pen of a ready-writer;" and then, as though he caught a glimpse of his glorious Christ, he breaks out, "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into Thy lips; therefore God hath blessed Thee for ever." Volumes of eternal glories are folded up in Psalm xlv! How precious was the Psalmist inspired to write concerning the dignity and the beauty of the Church! Who can fathom the depths of that one sentence, "The King's daughter is all glorious within?"

O! may we be increasingly killed to the things of time and sense, and may we enjoy more and more absorbing communion and hallowed fellowship with our ever-living Head. O to be so raised above this wilderness world as to be feelingly within the sacred enclosures of love and union! These are inner chambers, these are heavenly places. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God," and we know a little of the blessedness of entering this rest *now*, and of dwelling in the heart of our "Ishi" *now* by precious faith. Beholding as in a glass His glory, we are changed into the same image, and well may we commence the song which the glorified choir warble round the throne, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

Heartily wishing you much of the Lord's presence-favour, and much of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory,
Believe me to remain, your's affectionately,

E.

THE GLORIES OF UNION.

How brilliant the orb of the day!
How dazzling the lustre of light!
How pleasing to bask in its ray!
How soon it disperses the night!

How gloom and despondency sink
When Jesus but shines me away:
With feelings extatic, I think
There's naught so delightful as day!

In love everlasting I dwell,
The regions of bliss I explore,
And feel it a mercy, as well,
To Jesus, for ever, adore.

He only, my Lord and my Friend,
Is th'pleasing delight of my heart:
The term of His love cannot end,
The bond of His love cannot part.

I'm bound in His bundle so tight!
T'His heart of affection I'm press'd,
And feel that I'm pure in His sight,
Unchangeably loved and blest.

Oh how He embraces my soul!
How pleasingly puzzl'd am I
To express but a tithe of th'whole
Of th'beauties we in Him descry!

To me He's the fulness of grace;
In my estimation, He's more
Than angels or seraphs can trace
In th'high upper regions of glore.

By searching, no creature can find
The depth of His bottomless love,
Nor can th'expanding of mind
Of th'highest archangel above!

He's the fountain of joy to my soul,
The arbor of rest in my heart;
My sin and my sorrow, the whole,
With a word, He can cause t'depart.

Corruptions are lost in His blood,
Defilement in all swept away:
When I bathe in the fountain of God,
I'm happy and light as the day:

My sighing and crying surcease,
I glide to the feet of my God,
Am lost in the ocean of bliss,
And swim in the river of blood:

Untiring, I gaze on my Friend;
Unceasing, I feel His heart glow:
His personal glories transcend
The beauties of Eden, I know!

A.W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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TO THE CHURCH OF GOD.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED,—Love constrains us this morning to pen a few lines to you in love and affection. May the Eternal Spirit breathe upon our heart, that we may write a few warm things touching the King; for we have often found, with the poet, that there is

"No theme like this to raise the soul
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll."

When the mind, by power divine, is taken up with Christ, meaner things and lesser themes sink into their true nothingness, and the soul becomes love-transfixed. Christ, in His glorious Person, is then the one object and the alone subject, and we see, in light divine, by power divine, more beauties and glories in Him than mortal language can express. It is then that we feel ourselves to be in the atmosphere of love; and this air is so bracing, so strengthening, so invigorating, so enlivening, and so cheering, that we say from the very bottom of our inner heart, "Lord, it is good to be here!" Yes, it is good to be there; but we should never get there were we not children of love and children of God. It is our native air, therefore it is not surprising that we should feel so well when inhaling it. It is the air of heaven, the atmosphere of love. We were born in it, we live in it, and we cannot die in it. The inhabitants of that land have no sickness to complain of, for the air is pure, the exercise of love is rest-labor, and the food is so spiritual and wholesome, that there is nothing whatever to disagree with us. The water that we drink there is a well of living water which proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb. It is love-water, light-water, life-water, grace-water, and glory-water; and that water is Christ. It is a real banquet that we get at Love's table, feeding upon Love's provision, and admiring the person of Love who waits

upon us; for that person is Christ. It is a glorious soul-thrilling song that we sing whilst surrounding the festive board, and that song is [Christ. He attunes the heart to sing of love, blood, and righteousness, and He Himself comprehends all. His glory so shines in our heart, His beauties so beam upon our mind, and His looks of pure love so overpower our spirits, that we are lost in joyful ecstasy, and say to our precious Beloved,

"Blessed Lord, thou art indeed the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. Thou hast ravished our heart, thou hast engaged our affections, and thou hast dissolved our whole powers into thyself. We now live no longer in distinctiveness from thee, but ever dwell in union-oneness. Thou art now the life that we live. To live in separatedness from thee would be a death-life, a dark life, a miserable and wretched life. Thou art life, we are thy living members. When thou the Head shalt cease to exist, then, and not till then, shall we cease to live. We are thy fulness, and thou art thine own fulness in us. The body without the Spirit is dead. Thou hast said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Hence we cannot die, because Thou canst not cease to exist. How one is our life! How united is our existence! How identical is our interest! Can husband and wife be so one? No; for we are members of thy body, of thy flesh, and of thy bones! we are joined to thee and one Spirit. We are thy breathing frame. Thou wilt never live in another body, thou canst not hate thine own flesh. What cause then, O! our Beloved, have we to distrust thee? What real reason to question thy love? What ground to doubt thy parental care and kindness? Thou canst not cease to love thy body; thou canst not discontinue thy care of thy Church. We cannot become hateful to thee; our simple breathings of love will never be distasteful to thee. Thou hast said, and thou meanest it at all times, "Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely: and thou well knowest, blessed Lord, thou art well aware, most glorious Beloved, if our voice be sweet, thou thyself must be the sweetness; and if our countenance be comely, thou alone art the comeliness thereof. We dare not imagine that we have any comeliness in ourselves; any meetness or fitness in ourselves; for we are all as an unclean thing in our Adam standing; but, Lord, thou art our perfection of beauty, our only comeliness, our exclusive loveliness. We are nothing without thee. Thou art often pleased to kiss us with the kisses of thy love, but we would like to indulge in this blest familiarity yet oftener. Thou hast many times communed with us by the way, and turned all our labour into rest, our warfare into peace, our barren land into fruit-fulness, and our empty souls into all-fulness; but, blessed

Jesus, we covet more communings, we desire more lengthened manifestations, we heartily wish for more continuous openings and unfoldings of thy love and loveliness. Thou knowest, dearest Lord, how rough this road we have to travel really is, how dreary and dismal the pathway often proves to be, and hence how delightful do we find thy blest visitations, thy precious love-intimations. Our harps are so frequently hung upon the drooping and weeping willows, and thou art well aware, dearest Lord, that nothing upon the earth, no mortal suasion, can ever prompt us to take them down, and

"Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake."

But thou canst, in one moment, cause a vibration of every chord, and the sweetest melody to proceed from every string. One look of thy love, one smile from thy loving face, one word from thy great and gracious heart, and one acknowledgement of thine of the wondrous relationship ever existing between thy glorious self and we poor worms of the earth, has the desired effect in a moment. When thou art pleased to draw aside the veil of mortality, and show to our ravished heart thy uncreated glories, we are at once with thee, and in thee, and like thee. We covet no better heaven, we desire no greater joy, we wish for no brighter pleasure, and we are desirous of no higher delight. To be with thee and like thee constitute our bliss, form our joy, create our happiness, and produce our everlasting felicity. To lose our persons in thee, our life in thine, will create a joy that angels will never know. They cannot reciprocate our love-song and blood-song. They know nothing of the secret of blood-life, redemption-life, and salvation-life. They know not the joys of the redeemed, and they cannot tell a tithe of the preciousness of thee our Redeemer. Thou hast redeemed us from among men, thou hast purchased us for thine own exclusive use, and thou only hast a right to us, a claim upon us. When the scales of nature drop from our eyes, when the graveclothes of earth fall off, and when this mortal flesh shall crack away, and our spirit takes wing, our soul becomes disembodied, how we will love thee with thine own pure love, how we will gaze upon thee with thine own spiritual eyes, and how we will crown thee with thine own glorious crown! A little while, and thou wilt beckon us away from earthly turmoil, draw us out of the miry clay of nature's corruption, and shine us into thine own eternal and ineffable refulgence. Oh, how glorious it will be! How infinitely precious wilt thou, our Beloved, be! Thou wilt be the consummation of our joy, the climax of our delight. Even now, dearest Jesus, we have none in heaven but thee, and thou hast none upon earth but thy bride. Thou art the

hope formed by love in our heart, which holds us safe through all the storms of earth-life. Our earth-life shall die, our heaven-life shall live gloriously. We bless thee, gracious Lord, for heaven-life. This alone is immortal. It is grace-life, love-life, mercy-life, light-life, and glory life; and thou alone art that life. Precious, precious Lord Jesus, what should we do without thee! What should we be without thee! Thou hast unfitted us for earth, thou hast unhinged us from time, thou hast spoilt us for the world, and thou hast made us as the off-scouring of all things for thy namesake, thy glory-sake. We take the cross and follow thee. Be pleased to whisper again and again, "This is the way, walk ye in it." We have no reason, blessed Lord, to find the least fault with thee, or thy leadings and dealings; and though our flesh often murmurs, our old nature complains, our inner heart, our new man, our secret life, our hidden spirit, our spiritual self, at all times approves of thy way, admires thy leadings, and speaks worthily of all thy dealings. Yes, dear Lord, it is our old Adam nature that so dislikes the way. We find it to be a peevish and fretful nature, and so opposite to that love-nature which thou hast given to us. Our love-nature never finds fault with anything, it is so contrary to its nature to complain. It is our grace-nature and our glory-nature. This world is not its home, the things of time are not its element, the baubles of the sublunary state are not its food, and the inhabitants of this lower sphere are not its friends. It is a native of the skies, an inhabitant of the upper world, a kindred spirit with the glorified millions around the throne. Ah! thou gracious Jesus, thou art the home of my heart, the dwelling of my mind, the centre of my bliss, the circumference of my joy, and the height of my delight. Since thou hast loved me with an everlasting love, shed it graciously, copiously, in my heart. As thou hast taken me into oneness with thyself, draw the soft cords of love, the tender bands of union, tighter and tighter around my heart. Fill my soul with thy Person. Enlarge me into thyself. Ravish me with thy love, melt me with thy blood, dissolve me with thy presence-power, fire me with thy all-burning beams, and bind me up feelingly, experimentally, in the great bundle of life. Be thou my desire, my only wish. Let me live to thee, for thee, in thee, with thee, and do thou thyself constitute my life. Keep me near, O my Beloved, thy heart of all hearts of love! Let me dwell in thine embrace, fold me to thy warm bosom, wrap me in thy glory. Suffer me not to dishonour thy name by distrustful fears. Let me never eclipse thy glory by complaining of darkness, for there can be no darkness in thee. The darkness is in thy cloudy dispensation, and thou art my light in all darkness, and through all dread. Thou art the peaceable habitation of my love-sick heart, thou art the blest dwelling of my sin-sick soul. This wilderness, thou well

knowest, is not my home but my journey; this dreary desert is not my rest but my scene of toil. By and bye thou wilt take me from it, shortly thou wilt remove me out of it, and then, O then, I will go straight home to my Father's house, right away to the embrace of my most glorious Beloved! Lord, am I deceived here? Can I be disappointed concerning this so important matter? Ah! no, thou well knowest, blessed Jesus; thou art well aware, dearest Lord, that I have even now the love-witness within my heart, the grace-proof in my very soul, and how can I be deceived? It is not possible to deceive thine elect. When thy love warms my heart, when thy beams strike my mind, when thy peace overflows my soul, and when thy blest presence cheers my spirit, how can I doubt thy love! how can I question thy care! How can I dispute our relationship! It is utterly impossible: and thou knowest, precious Jesus, if thou wert always present feelingly, if thou wert ever with me experimentally, that I should then never have one distrustful thought, one anxious fear. I should then at all times live in solid contentment. But thou art pleased to sometimes warm my heart with thy love, cheer my soul with thy mercy, expand my mind with thine enlivening presence, and to refresh my happy spirit with thy peace which passeth all understanding; and then, again, thou seest fit to withdraw these favors, suspend these mercies, cessate these blest visitations, and then, as a sure consequence, as a certain result, gloom and darkness prevail, doubt and fear arise. The enemy then gets me reasoning upon thy love, reflecting upon thy faithfulness, disputing thy care, and finding fault with all thy righteous dispensations. So far sometimes is He permitted to go, that he raises infidelity in the mind, and tries hard to make me believe that thou art not God, that there is no God, and that all my experience of thy love and mercy, and care and kindness, and peace and pardon, were mere allusions, simply deceptions. At these base insinuations my soul has trembled, my heart has been pained, my spirit has been oppressed, and my mind has been shocked. All, all has appeared at stake. But though Satan has thus tried, he has not triumphed; for thou, O precious Beloved! hast appeared, and sealed home some sweet portion upon the mind, dropped some blessed word in the heart, and chased away both the temptation and the tempter. How thou hast then endeared thyself afresh to my heart! How many fresh beauties have I discovered by spiritual illumination in thy lovely person! How many new glories have I seen in thy divine character! How altogether glorious has thou appeared to my soul! Oh, thou precious Jesus, what hast thou done for me! Unworthy though I am, undeserving though I be, thou hast most freely bestowed thy blessings, most liberally granted thy favors, and not one thing hast thou withholden from me. How can I render a song of

praise equal to thy goodness ! How can I offer an ascript of praise worthy of thine acceptance ! Lost, lost am I in the boundless ocean of thy free favor ! Dissolved am I in the fountain of thy rich blood ! Enraptured am I with thy soul-absorbing looks of love !

"Softly on thy breast reclining,
How I warble ! How I sing !
[Basking 'neath thy brilliant shining,
Crowns of honor to thee bring !
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Art thou not my glory King ?

Closer to thy heart, in feeling,
Let me dwell whilst on this ball ;
Witness, by thy Spirit's sealing,
Safety through the Adam fall :
Say, dear Bridegroom,
Art thou not my glory All ?"

Have we, beloved, been singing songs to a heavy heart ? Art thou dejected in mind and cast down in soul ? Is the Comforter far from thee ? Has the Lord shut out your prayer ? Do you feel yourself to be cast out of His sight ? Are the heavens above thee like brass, the earth beneath thee like iron, and thine heart within thee like stone ? Cheer up, my beloved. The Lord will eventually appear. He will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight. He will bring you to acknowledge by and bye that the pathway you are now so anxiously walking, that the rough road you are so tremblingly plodding, is no other than the love-road fixed upon in eternity, and the blood-path marked out in unerring wisdom. You may not see it so at present, you may not feel it to be so just now, but presently you shall be led to exclaim,

"I know, in all that has befell,
My Jesus has done all things well."

Flesh shrinks at the sight of the Cross, our old nature cannot bear the crucible, our natural disposition is so diametrically opposed to the furnace and the flood, but the Lord says, amid and through all the most trying dispensations, "This is the way : walk ye in it."

"When flesh and sense give up the ghost,
Tis then we prize our Jesus most."

The Lord knows well how to wean us from the breast of creature comfort, how to draw us from the milk of our nature-mother, and how to constrain us, by love divine, to cast our burden upon Himself. Our best Beloved is well aware that when our flesh is feasting, our soul is fasting ; that when our old nature is rejoicing, our new nature is mourning in sackcloth ; and when the first Adam hails the day of prosperity, the second Adam grieves on account of the day of adversity. Is it any marvel, then, that the Lord who has at all times our best interest at heart should reverse this order of things ? No, beloved. Paul and Silas never sang more sweetly than when in prison. John never wrote more gloriously than when in exile. Peter never wrote so blessedly as he did when brought through the

way of Satan's seive. Music sounds best on the water of affliction. Mountain-top-manifestations do not take place every day. Bethel-visits and banquet-house-feastings are few and far between; but covenant love and covenant blessings are ever the same. Hence,

"Here let the weary rest
Who love the Saviour's name,
Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,
The covenant stands the same."

EDITOR.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—What our most glorious Christ said to our covenant God and Father stands unalterably firm upon an immoveable foundation, namely, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me:" and to us Jesus says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." Paul, by the Holy Ghost, says, "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet savor." "Oh the depth of the riches!" Of Him we can sing, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me!" He gave Himself for our sins, that He might redeem us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father. Blessed be the Lord our God, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, for not withholding His own dear Son, but giving Him up for us all, and with Him freely giving us all things. How very precious and heart-cheering are these dear truths! How Christ-endearing and God-glorifying! How the knowledge of them, by anointing power, sinks us down into nothingness at His dear feet! It is then that we can sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted:" and it is with all freedom and willingness of the heart that I say unto Him, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee." I can assure you, dear Ruth, that I would not have a world or heaven as a gift without Him whom my soul loveth. What pleasure can there be to me but with Him with whom God the Father is well pleased? and what real delight can there be but in God the Father's Beloved Son who is His servant and His elect in whom His soul delighteth? Heaven is not our portion, inheritance, or our dwelling-place: it is the Lord; and in Him we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens: and I will whisper a secret to you, and you may keep it pent up in your own breast if you can. It is this. I have such a large heart and mind, that

nothing short of Lord and my God can fill, please, or satisfy them. If it were not for Himself I should have neither peace, rest, nor happiness; and He Himself is my everlasting light, God and glory. It is very blessed, also, to know and believe the love that God hath to us. To us, for us, and in us, "God is love; and He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as He is, so are we in this world."

I pause, with you, to ponder over these precious truths.

What an unspeakable mercy it is to know the Lord Jesus as our portion! and at all times to be satisfied with Him who is *always* pleased with us, delighted in us, and interested in and about us. It is sweet, also, to remember that He hath more need of us than have we of Him. Do you believe this, my dearly beloved? Many do not, and they say that I am in error in speaking thus; but I love to have it even as God our Father has caused it to be written, that in all things He might have the preeminence. My need is bounded by creatureship in Him; but He Himself is the mighty God, the Great God and Saviour Jesus Christ, and Jehovah hath need of Him. Think this over, beloved, and let us honor our precious Lord Jesus in all things,

"And give Him glory, and, again,
Repeat His praise and say, Amen."

I do bless and praise the Lord that I have no religion of my own to lose or to trouble myself about; and I have no mere doctrines to form a swaddling-band in which to wrap myself. I can neither trust to my faith nor rest in my pleasant feelings, but my noble confession is, "Christ is all and in all!" He is Jehovah our righteousness, who was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

I bless the Lord on your behalf, beloved, and thank Him that you have shown more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning. This language I use freely, as it flowed from the heart of your Husband, and who also has said to His Ruth, "Hearest thou not, my daughter?"

Ah! my beloved, what a heart-warming, soul-melting, and mind-comforting season I had in reading your epistle of love! I knew, by sweet feeling, from what heart the love-expressions glowed, and the source of love from whence the precious sentences rose; so that by inward reciprocity I felt that the "Reaper" and the "Gleaner" were one in life, nature, heart and mind. We are both joined to the Lord and one spirit; one with Him as He is one with the Father. Oh sacred, secret, and eternal union! We are one with Jesus, and Jesus is one with us. He took our flesh and blood into union

with Himself. Oh, holy mystery! The prophet's staff, like the law, by being laid upon us could do us no good; but when the Prophet came Himself He put His mouth to our mouth, and kissed our flesh into union with Himself in His incarnation; and He put His eyes to our eyes, and His hands to our hands, and He took our actions to Himself, suffering the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. Thus we are healed of all our maladies, cured of all our diseases, and restored to life, to live eternally with Him who has so effectually brought us "health and cure."

The preceding truths, to me, are most precious, and as they have freely occurred to the mind, so I have freely penned them to you in love, believing you to be the Lord's beloved, to whom I may heartily and truthfully say, I have you in my heart to live in life beyond death. These sacred, gospel truths have been taught me in the depths of soul-anguish and heart-sorrow. This is the position that I am now in, but it is for the Master's use, in order that death might work in me and life in the people: and I desire to be very pleased with my position, although it is so puzzling, that I am often at my wits end; but in this "I lie not" when I say, The Lord "be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death." Only let my Lord be honored and glorified, and I am happy as a prince. His glory and honor are greater than my salvation and blessedness; and I desire to live loving, worshipping, praising, and adoring Him for what He is in Himself, in the unity of the self-existing Jehovah, independently of what He hath wrought, suffered, obtained, and accomplished, for us who are the members of His body, and the travail of His soul.

My mind expands and heart enlarges towards you whilst writing these God-glorifying truths. We are assured that all straightenings are in ourselves and not in Jesus; therefore I am not pleased with anything called evidences or experience that are in the creature and not in Christ. I believe that you understand my meaning; and now I have reached the end of my paper I feel just ready to speak of Him who is "unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby;" for they are not "vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory."

Beloved, may the gracious Lord give you great enlargement of heart and recompense you with a large reward into your bosom for kindnesses shown to one who is a wonder to many and a mystery to himself, and one who can say with Paul, "As having nothing, yet possessing all things." As I have freely received, so I freely give.

I think that I can now begin to see that it was for the Master's use that we were brought to see and to know each other in the

flesh. I also verily believe that however much in your late illness you desired "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," it was for the Master's use and for a blessing, benefit, and comfort to me that you were restored to sojourn a little longer in Mesech: and for the use He hath made of you, I feel assured that you will, with me, rejoice and say, "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be His glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen and Amen." In sweetest song, also, with harmony complete, we will sing to Him both by day and by night, saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and glory, and blessing." "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Amen."

Beloved, I must now draw this epistle to a close, not having stepped over the threshold of the deep things of God hinted at; and I find it increasingly precious to have a growing familiarity with the dear truth that we are vessels for the Master's use: and, to me, it is clearly set forth in the Word of the Lord recorded in Isaiah xxvii, 2, 3: and when you have pondered over the use of the vessels therein specified, which are to be watered every moment, and kept from harm night and day, then turn to Isaiah xxx, and mark well what is contained in verses 18—21. What volumes of blessedness open to view relative to our being for the Master's use! See, also, Isaiah xli. 10; Cor. v. 1, "that we should be to the praise of His glory who first trusted in Christ."

These truths, realised by faith, have calmed my mind in the midst of the chequered pathway that I have been called to walk in, and I believe that my troubles great and trials many, with heaviness in my heart to make it stoop, have all been for the Master's use. Some have sympathised and helped, whilst others have frowned upon me and railed against me, but all have been for the Master's use, I am still, as it is written, "The borrower is servant to the lender;" but even that is for the Master's use; therefore I still sing, "My beloved is mine, and I am His."

May Jesus and salvation be very precious unto you! and when the well springs again, thy brother and companion will be glad of a little flowing stream, that we together may say, "Spring up, O well, sing ye unto it!"

Your's in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

LOVE TESTED AND FAITHFULNESS PROVED.

BELoved FRIEND AND FATHER IN THE FAITH,—I have just been reading a letter from a dear tried sister in the Lord which sweetly testifies of the love, care, and faithfulness of our covenant God, and my heart and my mind warmed as I read, and I could not help thinking of the wonderful wonder that I too should know the joyful truth—"The Lord is good!" Praise Him, O my soul; for He hath dealt wondrously with me!

Beloved, if I am silent, it is not because I have you not in affectionate remembrance. No, no; for every day I have fresh cause to bless the great Three in One that I was ever led to that dear old spot, Beulah—highly-favored Beulah!—and had given to me the hearing ear, the seeing eye, and the understanding heart; so that the dried bone lived, and heard your lips proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. Oh, what a precious Christ He is to me!

"For since my soul has known His love,
What mercies has He made me prove!
Mercies which all my praise excel,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

You little know, beloved, what cause I have to bear you in remembrance as I journey onward and homeward; and though you are so silent, it does not hinder my onward progress and living desires as expressed by Paul—"That I may know Him," "and be found in Him!" Oh, no, my soul longs, pants, and thirsts for a fuller knowledge of the Person of my glorious Christ! I want to realise closer communion with Him, and to be led to leave and lose sight of self; so that I may enjoy more fully my eternal oneness and joint-heirship with the Heir of all things.

You remember how peculiarly the Lord strengthened and refreshed me with His manifested love, care, and faithfulness whilst laid aside last December. I then basked in His blest sunshine for a time; but this bright shining was succeeded by darkness, perplexity, and sore distress. I cannot describe to you, my brother, how my mind seemed filled with all and everything but that which I so much desired. One day I visited a friend, and there I met with one of the Lord's tried servants. As a rule, on such occasions, I am more of a listener than a speaker; and I was surprised to hear him describe feelingly the exact spot in which I were placed. It was indeed a sweet and sacred hour, and my cold heart warmed, hope again sprang up, and the language of my soul was, "I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." Satan was nonplussed, and again was I permitted to wrestle and prevail with my God to restore unto me the joys of His salvation; but my thoughts were not as His thoughts in the matter; for I look-

ed for peace, but, behold, great bitterness came first, and, for a time, His hand seemed turned against me for evil. I trembled and feared, as in less than a week four of my dear children were stricken down with scarlet fever. My house for some days was more like a pest-house than anything else, for not a single person, save the doctor, would come to render me the least assistance or relieve my watching, aching eyes. I then realised something of what Paul says—"As chastened, and not killed." Alone, all alone, deserted by everyone but my God, and yet in that sacred, solemn spot, I had sweet companionship in the manifested presence of my blessed Keeper! My sweet Lord Jesus stepped in to the rescue and led me to the spot where He too was forsaken, not only of all His disciples and friends, but also of His God and my God, His Father and my Father. Ah! indeed

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Jesus thus suffer and could I repine?"

No, beloved: all murmuring was hushed, all repinings were stopped, and praise and adoration for redeeming love took their place. A most blessed exchange! My bedroom again became a Bethel to my soul.

My second child, my dear Polly, had it very badly. Her sufferings were intense, and most distressing to witness. For three days she could not speak, and when the fever was at its height I expected every breath would be her last. You may imagine my feelings, but I cannot describe them; and I would rather pass them by and speak of the sustaining power of the everlasting arms of love which were around and underneath me at that trying time, that hour of need. I was not alone in that fiery furnace. In it I blessedly proved the following sweet truths—"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will thy God comfort thee." "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round His people, henceforth and for ever." These, with many more, precious assurances had I that my blessed Keeper was nigh at hand to strengthen, sustain, and to supply all my need, which He told me that He would do ere I knew what was coming upon me. I wondered what it involved when I first heard His dear voice sweetly whisper, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Whilst joying over the sweet assurance, with another portion, the Lord promised to supply all my need: and now do you ask if I lacked anything during the three weeks illness of my dear children? I answer No. It is true, flesh and sense had no purse; but the silver and gold

were my Father's, and I well knew that He could and would supply my need. Though often to-day the little store would be gone, to-morrow would bring its own provision; and all that I had to do was to sit still, wonder, watch, love, praise, and adore Him who will work and allow none to hinder—Him whose counsel shall stand and whose pleasure must be done. Bless Him, O my soul! Yea, let all that is within me bless and praise His dear name!

"My soul shall loud His grace proclaim,
And sound His fame abroad."

My dear children were only just getting about again when I lost that wonderful power of endurance which was so unmistakably manifest during their illness. When they had regained their usual health I felt almost unable to keep about myself, but now I am in perfect health, a living monument of the Lord's saving mercy, and a feeling witness that however strange and fiery the trial or circumstance into which His unerring wisdom may see fit to plunge the living child He can manage and overrule all for His glory and its good; for there is nothing too hard for the Lord. No, nothing! He can see the end from the beginning, and He knows the way that I take.

Give my love to your dear wife, and ask her if she remembers our first meeting. Love, blood, and salvation were our themes, the golden links which united us, and I think I may say that with each of us it was "Jesus only."

"T'was He broke up our dismal cell,
And sav'd us from the lowest hell."

May His sweet presence fill your soul, and may He enable reader and writer to live on His dear Person and fulness! and as "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," so may He hide us in the secret of His presence, carry us in His safety-bosom through all the storms of life, and often constrain us by His warm love to sing by the way "unto Him that loved us!"

Ever your's very affectionately for His dear sake,

RECLUSE.

London, April 24th., 1868.

QUIET RESTING PLACES.

"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved."—Hab. ii. 2.

THE lot of the child of God, down here, is one of trial and conflict. Many are his seasons of perplexity. Enemies abound on every

hand; he is "troubled on every side;" has "fightings without" and "fears within." Hence the necessity for watchfulness. "I will stand upon my watch." Ah, Habakkuk! You will, will you? It is an easy matter to vow, to promise, to resolve, it is another to perform.

Peter promised, and, warm-hearted fellow, he meant to perform. But Peter fell. Who amongst the children of God does not fall? Which of them does not promise? Habakkuk's resolve springs from a loving, sensitive, and sincere heart. "I will stand upon my watch." "*I will.*" This springs not from fleshly motions. There is no vain confidence, no free will boasting here. He was one of those of whom it is declared, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power" (Psalm cx. 3). He was not *dragged*, but *drawn*. Sweet allurements, not violent compulsion, here is exercised. How precious the truth to anxious, waiting souls, "With loving kindness have I drawn thee!" "I will allure her."

Habakkuk's will was lost in the Lord's. "I will watch." Lord, keep us watchful! We pray, but do we watch unto prayer? We pray, but do we wait for an answer? We join in the public prayers of the sanctuary, but do we watch when we have left the house of prayer? We ask Jehovah's guidance in the morning, but do we watch his leadings through the day? Ah, the trips, the falls, the failures, we are subjected to denote our weakness and our helplessness!

Satan assaults; the world is in arms against us, and our wretched flesh quails with fear. But still we need not fear. Defence is nigh at hand. "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower" (fenced place, see margin). Blessed, precious spot. Christ is our defence. Jesus is our fenced place. Where can we look, for aid and shelter, but to a precious Jesus? Does wrath against sin appear? Are the fires of divine vengeance kindled? Does Satan accuse? Does the law curse? Do perplexing providences frighten?" Jesus, I flee unto thee to hide me. Thou art "my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."—Psalm xviii. 2. Oh what preciousness to realise one's true position in the ark and on the rock! "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3. Jehovah Himself, in His unbounded love and resistless might, is the fence round about His people. How beautifully is this described by Zechariah, "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."

Amid all Job's trials and perplexities, the devil could not touch

his life. The Lord is Job's hedge, his fenced place.—Job i. 10. Oh what safety ! What undisturbed security !

“ Rage as ye will, O ye portals of hell,
Safe in the Rock do the ransomed ones dwell ! ”

This is the true place of repose, but not of indolence. “ I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me.” (Margin—“ in me.”) Is not this the true position of the child of God ? Watching for the Messenger ! Waiting for the message ! When the conflict rages, how anxiously the soul waits for news of help and relief. When sins and fears prevail, and hope faints in the bosom, how eagerly the soul looks to the eternal hills of covenant love, enduring mercy, for support. Good news from the far country is wanted. Nothing will avail but God's own message, from God's own mouth, in God's own way. By His Spirit He speaks home to the heart. Does sin burden and oppress ? Jesus speaks, “ Son or daughter, thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.” Blessed Jesus ! Thou art our tower, our fenced-place, aye, and the Messenger of love and peace and joy to our hearts. None can speak *in* and home to our poor hearts but Thee.

What fearful opposition meets us in the way ! Satan's accusations in the court of conscience are legion, and harass daily. The world, how fierce its enmity, how ready to lash with that fearful scourge, the tongue ! The fire of persecution rages, and often has the poor tried and tempted child of God to writhe under unmerited insult and undeserved censure. The world says, Guilty ; but Jehovah declares His injured one, Innocent. With what suspicion does the church look upon the halting and infirm. Oh for more of the Spirit of love and of a sound mind ! And then God Himself meets us to reckon up matters in our breasts. Like Job we exclaim, “ If He will contend with him, he cannot answer Him one of a thousand.”—Job ix. 3. Lord, we would watch to see what we should answer ! “ I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the fenced place, to see what He will say in me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.” (margin, “ *when I am argued with.*”) Does the devil, the world, the church, the law, the deceitful heart, strive to argue you down ? Wait. Watch. A pleading Jesus is the one that can argue. “ If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous,” He pleads the cause of His people, He maintains their right. Before Him, all enemies flee, all accusers are confounded.

“ Lo ! He comes ! He heeds thy plea !
Lo ! He comes ! the shadows flee !
Glory round thee dawns once more ;
Rise, my spirit, and adore ! ”

Wait, poor child of God ! Watch, poor tempted one ! " For thy relief He will surely appear."

Bless His dear and precious name, He is worthy of our trust.
At the set time of favour He will come. What shall we answer ?
Rom viii. 33, 34.

THOMAS BRADBURY.

Barrow Hill, Staveley, Derbyshire.

BE STILL THEN, YOUR FATHER IS GOD.

Through much tribulation we're called to tread,
Nor can we escape from the rod,
In th'pathway of sorrow we all must be led,
A road strewn with roses will not do instead :
Be still then, your Father is God.

Temptations and tempests are sure to arise
To children who dwell on this clod,
Dense vapours from hell, too, will blacken the skies,
Whilst thunders, loud roaring, will deaden your cries:
Be still then, your Father is God.

Afflictions of body, depression of mind,
Are subject we know to His nod:
In weight and in measure, though *seeming* unkind,
He deals them all out in pure love we shall find :
Be still then, your Father is God.

Not a sparrow can fall from the branch of a tree,
Not a vapour can rise from th'clod,
Unless our Beloved had will'd it to be
In purpose unbending, in ancient decree :
Be still then, your Father is God.

Not a stroke from a friend, or kiss from a foe,
Can be had as the desert we plod,
Nor a positive *Yes*, or a negative *No*,
If either would make Him His purpose forego:
Be still then, your Father is God.

Not a hair of our head can perish we read,
Not an ant can build in the sod,
But 'cording to counsel by Jesus decreed,
Whose good will and pleasure all things must precede,
Be still then, your Father is God.

Your good and His glory together are tied,
Your feet with His sandals are shod,
The storm and the tempest your bark shall outride,
Since you and the Captain are closely allied :
Be still then, your Father is God.

When, when the short lease of your house has expir'd,
With pleasure you'll mount from the clod,
The soul of your spirit with love will be fir'd,
In shouting His praises you'll never get tir'd,
Be still then, your Father is God.

MY FATHER IS GOD.

My Father is God ! And can it be true
 In Him I shall live and not die ?
 For He who has lov'd me will bring me safe through,
 By whose mighty power all things I can do :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! Can it possibly be
 My Parent's Jehovah on high ?
 Who loves me for ever, rejoiceth to see,
 In th'family circle, a sinner like me :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! Am I dreaming or what !
 Is Jesus the Lord of the sky ?
 And can it be in Him I stood without blot,
 When He whisper'd within " My sister, fear not !"
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! let the sea loudly roar,
 The Lord of the Ocean is nigh :
 I'll prove Him again what I've found Him before,
 A Brother to-day, a Friend evermore :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! And He lives in my heart,
 And grants me a song for a sigh :
 Gives sweetest assurance that we cannot part,
 With the balsam of blood He relieves me of smart :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! Yes, and not only so,
 But the glory that beams from His eye,
 Through the blood of His cross, has ravish'd me so
 My heart is all motion, my fountains o'erflow :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! Then suppose I do find
 The children on me to look shy,
 Their coolness will never make Jesus unkind,
 But rather my heart to His heart He will bind :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! Then all hell may oppose ;
 For devils before Him must fly :
 My Kinsman Redeemer, most certainly knows
 How to stem the wild torrent of wrath as it flows :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! Let the world do its best,
 Its rage and its fury run high :
 In Jesus Jehovah, the Land of the blest,
 By faith I can enter, and prove Him my rest :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! Then farewell for ever.
 All things that have caus'd me a sigh.
 My Jesus is mine ! He'll leave me—no, never,
 The bond of His love there's nothing can sever :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! How delightful the thoughts !
 It raises my spirits on high :
 By the blood that He shed, my freedom is bought,
 By the work He perform'd my garment is wrought :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! The relationship real,
 My enemies now I defy,
 And when His love, mercy, and peace, I can feel,
 On his arm, on His heart, He sets me His seal :
 In Him to be still I will try.

My Father is God ! And for ever will He
 Upon me, His child, keep His eye :
 And when from time sorrows my spirit is free,
 I'll glide from the river into Him the wide sea,
 To the presence of Jesus will fly.

There then, and for ever, I'll view His bright face,
 Be lost in the arms of His love,
 With joy everlasting, dwell in His embrace,
 And bless His dear name for superlative grace,
 While He calls me His beautiful dove—

In glory refulgent, in bliss quite complete,
 In the presence of Jesus my God,
 In singing His praises no doubt I shall beat
 The highest angel that bows at His feet,
 Because He redeem'd me by blood.

October, 1867

A.W.

THE LORD'S NEED AND CLAIM.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—I thank you, dearly beloved, for the sermon, which is very sweet. I thank you, too, for the kind message that you sent through Mrs Lever. It is the love of the Beloved flowing through one member to another that enables and empowers us to love one another, and it is refreshing ; for in Him all the body, by joints and bands, hath nourishment ministered, and is knit together, increasing with the increase of God ; and our glorious High Priest and Sacrifice hath in Himself no part lacking or superfluous, the more feeble members being necessary. These things I am enabled to remember, therefore have I hope in Him, whilst feeling deeply my own feebleness ; for the precious anointed Head cannot say to the poor creeping feet in union, " I have no need of the." Can He not, really ? No, never, never ! " The Lord hath need of him," and He hath equal need of poor unworthy me, weak, vile, and deserving, though I be. He, therefore, says, " Loose him and bring him ;" and He hath, by the power of the blessed Spirit, both loosened us and brought us to Himself, binding His colt unto the vine, and His ass's colt unto the choice vine. I believe, in love, that He has need of the least of His members, and that He would not be perfect without such

an one as I, and it melts my heart to contemplate the precious fact; but I cannot but feel, also, that the least of His members has need of Him. O how much need! Words cannot utter it, but the heart can feel it, and bless Him that he says, "Come near to me, I pray you. . . . I am Joseph your brother." He also further says, "Regard not your stuff, for the good of all the land is before you." Not the land of Egypt, but Himself, who is our good land, flowing with milk and honey. In him we eat bread without scarceness, and have no lack of anything. He "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" so that in the midst of our felt poverty we are constrained to say, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things." His fulness meets our emptiness, and His supply our need; and He is infinitely blest in giving, and we are superlatively so in receiving, and God in all things is glorified. The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, and He is a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty unto the residue of His people.

"Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust."

All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet:
Not to my heart is life so dear,
Or friendship half so sweet."

Beloved, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me;" and I am cast down at times, but not destroyed; perplexed, but not in despair. Sometimes I am joyful in tribulation also, knowing that all things work together for good to them that love God, and who are the called according to His purpose; and, amid all thorns and briars, within and without, He does nourish and cherish His own flesh.

I have been in bodily affliction and weakness, but am now reviving again. Under all circumstances, it is a marvellous thing that this frail tabernacle is kept in motion so long. It is perishing, and though it may be strengthened again for a little time, there will be ere long the command given again, "Loose her and bring her!" Then shall the body return unto the dust as it was, and the spirit unto God who gaze it, and I shall be ever with the Lord. "To depart and be with Christ is far better;" nevertheless "this is my comfort in my affliction; for thy Word hath quickened me." The Lord is very good to me, neither does He lay upon me more than He enables me to bear; and though I suffer, yet I have much more bodily ease than many who are troubled with the same complaint. Moreover, I do not feel it to be a rod, but rather a love-token to bring me near to the sympathies of my precious Jesus who Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.

I have had other weights which have pressed heavier than my bodily affliction; but, amid and through all, I will mention the

lovingkindness and tender mercy of the Lord, to His praise, and bless Him that hitherto He hath helped me. His ways of dealing with us are very wonderful, and they are often most contrary to the will of our flesh; but the new man continually says, "He hath done all things well." He sitteth as a refiner and purifier of silver, and by the process is saying, "Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer;" and He, also, says of the same vessel to honor, "Thou shalt be for me, and not for another," and not for yourself.

There are infinite heights and depths of bliss and love and glory in a precious Jesus, and though I am yet only, as it were, in the shallows thereof, it may not be amiss to speak of what I have tasted, and handled, and felt, of the good word of life. Oh that I could do it more suitably! However I will say, with a beloved friend of mine, "If I cannot sing a *high* note to His praise, I will sing a *low* one." "My Beloved is mine and I am His." All my poor powers are His to serve in His cause as He shall see fit to call them forth and whether I be employed in doing or suffering, all shall encrease His glory, and prove a real benefit to my soul. I had to endure much of the latter lately, but have had increased cause to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; for there is neither wrath nor curse in it. All, all is in love! The body has the sentence of death in it, but the spirit is in union to Him who is eternal life, and who says, "Because I live ye shall live also." Oh, beloved, I have such cause to praise Him who is so good to me! I have in my little way many tribulations and temptations, but He is wonderful in counsel, and mighty in working in bringing His poorest creature safely through all.

I do not wish to burden you, but I should like a line to know the state of your bodily health. It appeared from the last few lines that I received that the Lord was about to house you in the midst of the storm, which would indeed be blessed for you, but not for those about you. However, we well know that He will guide His affairs with discretion, and overrule both the storm and the calm for His own glory. As the tidings of your first letter astonished me, the strains of your last astonish me much more; for whilst my soul was bowed down greatly under your trials, you seem above it all. I can only look and wonder, and still hope, and wait on the Lord that He would arise and send you prosperity.

I need add no more of my poor words, for the Comforter is with you; but I am constrained to inquire affectionately about your health. The Lord guide and counsel you, lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace.

Your very affectionately,

RUTH.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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ZION'S WITNESS.

Vol. XI.

OCTOBER, 1868.

No. 121.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Romans viii. 38, 39.

I consider this to be a most wonderful challenge. Paul, led by the Holy Spirit, here challenges life, death, angels—whether fallen angels, or those now before the throne—principalities, powers, things present, things future, height, depth, or any other creature, to cause the least separation from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. He knew, by power divine, by the ministration of the eternal Spirit, that the Church was in living oneness with her Head, and that every member thereof was so joined to the Lord and one spirit, that nothing could cause an inroad, and that no air could come between.

This is one of the boldest challenges in the entire Word of God, but it is a most truthful one, and we are well assured that there can be no schism in the body of Christ, and that not one member can be severed from the Lord of life and glory. The Church is everlastingly secure, eternally complete; but one may perhaps ask what comprises the Church? We reply, All God's people, from the first saint down to the last elect vessel of mercy which shall be quickened into life. The Head without the body would not be entire, the body without every individual member would not be complete; but they are so closely allied, that when one is named the other is included and comprehended. The Church of the firstborn which are written in heaven form one grand whole, even a vast multitude, a number, which no man can number, and yet, when compared to

the professing church, God's people are but a "little flock." His saints were His in eternity, they are His in time, and they shall be His to an eternal day. His body shall never undergo the least alteration, it shall never be severed from Him; His family shall never be diminished, neither shall it be increased. God will not add to the muster roll, neither will He erase nor blot out one name therefrom.

"Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal covenant stands."

We were in Him before the morning stars sang together and "all the sons of God shouted for joy," and we shall remain in Him for ever and ever.

In our text all created things are challenged to cause a separation betwixt Christ and His Church, and what stands good collectively stands good individually; hence we, by precious faith, under the leadings and teachings of the Holy Ghost, may take up the same language; for in the covenant of love Jehovah so fixed every member in the one body that nothing can alter the standing of the feeblest lamb in the Shepherd's fold. We do not believe that the Lord chose His church out of the creature mass, or that He elected His people after they fell in union to a nature head, but long before the fall; and whatever they became in oneness with Adam earthy, was wholly nullified and lost sight of by the doing, dying, and rising of their glorious Surety. We delight in grace-relationship, in eternal union, in everlasting oneness. These are precious realities; vital, living, and unalterable truths: no creature line can fathom them, no human words can fully utter them; but, child of God, be it your's and mine to enter into some of their free grace blessedness. We cannot grasp the word eternity, but God is Eternity, Infinity, and Immensity. There is no place where His omniscient eye fails to see, no space which He does not fill. He supports and upholds all things, and this mighty God is our gracious and glorious Christ, our Kinsman-Redeemer, over all blessed for evermore. By Him "Kings reign, and princes decree justice:" He speaks, and it is done; He commands and it stands fast. By His word of omnipotent power He created this universe, and as He is the universal Governor, everything is according to His mind and will, and He loves His Church with an unswerving and an unchanging love. It is impossible to speak of Christ without taking the Church into consideration. Some speak as though they were distinct, that Christ was one object, and that the church was another; but the Scriptures of truth, the Word of God, and that covenant ordered in all things and sure, will not allow this division. When the Head is mentioned, the Church is included; when Christ is treated of, every member is embraced. O! the blessedness arising from grace-re-

lationship. We were one with Jesus before time, and no matter how old this earth may be, no matter how many years may have elapsed since our globe was spoken into existence, we had a being in Christ ere that period. Jehovah loved His Son, and we were in union with Him. He did not love the Head without the members, neither the members in distinctiveness from the Head. The elect body was conjoined to Christ and He was the worthy object of His Father's love and choice. All wisdom and knowledge are resident in Him, and He is the treasury, the storehouse, of every new covenant blessing. He was the visible object, and in Him the invisible Jehovah is revealed and manifested to those who have "like precious faith." These only can behold Him, for He does not make Himself known to the wicked. We know that when He came down to this lower world, took upon Himself the form of a servant, and enrobed His Godhead in our clay, the natural eye of natural men saw Him, and these found fault with Him at every step, but He feared not foes, for His commission was from heaven, and His name was "Emmanuel—God with us." He came down from the realms of bliss to rescue His Church, and to bring up His people, and present them to Himself without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; and He set His face like a flint; but when He rose gloriously, when He burst the bars of death asunder, could His enemies behold Him? No! He was only seen then by chosen witnesses, and none but His disciples could behold a glorious Christ in His glorified body. He appeared to the two who journeyed to Emmaus, and when their eyes were opened, so that they knew Him, He vanished out of their sight, or He ceased to be seen of them. Not a foe did He meet, not an enemy did He come in contact with: He had triumphed, and He was only seen by His witnesses: these alone realised His power and Godhead, and felt His word to be with dew and unction. He had trampled His enemies beneath His feet, and He, our eternal Beloved, our Kinsman-Redeemer, said to His righteous God and Father. "I have pursued mine enemies, and overtaken them: neither did I turn again till they were consumed." He consumed them, and then rose majestically and gloriously, the Captain of our salvation, our Breaker, our Forerunner, with conquest sparkling in His lovely face, and fire flashing in His eye, and He demanded admittance at the heavenly gates, entrance into the regions of bliss, on the ground of what He had performed. He had passed through the territories of death, and plucked the sting thence; He had ransomed and redeemed His church, raised her to the highest gloire, and accomplished all on her behalf; and as a triumphant Victor, as a glorious Conqueror, He stood at the portals of glory; and were the gates uplifted? Were the shining portals opened? Yes! and the song was sung, "Lift up

your heads, O, ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." He had obtained a conquest, He had achieved a victory, and what barrier, what impediment, could stand in the way? Sin was ended, the territories of hell were shaken, death was destroyed, and he likewise that had the power of death, that is the devil: all foes were beneath His triumphant feet. He rose as a Hero, as a Victor, and took to Him His great power, and now He reigns King supreme. Child of God, this is our Beloved, this is our Friend; and O! to think that He did not enter heaven without His people, without His members, in living union, but that He took all with Him; and His language to His God and our God was, "Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me!" "Of them which Thou gavest me have I lost none." He gave them eternal life, and He declared that they should never perish, neither should any pluck them out of His hand, and He has never repented of His acts of love.

How boldly and confidently does the Apostle speak! He says, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Trembling child of God, why should you fear? Your gracious Jesus has done all for you: He has achieved a mighty victory, and it is placed to your account. Hence you may now walk up and down the lengths and breadths of Emmanuel's land which flows with milk and honey and crown Him Lord of all. He has accomplished everything worthy of a God: His dignity, His beauty, and His righteousness, are imputed to you, and you stand on the law's honors. The Father's love was fixed upon Him, and settled in Him: in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and He says, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." "Ah," say you, "it was easy for Paul to speak in these assured terms: he was mighty in the Scriptures, and he comprehended the length and breadth, and depth and height, and knew the love of God which passeth knowledge, and I believe that there are other of the saints who are in their measure thus favored and instructed in the grace-school of Christ, but I fear that I have neither part nor lot in the matter: my nerves at times seem wholly unstrung; I experience nothing but deadness and barrenness, and feel nought but confusion within and without." This arises because you cannot see your union oneness with your Head, but still His arms of love are encircling you, and the Lord is a wall of fire round about you, and the glory in the midst. "But," say you, "how can I be assured that I am one with Jesus, by eternal union one?" Only by revelation and manifestation, and nothing will satisfy you

but a communication from the high court of heaven, nothing will content you but the presence of the Lord. "Ah," say you, "for these favors I long and pant, and mourn and sigh. Some tell me that I ought to draw comfort from the Word of God, and get consolation from the precious Scriptures; but I often read chapter after chapter and realise nothing but condemnation, every verse seems to reprove me, and no comfort can I draw from this source: my sins stand like armed men before me, and I fear I have no interest in Christ. I am unlike the children of God: I seem not to have one mark or one evidence that I am born again: I cannot discover the family features in my instance, and how is it possible that I can be assured that I shall never be separated from the love of God? I know the Church is everlastingly secure, but I am not certain that I am a member thereof." Child of God, we perfectly understand you, and we know that the Lord Himself must establish, ground, and settle you. He alone can assure you of your interest in Himself, and of your salvation by Himself, and until then you will have no solid consolation. I do not say you may not have some sips of the brook, some rays of light, some gleams of glory: a little hope may bubble up, a "Who can tell?" may now and then arise, a beam of light may strike across your dark pathway, and a little peace may rule in your heart; but these joys will be of short duration, and until the Lord raise you up in Himself, your peace will not be lasting, your joy will not be solid. O! may He found you upon the Rock of Ages, and give you to sit down under His shadow with great delight, and to find His fruit sweet to your taste. His flesh is meat indeed, His blood is drink indeed, and when He shall regale you at His own table, cheer you with His eternal smile, and say to you personally, "I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness, have I drawn thee," you will know that you belong to Him, and that you are joined to Him, but until this hallowed time shall arrive, there can be no assurance, and no confidence. "Then," says one, "in that case it is the work of the Lord, exclusively, to commence a work of grace in a sinner's heart, and to carry it on; to show him that he is lost in union to Adam earthy, and saved in union to Adam heavenly; to reveal to him his condemned state, and his justified state; to say first the wounding word, and then the healing word; first to turn man to destruction, and then to say, 'Return, ye children of men.'" Yes, it is the work of God throughout. He lays the foundation, He raises the superstructure, and He places the top stone on the building. The creature has no hand in his own salvation, neither can he give himself faith, nor produce real joy. Jesus says, "Without me ye can do nothing:" hence why struggle on in your own strength, in your own might? How useless is it to attempt to perform mighty

acts! How can a man accomplish the work of Deity? As soon might we blot the sun out of the firmament, or bind the raging, surging ocean, or do any other similar and mighty feat, as draw comfort and solace from the Scriptures in their literality. "Then," say you, "you make man to be merely like a machine." Well, in one sense he is like a machine, inasmuch as he is kept working by omnipotent power; but in another sense he is not like a machine, because he realises the Lord's almighty power. When God works in us, we move: when He suspends His favors, we are still: hence we are passive agents in a certain sense, and active agents in another, because we enjoy His love shed abroad in our hearts. When the Lord transports us to the mountain's top, when the breezes of the eternal Spirit come from the regions of bliss, and when our minds are wafted above the vale, we can challenge earth and hell combined to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord; but when we are in Babylonish captivity, when our harps are hung on the willows, instead of blessing and praising His name, we are mourning in the deepest sackcloth; instead of singing, we are sighing. Nevertheless, at such times, all we need is, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away;" and, in the twinkling of an eye, we are translated into His immediate presence: we hold communion and fellowship with the King of kings and the Lord of lords; we feel strong in Him and in the power of His might, and we exclaim that we shall never be moved, our mountain stands so strong. It cannot give way; no storm shall shake it, no tempest shall cause it to totter. "Ah," say you, "I know something of this boldness and confidence." Well, God's people can alone adopt the words of our Text; but they are a peculiar, a special, and a distinguished people: they possess two natures; one in union to the first man, the other in union to the second; and these two are contrary. By the revealed Word they are partakers of the divine nature, and this nature is directly opposed to the carnal and natural mind: hence one nature is as pure and as holy as is its author, and the other is wholly corrupt and defiled: one is spiritual, the other is natural. The possession of these two opposing principles constitutes their peculiarity, and those who are only in the flesh cannot understand them. When the eternal Spirit takes possession of a man's heart, from that moment he becomes a speckled bird. "Think not," saith Jesus, "that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword;" and when this sword enters, and singles out one of a family, the other members are against that one: if not partakers of the same grace, how can there be harmony and concord? "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" Where the Lord wounds, He also heals; where He lays the founda-

dation. He likewise raises the superstructure: where He lays low, He also raises up in His time; but until He apply the healing ointment, until He reveal the abundance of peace and truth, and shed abroad His love in the heart, true rejoicing cannot ensue. It is utterly impossible for a natural mind to comprehend God's work of separation, or to understand those in whose hearts He rules and reigns; for nature cannot rise above its level.

O! let me ask you, Have you realised the Lord's love? Have you realised the Almighty power thereof, the drawings and the constrainings thereof, the transporting nature thereof? Has He manifested it to you to your heart's joy? If so, you may challenge earth and hell to separate you therefrom, for "who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" When this love is tasted, when this love is enjoyed, how bold and how confident we feel! "There is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment;" and O! what ease is felt, what assurance is realised, when His love and mercy inundate our souls. We then know that Christ our Redeemer lives, that He ever watches over us, that He will lead us through this dreary waste in safety, and that neither death nor life shall separate us from Him. Child of God, why dread the future? Why look forward with dismay and with trembling to the morrow? Your blessed Lord has said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," and He will guide you with His counsel and afterward receive you to glory. He has engaged to teach you, to keep you, to guard you, and to land you on the eternal shore. No evil shall befall you, for all needed strength He will supply according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Oftentimes when the Lord's children enjoy "showers of blessing," they fear some trial is looming in the distance: they think the comfort and the solace their God has granted them are to prepare them for some affliction; but these fears arise under the power of temptation; for Satan does not like them to enjoy the Lord's presence, and the consolations of His love, and hence he casts them down and distresses them: but, ye living children of God, look up to your glorious Christ; He will uphold and strengthen you. It is sweet to cast all care upon Him when He makes His words spirit and life, and whatever opposition you may meet with here below, remember the Lord rests in His love, and He will give both grace and glory.

May He chase away all gloom and all darkness, and raise you infinitely above yourself! Soon shall we have done with the things of time, and the Lord will tell us to come up higher, to enter the realms of bliss and blessedness: soon shall we bid an eternal adieu, an everlasting farewell, to this sublunary world, and the language of our heart is, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and "Our light

affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." What a distinction there is between the light affliction, and everlasting consolation; between a moment, and "the ages to come!" Soon shall we be in the immediate presence of the Bridegroom of our heart, the Beloved of our soul; and when we shall shake off this clay tent, this earthly tabernacle, and bound away, we will make heaven's etherial arches ring, and we will praise our glorious God and King in eternal anthems and high Hallelujahs for ever and ever.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings, and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there."

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

FROM A FELLOW LABOURER.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION,—I hope this hasty scratch of my pen may find you in the enjoyment of the sweet presence of our dear and loving Immanuel. Truly He is "God with us." Without Him we must have spent an eternity of banishment from the joy of our covenant God in Him. With Jesus we are with God, and God is with us. God is our's, and we are God's. Nothing will satisfy our God but the presence of His people; nothing will satisfy our souls but the presence of our God. In Jesus we have met, and the kiss of reconciling mercy, the sweet token of unbounded affection, has carried our hearts away captive. It is here we own Him as our own Father, "My Father and your Father."

Oh, what wonders of grace we experience as the atoning blood of our glorious Christ is sprinkled on our hearts by the unerring grace and energy of God the Holy Ghost! What sweet peace is our's when the blest Comforter testifies to our longing hearts of Jesus' perfect righteousness! What joy unspeakable to know He ever liveth to make intercession for us! This is the grand specific for all our ailments. Headaches and heartaches, sorrows and trials, are all forgotten here. Ah! but are we not often reminded that this is not our rest? Such a nasty nature we carry about with us daily! Our poor hearts oft deceive us. The devil's progeny harrass and annoy, and the old enemy himself teases and torments. Well, even here we have great honour thrust upon us. Oneness with Jesus in His baptism of suffering

is our's Suffering members of the once suffering Head we are. Fierce temptations, violent assaults, and terrible blasts from hell, may threaten to destroy us ; but, nay,

"Rage as ye will, O ye portals of hell,
Safe in the Rock do the ransom'd ones dwell!"

In Jesus saved ! In Jesus safe !

Dear brother, I am blest in holding a little communion with thee in the pages of the WITNESS : there is no joy on earth, nay, all the joys together cannot equal this. May our fellowship be sweet indeed ! Sweet gales from Sharon's hallowed ground waft o'er thee and thine !

THOMAS BRADBURY.

THE LORD'S WAY RIGHT.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—“Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied.” May the Lord shower down upon you His choicest blessings ! “In the light of the King's countenance is life ; and His favour is as a cloud of the latter rain.” In His presence is fulness of joy.

“I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.” His thoughts are far above our thoughts, for He knows the end from the beginning.

I need scarcely tell you I do not like to hear of the probability of your leaving Plymouth. When the thought recurs to the mind, as it does again and again, it casts a gloom over my spirits ; but if it be the will of the Lord to remove you, I cannot but reply, “Thy will be done ;” and at the sum total I believe we shall be constrained to say, “He hath done *all things* well.” His way, indeed, is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and we cannot always trace His hand. He removes our props, He blasts our schemes, but what He does is done in love, and His language is, “Arise ye, and depart ; for this is not your rest : because it is polluted.”

“And if our dearest comforts fall
Before His sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself He gives us still.”

I have many times blessed the Lord that He has permitted me to hear you so continuously, and far, far more than I am able to enter into and appreciate your ministry ; but affliction and trial attend us here, and change is stamped on every thing of an earthly nature ; nevertheless, there is a needs-be for every trial, for every

cross, and the Lord has graciously promised, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and, as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Yes, daily strength for daily needs, but not strength in reserve, and if His presence be realized, time-exercises are forgotten.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy;" and when His heavens drop down dew, we have all we can desire; even more sometimes than we can contain, for our cups run over; we have pleasures we cannot describe, joys we cannot express. These are gleams of heaven's sunshine, but clouds are needful as well as clear shinnings, and "Clouds are the dust of His feet:" night is needed as well as day, winter as well as summer.

When one can, in some little measure, realize the nothingness of time, tribulations sink to their true level; the affliction is for a moment, the "weight of glory" is eternal. Soon shall we drop the chrysalis, and the Lord will whisper, in heart dissolving strains, "Come up higher:" then it will be one eternal keeping of Sabbath.

"O blissful dawn of endless day!"

What a wondrous and comprehensive expression is that in Eph ii. 7, "The ages to come." As you said a fortnight since, When millions of years shall have rolled into eternity, it will still be "the ages to come." Well may we exclaim with the Apostle, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

"While millions of years are rolling along,
This blood royal host, this glorified throng,
Shall walk with the Lamb in their splendid attire,
While angels their vestments and songs shall admire."

When faith is in living exercise one longs to soar away, and to unite in those anthems of praise, the distant notes of which we now sometimes seem to hear. Do we not now and then catch the sounds of the redeemed who hymn the high praises of their glorious Lord around the throne? and when thus favoured, do we not long to stretch our fettered wings, and unite with them in the eternal song—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever?" O may He grant us still greater manifestations of His love, and may He give us to trust in Him at all times and under all circumstances who changeth not!

Ever your's very affectionately,

E.

HUMILIATION AND SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—I again hail and greet you in that un-
touchable oneness, unceasing relationship, and holy union with the
holy Ones that we shall everlastingly enjoy. You are married to
Him who is our Almighty Kinsman-Redeemer, and as husband
and wife are no more twain but one flesh, you are brought to en-
joy the rights and privileges of Him who has said in love, “Thy
desire shall be to thy husband, and He shall rule over thee.” The
Holy Ghost has said, “Forasmuch as the children are partakers of
flesh and blood, He also Himself took part of the same.” Thus He
became one with us in our own flesh and blood, and is touched with
the feeling of our infirmity; and it is written of Him, “In all their
afflictions, He was afflicted.” He is, therefore, the great mystery
of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. He is called the “Man of
sorrows and acquainted with grief;” and, “being in an agony, He
prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of
blood falling down to the ground.” This declares to us love that
passeth knowledge, and suffering which none but “Emmanuel,
God with us,” could know, or even feel: and, to me, it heightens
the subject, and opens depths that we cannot fathom, that He
did not suffer for Himself: but He the innocent and holy One suf-
fered for us the guilty offenders, as saith the Spirit, “For Christ
also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us
to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit;
who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that
we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose
stripes we are healed.” How unspeakably precious it is, as we
know that we have transgressed, that God the Father visited our
transgressions on Christ, by laying them on Him! The full weight
of the rod of anger that our sins merited fell upon Him; and what
a marvellous mystery it is that with the stripes of Christ, the Lamb
of God, our Surety, Priest, Mediator, and Advocate, we are healed!
We are not healed by suffering for our sin, for this we could not do,
but “as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also our consol-
ation aboundeth by Christ:” and as the eternal Spirit opens these
pure truths unto us, and demonstrates them in our hearts, so Jesus
the Son of God, who came in our flesh, will be increasingly pre-
cious unto us; and as we grow in grace, and in the knowledge of
Him, so more of the fulness of the testimony of the Spirit concern-
ing Him in the following portion will be understood by us: “His vi-
sage was more marred than any man, and His form more than the
sons of men:” yet He, at the same time, was the brightness of the
Father’s glory, and the express image of His person. He Himself

is Jehovah our everlasting Light, our God, and our Glory. In all things He hath the pre-eminence. Never did opposites and contradictions meet in any person as they met in our most glorious Christ: and never did sameness of person centre in any one as it did in our blessed Lord. He is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He says of Himself to His Church, "I am the Lord: I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed:" and of Him, in the knowledge of His person and redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, we say, "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows!" In the heartfelt-experience of these truths, and in the knowledge of the fellowship of His sufferings, we honor and adore Him by esteeming Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted: and as He was thus stricken of the Father for me, so my greatest comforts and consolations flow to me, a member of His body, the travail of His soul, from the unsearchable depths of His humiliation. In the inexplicable nature of His agony, bloody sweat, cross and passion, I discover His glory shining forth, "the glory of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth." Here I discover Him to be the repairer of the breach that sin had made, and the restorer of the paths that Adam lost. When He partook of our nature, God and man were brought together and met in Christ; and by His sufferings, death, and resurrection, He restored the paths to walk in; and the paths of the Lord are mercy and peace, and they drop fatness. Bless Him, O our souls! "He was delivered for our offences, and He was raised again for our justification; therefore, being justified, by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." It is in the knowledge of these things that the Holy Ghost makes me wise unto salvation, by the Scriptures, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, "who was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "O the depth of the riches!"

Beloved, having said the few preceding words to you in love concerning Jesus, the Son of God, our Brother born for adversity, in oneness of nature with "His body the Church, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all," I go on to remark that we His members shall live eternally in the fulness and blessedness of union-life in Him. Our origin is clearly stated in the following portion: "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus who is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." We were blessed by God our Father in Him, chosen, complete, and accepted in Him, before we had a union to Adam; and though our first father sinned, and we came short of the glory of God in him, we could not lose our blessings or forfeit our right to our everlasting inheritance in Christ. These, to me, are dear and plain truths, and their

divine properties realised are more to be desired than fine gold, and they are sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. But these eternal realities and vital truths lay hidden from us, and were unknown to us, until the Word of the Lord was fulfilled which says, "Ye must be born again." Then we were made partakers of Christ, of a divine nature, and were joined to the Lord and one spirit. This clearly and most truly develops and demonstrates our oneness with and our union to Christ: and as Jesus left both His Father and His mother and cleaved to His wife, openly becoming one flesh with her, there can be no schism in His body, and no separation from His love. Neither any person nor power can pluck us out of His hands; for He hath given unto us eternal life. He is Himself Jehovah our righteousness, and He is the righteousness of God without the law and the prophets; and we are "the righteousness of God in Him." These are the holy and precious truths that my soul loves; but I love Jesus Christ above all His work and word. By His work I am eternally free from sin, death, curse, wrath, and condemnation; "and the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," and I can join the prophet in saying, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Christ Himself, the glorious Lord, is unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; He Himself, the Branch Jehovah, is beauty and glory; and He Himself, Jehovah of hosts, is a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty unto the residue of His people. "Jesus only," Christ personally, is all and in all. Then of Him we will sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted:" and to Him we will cheerfully and joyfully say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

I expect that this will find you domiciled in your Bethel, on the High Pavement, where you not only have visits from your Husband and Redeemer, but prove Him to be dwelling in you according to John xiv. 18—23; xvii. 20—6. Christ dwells in your heart by faith, He is in you the hope of glory, and you can say, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us: God is love, and He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." Oh the mystery! Oh the depth of these deep things of God! And O the mercy to know them according to the measure of the gift of Christ, by the supply of the Spirit of Christ! My heart is warm toward you because you belong to Christ; and although your joys and consolations, from sweet indulgencies and blest manifestations, having peace extended to you like a river, and glory like a flowing stream, exceed mine, so that you are far beyond me in

the knowledge of these things, yet I feel it a pleasure to bless and praise the Lord on your behalf, and to rejoice inasmuch as we are

"One with Jesus,
By eternal union one."

I am, with you, on the living side of death, in resurrection life and blessedness, and my mercy is to live a believer in Jesus, though I walk in darkness and have no bright shining. I am, also, in the midst of trouble, with many afflictions, together with a daily cross, but daily strength is granted me. The trial of faith is the work of patience. Thus I learn that it is not in man to direct his steps; for "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." I now see through a glass darkly, but beyond it I behold light and glory. "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Although I am exercised, chastened every morning, and plagued all the day long, saying with Paul, "I have great heaviness and continued sorrow in my heart," yet there is no creature that I desire to change places with; for I fully believe that there is not one in heaven or on earth more healthy or more rich than am I. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him." Not one good thing promised me by Him has failed.

"I know in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all things well."

The Lord bless us with an increasing knowledge of the Father and of Him whom our souls love, "whom to know is life eternal:" and in the fellowship of the Spirit we will rejoice, saying, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

A few words from you will comfort my heart, for I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Your last epistle was very refreshing, not only to me, but to others. My love to you and the few sheep in the one fold. Your's in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

UNALTERABLE LOVE.

"The love that saves our souls from hell
On this side heaven we ne'er can tell,
But when we reach bright Canaan's plains
We'll sound it in immortal strains."

'This love in the Word is called "the great love wherewith He loved us." This great love is infinitely greater than are all our sins, and greater than all our blessings; for "God is love," and Christ is God; and He is our Beloved and our only Friend. What He

is *for* us, He is *to* us, and will ever be *in* us. He rests in His love. There can be no drawbacks to love, no hindrances to the free flowings of love. It knows no impediments. Sin cannot turn the course of the river of love. The waters of affliction cannot quench the fire of love. The floods of ungodliness cannot drown the life of love. Love commends itself to the most unlikely and unworthy objects. It turns by the wise and prudent, and finds its subjects amongst the foolish things of this world. The great and the grand are rarely found among its family circle: the rich and the affluent are but here and there seen among its inner-court worshippers. Now and then one is found above the lower walks of life who can speak of having felt its fire, enjoyed its choice blessing, and basked under its sunshine. Sovereignty is indelibly stamped upon all its actions. One of a city and two of a family characterise it in all its unfoldings. It singles out Saul of Tarsus, the ring-leader of Satan's troop of bloody persecutors, but leaves all the host beside, and makes that sinner saved by grace declare its sovereign prerogative by saying, "Those that were with me saw indeed the light, but heard not the voice that spake to me." And why did Paul hear the voice? Because "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and whom I will I harden." "How hard!" say some. "How unfair!" say others. "How unjust!" says a third. But how true! It is hard to kick against such pricks as these! It is tough work to attempt to uproot such deep mountains of brass as these! "Let God be true, and every man a liar." The Lord will have His own. With all their faults He will own them. With all their infirmities He will acknowledge them. With all their rebellion and devilishness He cannot help loving them. With all their peevishness and fretfulness He cannot steel His heart against them. With all their waywardness and fickleness He cannot reject them. Whatever their accusers have to say against them, He fully and freely justifies them. Whatever charges are preferred against them, and however truthful every one, He heeds them not, but writes upon the ground of their heart, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" above thy persecutors, away from thy tormentors, at an infinite distance from thy dreadful oppressors. I have drawn thee out of thyself into myself; out of earth into heaven; out of darkness into light; out of war into peace; out of toil into rest; out of sin into purity; out of condemnation into justification; out of ugliness into beauty; out of flesh into spirit; out of hatred into love; out of the world into the pavilion above the strife of tongues. "My Beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." How hard it is to "come away!" How few know

the secret of getting away! Earth draws its subjects down, heaven raises its subjects up. Those who are earth-born are earth-bound; those who are heaven-born are heaven-bound. The children of the Spirit are love-born and grace-born. Their origin is love, their home is love. Their life is love, their food is love. Their element is the atmosphere of love, their light is the sun of love, and their water is the ocean of love. They live in Love's house, feed at Love's table, partake of Love's provision, drink of Love's wine, hear Love's voice, feel Love's power, and are made glad with the light of Love's countenance. They are warmed at Love's fire, cheered by Love's presence, and satisfied with Love's fulness. The world is all a blank to Love's children. The things of time and sense are but shadows to the living family. The exciting themes of earth are empty bubbles in the esteem of Zion's sons and daughters. They are crucified to the world and the world to them. They are not of the world even as Christ is not of the world; and had the world its will and way, the seed royal would soon be extirpated from earth's soil. But "let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab," still gives the favourite family room to live their appointed time on earth. Were it not for this they would be trodden down as dung, and driven away as dust. "The Lord reigneth!" He says, "This people have I formed for myself," and he will take care of them Himself, and keep them to Himself. None have any right to them but Himself, and He does not intend that any should care for their company but Himself. Hence He says, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my namesake." Amen! Hallelujah!

"Enough, my gracious God!
 Let faith triumphant cry;
 My soul can on thy promise live,
 Can on thy promise die."

The natural professor does not understand the child of God, and the child very frequently is a great puzzle to himself. He is no part of the world, and can find no portion in the world. "The world loves its own" children, caresses its own offspring, but the sons and daughters of Zion are hated by it; and it is quite right that they should be. The world's element is nature, self is its god, the fading vanities of the time-state are its objects and subjects. Can natural minds expand beyond natural things? Can natural hearts be affected with spiritual realities? Can human beings feel vital interest in superhuman verities? Impossible. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The things of time and sense cannot feast the mind of a spiritual child of God: the precious things of the ancient mountains cannot afford satisfaction to a natural son

of Adam. Religious nature may glory in a natural religion; but it is consummately ignorant of vital godliness. Natural religion and natural professors will die together; but the Lord's people possess a vital substance, an undying reality, that will outlive time and bask under the meridian sunshine of the glorious Sun of Righteousness to an eternal day. "He that eateth me shall live by me," says Christ, "and he that believeth in me shall never die." Every creature robe of righteousness will drop off either before or at death, but the royal robe, and spotless righteousness, of a glorious Kinsman-Redeemer, "which is unto all and upon all them that believe," will remain upon them in unsullied brilliancy to an eternal day. Once put on always on.

"Clad in His vesture, bright and fair,
We're like the Holy One."

Paul's great desire was to be found in Him, not having on his own righteousness; for he well knew, by the Holy Ghost's teaching, that his own righteousness was no better than filthy rags. He was well aware that if he were not found in Christ, "the Lord from heaven," he would be found in the first Adam, and he knew that if he were only in union to a nature head that he should be lost to all intents and purposes. But he had no doubt of his completeness in Christ and acceptance in the Beloved, and he could say, in the full confidence of faith, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all those who love His appearing." The great Apostle did not run at an uncertainty; he did not fight as one who only beat the air. He was sure that the race would result in winning the prize, that the battle would terminate with a glorious victory. This assurance did not arise from a vain confidence in his creature swiftness and strength; for he well knew that the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The Lord had sweetly taught him that his strength was to stand still. This is a secret which all out of the family circle are ignorant of. They know not creature weakness, they experience not omnipotent strength. Natural religionists are self-reliant and self-sufficient, but the living children are taught to cast their burden upon the Lord, knowing that He careth for them. They have none to go to but the Lord, none to lean upon save the Lord, none to trust in but "the strength of Israel" who will not lie. If this arm give way they fall. If this rock be removed out of its place they sink.

"How can they sink with such a prop,
As the eternal God!"

Sink in themselves they may, but fall out of Him they cannot. Their standing is upon the eternal Rock of Ages. Their high tower of strength is the Mighty God of Jacob. Their shady tree of life is "Immanuel, God with us." Their house of banquet is their "Brother born for adversity." Their store and their storehouse is their Friend who loveth at all times. Their Maker is their Husband. Christ Himself is their Lord and God, Sun and Shield, Grace and Glory. "But Christ is all and in all."

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

But how often is Christ out of sight! We read, "It was now dark, and Jesus was not yet come." Beloved, is it dark now? Is Jesus out of sight? Have you lost sight of all the way that He hath led you? Are you shut up and unable to come forth? Are wind and tide against you? Lover and friend far from you? Are you brought to where two seas meet? Has all hope of saving the ship been cut off? "Not a hair of your head shall perish." "Underneath are the everlasting arms!" Stormy winds and tempests but fulfil His Word. Clouds and darkness but glorify His name. Contrary winds to the flesh are sent to quicken your course into the harbor of rest. There can be no real obstructions to your homeward voyage. Your direction through the stormy sea of life is marked, and you are not left to the mercy of fickle winds and unruly tides, for He who marked your course, and directed your journey, and started you on your way, accompanies you all through your onward track. The winds He holds in His fists, the waters He keeps in the hollow of His hands. He not only holds the winds and measures the waters, but binds you in the bundle of life with Himself. He holds your soul in life, and suffers not your feet to be moved. Surely you can sing,

"With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm."

Shipwrecked, you will never be; lost, you cannot be. Christ is your Pilot, Christ is your Captain, and Christ is your Ark of safety. Angry waters cannot touch you, fiery blasts cannot harm you, fiercest winds cannot endanger you. Hear the guarantee from His own heart of love, "There shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling;" "for He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps."

"Near to His heart you ever lie,
Dear as the apple of His eye:
Then fear not hell, though hell molest,
All things are order'd for the best."

You may not see it so, but it is so notwithstanding. The mistake that you too often make is this. When things run contrary to your natural will, oppose your natural mind, you think that the Lord is dealing hardly with you, that if He really and truly loved you, He would not allow things to run so counter to your wishes. Thus you measure His Love and affection by the line of His providential dealing. But He says, "Judge not according to the appearance"; for you are

"Too blind to fathom wisdom's way,
Or think 'tis sent in love."

The Father knows what is best suited for His child, and He takes more pains in instructing His children than all the world beside. The wicked He sovereignly leaves to himself, but His own child He cannot allow to run wild or to live an independent life. The Father's glory and the child's good are inseparably linked together. "What I do thou knowest not now," is continually exemplified in His dealings with His children. "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me;" and, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," are the real breathings of His warm heart of love, the very expressions of His inmost soul. How can He forget

"The darling of His loving heart!"

How can He lose sight of

"The apple of His eye!"

Cheer up, beloved. Earth, hell, and heaven are all conspiring your good. Not a being or thing in existence can work against you. If God be for you, who can be effectually against you? Are not all His vassals? Must not all obey His bidding? Can He not speak the raging storm into the stillest calm? Can the lightning's flash or thunder's roll be seen or heard when He utters His voice? Can the rolling tide rise one inch beyond His boundary? Can the foaming wave extend an eighth beyond the bond of His power? It is only for Him to say to the deep "Be dry," and His Word dries up rivers of trouble. It is but for Him to say "Peace, be still," and the troubled mind becomes placid and tranquil.

"Oh, how His voice draws out the heart
In burning hot desire!
And O such love He doth impart,
The soul is all on fire!"

He may keep you long waiting to hear His voice, feel His power,

realise His peace, and experience His blest presence; but do not construe His *delays* into *denials*. "He waiteth that He may be gracious." "Hunger is the best sauce" in nature, and so it is in grace. An empty stomach can best appreciate food. "The full soul loathes the honeycomb; but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet."

" Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies :
R'en crosses, in His sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

He knows how to lead you, He knows where to place you. Wisdom cannot err, Love cannot be unkind.

" Lean, O lean, upon Him, then,
Though you're in the lion's den !"

You are safe with Him anywhere, at home with Him everywhere. "The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand."

" 'Tis if need be He reprove us,
Lest we settle on our lees,
Yet He in the furnace loves us,
'Tis express'd in words like these,
I am with thee,
Israel, passing through the fire."

EDITOR.

A LIVING WITNESS OF LOVE'S MINDFULNESS.

BELOVED IN HIM WHO IS OUR LIFE,—I had not thought to be so long in answering your last kind note, but very unexpected have been my Lord's leadings since then. Through kind friends, I have been to the Sea, and my general health is marvellously improved thereby. The prevailing desire of my heart is that the Lord in all things may be glorified, but in subordination to this I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; and I am much comforted to find that Paul had the same thing working in his heart, and that he was very willing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. Thus it is with me, but if my precious Lord see it needful I tarry in the body a little longer, I would take it lovingly at His hands and still be singing His worthy praise, and the songs of salvation in this house of my pilgrimage. I have only to live for Him: as for my interests, He has taken them into His own hands, all the government is upon His shoulders, and very often He does wondrously while I look on and ex-

claim, "This is not the manner of man, O Lord God!" . Thus it was in my going out. He did truly open the love of His heart in that strange place and make it a Bethel, as it is written, "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth; and of His fulness have we received and grace for grace." I often marvel at His great love and loving-kindness to unworthiest me. He has put me amongst the children, and given me a goodly heritage, and the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; for Christ is mine, and in Him I have all things needful for life and godliness, —yea, and eternal life which no enemy can touch. He says, "He that seeketh thy life, seeketh my life; but with me thou shalt be in safeguard." Ah! indeed, and "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." The closeness of the union exceeds all that can be said of it, and how much soever we may realise and enjoy, there are depths of blessedness beyond which can never be fathomed to all eternity. I know but little, yet enough to make me long for more.

You were kind enough to write to me on the subject of chastisement. You say that the Lord does chastise, but not for sin, and refer me to Heb. xii. The question which immediately arose was, "What does He chastise for?" I have read the portion in Hebrews, and find that He does scourge and chastise all the children, and that it is for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness; but this does not seem to clear the point, because there must be some fault to induce chastisement, and yet He hath laid upon Him all our iniquities and punished Him in our stead. I have lately been told that we are chastised for sin, but not in a penal way, that Christ had all, but the younger children have chastisement for the same sin in a Fatherly way. It is not clear to me any way, because the Lord does not make it so. You think I am looking for figs from thistles. Oh, may the blessed Spirit lead me into truth, and may I indeed have the mind of Christ! I know good grapes can only come from the good vine, and I know our Father will only accept the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God; and I have richly known the blessedness of those to whom He will not impute sin, and yet I have had dark seasons which I thought originated in some heart backsliding, or some walking after the flesh, which brought the rod of correction and hindered communion. You will be out of patience with me, but I must speak as I feel, and more than once a subject has burst clearly upon my mind while questioning and stumbling, but still truly desiring the truth. May the Lord in this clear away the mists which envelop me! You write still of suffering in the body, but finding the sweetness of covenant love

and purpose running through the whole. May the Lord still sustain you as hitherto, and make His word through your mouth a blessing to many! I still find it as Moses said, "He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye." I little thought of ever travelling again, but have had royal company, and have found that "Home with Him is everywhere." Having now returned, I wait His further will, earnestly desiring that He may be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death. His ways and thoughts are far above mine, and I truly find that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, but that He hath done all things well. Ever praise Him, my soul! He fed them according to the integrity of His heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of His hands. The Father withheld not His own Son. The Son withheld not His own flesh and blood. Eat, O friends, drink abundantly, O beloved!

You write as if in much weakness. I was in hopes you were getting strong, but that is for the sake of *others*, for yourself it would be better to "lay the staff and sandals by" and rest at home. I often feel much at the roughness of your last stages, but our Heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of even these things, and He does and will sustain you. Trust His House is filling with hungry guests. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." Many thanks for both of your kind letters. Jesus is still your theme, and you will not change it when you shall drop mortality. Then in the full view of His glories you will praise Him in unceasing and untiring worship; for there they rest not day nor night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come," and "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Yes, He is ever worthy, whatever changes our feelings may undergo while we dwell in these leprous houses. I have been a good deal tried since I wrote to you last. I have not had so much of the sensible presence of my Beloved, and have been feeling painfully the evils of my fallen nature. I know my dear Lord changes not, and hates to put away; and learning how vile I am, does indeed make me praise the riches of that grace which hath made me "accepted in the Beloved," and has secured my salvation in the second Adam above all the ruins of the first; so that all I am as a fallen creature does not mar my blessedness in Him. How plainly was this shewn me after a fortnight's travelling through mud and mire, and whilst abhorring myself in dust and ashes, my cry was, Grace, grace unto it! even

"Sov'reign grace o'er sin abounding,
 Ransom'd souls, the tidings swell,
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
 Who its heights and depths can tell!
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell,"

Still I do want communion, not only to speak to Him, but also to hear Him speak again; and when He seems silent a good while, I think I have offended Him, and that there is some secret thing which makes "the consolations of God small with me." At such times all the world, or dear saints, or any thing else, cannot please without Him whom my soul loveth; and I mourn and long for His return; that is, that I may realise His presence; for I know He never leaves me. Do you not think that He is sometimes silent in a way of correction, to make us feel that we have been back-sliding in heart, and so are filled with our own ways instead of His love? Do you not think His people sometimes sow to the flesh and then have for a season to reap corruption? Do tell me your views of these things.

I have been much enjoying the account of the Paschal Lamb—"with bitter herbs ye shall eat it." The evils of our own heart are bitter herbs indeed, and every heart knoweth its own bitterness; but, Oh! that precious Lamb which was roasted in the fires of divine Justice, His flesh is meat indeed, and feeding on Him we live by Him, while we sigh and groan under the body of this death. He had the bitterest of our bitterness when He was made sin and a curse for us. Ah! had He not had bitter herbs, there had been no Paschal Lamb for vile me; but now I eat, remember His sorrows and sufferings, and praise His holy name, and would bathe His precious pierced feet with loving, thankful tears; for truly I have much forgiven. He is the alabaster box of precious ointment, and when the blessed Spirit breaks it to me, then my soul is filled with the good odour, and does anoint Him with His own precious spikenard.

"Loving, weeping, praising, blessing,
On His head the crown we place."

I have also been enjoying Song i. 13, 14. My Beloved is the camphire and myrrh which preserve me from deadly infection while passing through corruption within and around. Oh! what is He not? He is just all we shall ever need in time and eternity. Ever bless Him, O our souls! yea, bless the Holy Three who in Covenant gave us such a worthy portion as our Heavenly Elkanah, of whom nothing can ever rob us, whether within or without. * * * I do thank you affectionately for kind interest. How is Mrs. Triggs? My heart longs for your peace and prosperity. You I know have both in Him, but I mean outwardly.

With grateful love in Jesus, your's ever affectionately,

HIS GLEANER.

SPIRITUAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

When the Lord my spirit cheers,
 When my heart His footstep hears,
 When He speaks with pow'r divine,
 When His graces in me shine,
 I'm happy ; all is well.

When He draws me with His love,
 When He tells me I'm His dove,
 When His smiling face I see,
 When He says, "I've loved thee,"
 I'm happy ; all is well.

When He whispers "Fairest bride,"
 When He cleaveth to my side,
 When He draws me to His breast
 When He proves Himself my rest,
 I'm happy ; all is well.

When He wipes my scalding tear,
 When He takes away my fear,
 When I feel His heart vibrate,
 When I know He cannot hate,
 I'm happy ; all is well.

When He quenches Satan's dart,
 When He overpowers my heart,
 When I feel His twining care,
 When His blessed presence share,
 I'm happy ; all is well.

When He comforteth my mind,
 When He speaks time-things behind,
 When He cheers me with a smile,
 When He says I'm free from guile,
 I'm happy ; all is well.

When He visits me His dove,
 When He sheds abroad His love,
 When He darkness drives away,
 When He comforts me, I say,
 I'm happy ; all is well.

When He grants the earnest grace,
 When He shows His lovely face,
 When He blows a heavenly gale,
 When I'm rais'd above the vale,
 I'm happy ; all is well.

A. W.

EXPERIMENTAL MUSINGS.

In the flesh we're doom'd to trouble,
 In the spirit rais'd on high ;
 Things terrene are but a bubble,
 When our precious Lord is nigh ;
 But when absent,
 For His quick return we sigh.

Without Him we feel forsaken,
 Everything seems out of course,
 Heart and mind are captive taken,
 Held back by Satanic force,
 Yet our Jesus
 Never will His bride divorce.

Love in Him can never waver,
 Burning fire is never cold ;
 Love indeed delights to favor
 Children of its own household :
 Sons and daughters
 Always dwell in Love's stronghold,

True, we often have no feeling
 Sense of love and mercy, sweet,
 Find it hard to think His dealing
 Tends to bring us to His feet,
 When our scheming,
 By His wisdom, finds defeat.

For a time we're disappointed,
 When our wishes are denied,
 But when Christ, our Head anointed,
 Has our faith and patience tried,
 Then His glory
 And our good we see allied.

May we then, His chosen nation,
 Know no will but His, divine,
 Wish to follow His dictation,
 Drawn by blood-dipt scarlet line,
 Ever singing,
 I am His and He is mine !

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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BRIGHT RAYS FROM LOVE'S ORB.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN JESUS WHO IS OUR RESURRECTION HOME, OUR ONLY DWELLING-PLACE,—How blessed is the thought, how glorious is the contemplation, that we are raised up together and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ; and how sweet is it to be constrained exultingly to say, "In all things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us;" for "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Many, very many, thanks for your long-expected, but most welcome, letter. O! how far more invigorating and cheering is it to meditate on those precious truths therein contained than upon the ever-constant changes we are feelingly the subjects of in this wilderness world. How much more delightful to ponder over what Christ is, and what we are by virtue of grace-union to Him, than to dwell upon what we are in oneness with a nature head! O! to lose sight of ourselves and to get into Himself. O! to be, as you once remarked, "drawn up into His eternal fulness." What fathomless depths are enwrapt in these few words! ah! depths we shall never be able fully to dive into, depths which angelic minds cannot comprehend. The Lord has graciously said, "Thou shalt see greater things than these;" and we want more of His revelation-power, more of His manifestation-glory, and more of His sunshine-presence. O! to swim more continually in the full tide of ecstasy in Love's vast ocean, and to feel wave after wave rolling in upon our enraptured souls. Christ is the home of our heart, our rest and our refreshing; yea,

"All the dear names of love
Meet in our glorious Lord;"

and, methinks, all His leadings and dealings are to kill us to time-things and to spoil us for this sublunary world. He will not have us settle on our lees, hence He permits the thorns and the briers to prick us; and when is it we cry unto Him? When the heart is overwhelmed with sorrow, and when everything seems to militate against us. Yes! it is thus He brings us to live upon Himself. Blessed, thrice blessed, living! and since He lives, His members, being joined to Him, must live also; since He lives, His body, being a part of Himself, must exist in oneness. How precious is this truth! We do not live a separate life, a distinct life, but we live His life, because He lives in us; and of His fulness we receive "and grace for grace." Verily without Him we can do nothing; for all our springs are in Him: our springs of life, our springs of action, our springs of love, and our springs of thankfulness; and it is only as the healing waters—the waters of the Sanctuary—flow down from the throne of God and of the Lamb that we can run in the ways of the Lord with delight, being filled with joy and peace in believing. I long for more of these overwhelmings, for more of these overflowings, of His love. It is blessed to feel all animation, all activity: the heart bounds with emotions of pleasure as His footsteps are heard, as He treads lightly and softly upon our spirits. "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of HIM that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" The Lord God hath given Him the tongue of the learned, that He should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary, and He hath anointed Him with the oil of gladness above His fellows. His accents sweet cause the spark within to kindle to a flame: His words dropping into the soul, "blazing with fire," transport us from the valley to the mountain's top: we instantly sing in the height of Zion, and flow together to the goodness of the Lord,

"Nor have we any wish to roam
Since once in Jesus blessed."

What glorious harmony do we discover in the Word of God when the Lord is pleased to link one passage with another, and to show us some of the deep under currents which lie beneath the literal statements! "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end;" and one of old exclaimed, "Many, O Lord, my God, are Thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and Thy thoughts to us-ward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!" The Lord's delights were ever with the sons of men: His thoughts were continually engaged on their

behalf, even before they had a natural existence. How wondrous this seems ! but He called those things which were not as though they were ; and as Hawker words it,

“ When first, at God’s command,
The Church came up to view,
In His eternal mind
Chosen in Christ and true,
The Father gave her to His Son,
And Christ betroth’d her for His own.”

He betrothed her unto Himself for ever ; yea, He betrothed her unto Himself in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving-kindness and in mercies, and in faithfulness, and He undertook to redeem her, and to raise her from her lost estate, and to present her unto Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Infinite mercy ! Foreknowledge, predestination, calling, justification, and glorification are past verities and present realities. But can it be that we are already glorified ? Yes ! it is written, “ Whom He justified, them He also *glorified* ;” for when our exalted Head ascended up on high, leading captivity captive ; when He entered the shining portals of glory, and the song of triumph was chanted by the heavenly host, “ Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in,” His saints ascended in Him.

“ He bore His members to the skies,
With Jesus they arose.”

And not only were they glorified then, but they were glorified in God’s purpose of old, in His everlasting mind and will ; and thus (if I may so express it) being *doubly* glorified, they shall be likewise *actually* glorified when their race below shall be run. O ! to have eternity unfolded. I will not speak of eternity past and eternity future, but, standing on the stage of time, how blessed is it to be enabled to look back and to look forward ! Ah ! it is

“ Sweet to look back and see my name
In life’s fair book set down,
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own ;”

and it is very glorious to have in ever so small a measure an *experimental* knowledge of the Scriptures of truth. O ! for greater insight into the deep things therein contained. O ! for more of that “ anointing which teacheth.” Jehovah is our Portion, our Inheritance, our God, and our Glory. May He presence Himself in our midst and beam upon us more often ! He fills every vacuum ; He consummates our every desire : may He fire our souls, and blow upon His garden that the spices thereof may flow out ! The language of the Church is, “ Let my Beloved come into His garden, and

eat His pleasant fruits; and He, whose desire is toward her, sweetly responds, "I am come into my garden, my sister spouse." What union-reciprocity have we here! The desire is mutual: there is but one heart betwixt the Bridegroom and the Bride. We can understand something of desiring the Lord to come and commune with us, but that He should desire to see our countenance and to hear our voice seems beyond all thought: nevertheless, the secret is opened up when we are led to see that it is Himself in us who is the object of the Father's love; and hence we are "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all" because He constitutes our fulness. "Christ is all and in all;" and He said to His God and our God, to His Father and our Father, "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." How wondrous is the union betwixt Jesus and His people, and how close is that union which exists between the members of the one household! Nothing can alter it, nothing can sever it, or break it, and why? Because it is Christ in either case who is the centre of attraction: it is Christ in the Head and it is Christ in the body—His image being reflected in His people: thus, as I said before, it is Christ Himself who is the object and the subject of love; and, viewing us in resurrection blessedness and in ascension glory, in living oneness with Himself, He declares we are "all fair," "holy, and unblameable and unproveable in His sight."

"O! the heights, the depths of grace,
Shining with meridian blaze;
Here the sacred records show,
Sinners black, but comely too."

It seems strange that any one should imagine that the Church can be more glorious or more righteous than she is now, because the Lord has said she is "the perfection of beauty." If all debts be paid, and all charges be fully met, she is liberated; but if all her sins—past, present and to come—were not entirely put away and drowned in the blood of her Surety when He cried "It is finished," then indeed those sins which were unatoned for may be laid to her charge, and in order to free her from their load it would be necessary that there should be another sacrifice. But this there cannot be, neither is there need thereof. Full satisfaction has been given; God's wrath has been appeased; justice has been satisfied; and it only remains for the Spirit to apply the blood of cleansing and to sprinkle it on the conscience: in short, it only remains for the Lord to whisper pardon and peace within. "Now are ye clean," saith Jesus, "through the word that I have spoken unto you;" and, in Psalm cvii. 20, we read, "He sent His Word and healed them." His words are spirit and life, and "where the word of a King is, there is power."

I have been reading and re-reading that precious letter in this month's "Witness," addressed "To the Church of God." How sweet is it to enter into the blessed verities which are the sum and substance of that epistle! They are heart-warming and spirit-enlivening themes, and, as you truthfully say, "Christ is a soul thrilling song that we sing whilst surrounding the festive board." "While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof;" and, when He "breathes upon the heart," it is easy to speak of the glory of His kingdom and to talk of His power. I cannot tell you, my dear Friend, the several glories which appear to open up to the mind when pondering over the love of God. It is verily an ocean which can never be fathomed, a river which can never be passed over. Here would we lose ourselves. Here would we be swallowed up, and still, with Paul, exclaim, "That I may know HIM, and the power of His resurrection." Yes! we love to rise in Him, and to rise with Him, and to mount aloft, as on eagle's wings, far above life's chequered scenes, far remote from earth's care and turmoil, and far beyond the dreary desert.

"O! Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep-sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above."

How blessed is the earnest grace! How precious are the first-fruits of the golden harvest! To depart and be with Him, *in feeling*, is far better than grovelling in the dust and being taken up with time-vanities; and O! how glorious will it be to depart and be with Him eternally. There will be no returning then to wilderness cares, sorrows, and afflictions, but our hearts, filled up with love divine, will ever glow in affection toward Him, and our happy spirits will delight in ascribing all glory and honor unto Him who alone is worthy. "Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will no. tarry," and He has said, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Shall we fear to pass over Jordan's narrow stream with this glorious escort? Shall we dread to launch into the river of death, since His blissful presence is guaranteed? No, O! no: but most cheerfully will we cast off these garments of clay, and even now sometimes we feel above death and dying circumstances. When faith is in lively exercise, we seem to stand at the threshold of glory and to look within the veil; at the portals of bliss we wait, and long to bound away, long for the curtain of mortality to be drawn aside; we appear to be in the suburbs of the celestial city, to be on the confines of the upper world, and

"From Pisgah beholding that land of delight,
Where joys everlastingly flow,
We chide the dull moments to hasten their flight,
For to glory we're longing to go."

There is, as it were, but a step between us and eternal fruition, and we should like to take it if the Lord's voice were but heard, saying, "Come up higher." Well, ere long the cottage of clay shall be dissolved, and what a refulgent blaze of glory shall burst upon us! One object shall engage our attention, one subject shall employ our tongues, even "The Lamb in the midst of the throne:" and is He not the object of our heart's affection and the subject of our soul's meditation now? Surely, yes: but here we have but transient glimpses, but gleams and rays at most; whereas there it will be unclouded day, eternal sunshine, everlasting and dazzling refulgence. These blissful anticipations, these glorious prospects, make one long to "exchange the river for Him, the wide sea," for Him the ever full and flowing ocean eternally. Ah! to

"Clap our triumphant wings and rise
To join the songsters in the skies."

Why is His chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of His chariots? But we cannot be satisfied with future expectations only. No! no! we delight in *present participation*; and what cause have we to bless the Lord for the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts, for His sealing testimony, and for the white stone in which is a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it! The antepast of fruition is the sure pledge that the "weight of glory" is reserved, for

"Glory shall prove the flower of grace,
That blossoms in His side."

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n:
More happy, but not more secure,
Are glorified spirits in heaven."

When the Lord reveals Himself, we feel glory around us and glory within us; we have heaven in our heart; yea, Christ in our soul; and O! how blessed is it to be absorbed with His transporting looks of loving-kindness and tender mercies; how inexpressibly sweet to realise His love shed abroad in the heart! It then returns to Him in anthems of praise; hence, as you used to say, "our Love to the Lord is a rebound of His love," and I may add, it is a flowing back of the stream to the source, to the grand reservoir; "for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and in Him we are perfect, in Him complete, in Him accepted; in Him we live and move and have our being. Relationship cannot be dissolved; union-

oneness cannot be sundered: these are indissoluble bonds; these are everlasting ties. O! are they not blessed strongholds? Are they not firm foundations? and since Jesus has given us eternal life, we can never perish, neither shall any pluck us out of His hand. Precious consideration! all His saints are in His hand. He ever lives, and because He lives, we shall live also. Yes!

"Jesus shall live when time's no more,
And all have cross'd the blissful shore,
There heights and depths of love we'll trace,
Whilst resting in His dear embrace;"

and still His love will be "untold, though ever telling."

I feel, my dear Friend, that my letter is extending beyond all bounds; but this we can heartily and feelingly say,

"The wonderful love of His heart,
Where He has recorded our name,
On earth can be known but in part,
Heav'n only can bear the full flame."

May He—our glorious and beloved Bridegroom—grant you much liberty and freedom in preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and in proclaiming the undying truths contained in His word, and may He give us both to feel blessed access to His mercy-throne, to His grace-throne, and to His glory-throne! May He often commune with us from above the mercy-seat; and though far distant in the flesh, may we still meet together in spirit and talk over the wonders of redeeming love! What an inner and secret life is the life of a child of God! It is an heavenly life; it is an immortal life; and

Though thorny and rugged may be the drear road,
We're travelling home to our Father's abode;
There anthems and loud Hallelujahs we'll raise,
And endlessly sound forth our Ishi's lov'd praise.

I have enjoyed pondering over a few of the contents of one of our favorite portions (2 Cor. iii. 18,) and I have sent you the enclosed to run through. Please return it when you write again, which I hope will be soon, though I feel I can hardly expect another epistle yet: still, may the Lord constrain you to send me a few lines, and then I know I shall hear before long.

Believe me, dear Friend, as ever,

Your's very affectionately,

E. L. THORNTON.

Hartley Villa,
Plymouth,
September 29th., 1868,

P.S. I have especially enjoyed the prayer in your precious letter. How blessed is it to turn from speaking of the Lord to speaking to Him, as it were, face-to-face!

A DAUGHTER'S AFFECTION MANIFESTED.

MY OWN DEAR FATHER IN THE FAITH,—Grace and peace be multiplied through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord.

The last time that you preached in Town my portion was dealt out liberally to me, and not feeling disposed to be robbed of it, I hastened home. Your dear wife is quite right, I am a strange being, an oddity, if you please; but *self* is a very poor subject. Let us change the theme, and may we have a single subject! May it be with us—"Jesus only." You, my dear father, well know that there is

"No theme like this to raise the soul
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll."

You are as one dead to me; for you never write a line; so that I never hear from you or of you. How is this, my father? Why has your pen refused its office? Is the pathway so rough, that both mind and will are lacking? Does the vessel toss upon life's tempestuous main? and does the Master appear to be asleep? If so, it is only that your cry and signal of distress may arouse Him to come to the rescue. Be of good courage, beloved, there is a Friend who loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for adversity. Be of good cheer, He that is perfect in knowledge and in sympathy is with you. He is round about His people, henceforth and forever.

"He'll never forsake or neglect
His people, His children, His heirs:
His arm shall defend the elect,
His goodness shall answer their prayers."

Go on then, my dear father, and continue to speak well of Him who hath done such great things for you; cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people. The gospel pole has been committed to your trust. See that ye lift it high, and exalt Him, the Lamb slain, the firstfruits of them that slept.

"Lift Him on high, as God the Son,
With all His blood-stain'd garments on."

On Sunday, for the first time since you were here, I went and heard Mr.—and when I came out I felt ready to say that our brother had left off where he should have commenced. He took for his text, "Who hath delivered?"—a thing already done. Oh, precious blood! In the day that it was shed a nation's sins were hidden from view, and a fountain for sin and uncleanness was opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

"The sins of all the ransom'd race,
That's found throughout the world,
By this one act of sov'reign grace,
Were in oblivion hurl'd."

I have heard a good report of the Lord's doings through you during your last visit here, and yet I have not gone from my little room to hear it; neither have I been troubled with "busy-bodies in other people's matters," Mrs N. being the only one that I have seen. Both of us have great joy and consolation in thy love; because the bowels of the saints were refreshed by thee, brother; and I am greatly encouraged in the hope that you will soon have to strike your tent and return to the spotted sheep here.

The day before Christmas day I was thinking of the portions that the Lord gave you some time since, and there seemed an anxiety in the mind respecting them, when these words flowed into my soul most blessedly from the heart and lips of my Beloved: "I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass: I have purposed it, I will also do it." Do you ask what impression they produced on my mind? Why this: The mouth of Lord hath spoken, and I know Him to be the faithful God to perform all that He hath promised. But our time is always, His is not yet come. I had resolved to keep this matter hidden from you, and why I have thus written I know not. Give my kind love to your dear wife, and also to any of the household children who may enquire after me. To God and to the Word of His grace I now commend you and your's, and believe me to rest, in the warm and all-absorbing love of our glorious Surety, your ever loving little one,

E. A. C.

QUIET RESTING PLACES. No. 2.

"By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."—Romans v. 2.

Happy, highly privileged Paul! Here we have him at his loved employ. He glories to sound out the praises of his Saviour and Friend, Jesus. A precious Christ was everything to him. To speak well of His name was his favourite theme. How well he knew that *in* Christ every covenant blessing was secured; *through* Christ every benefit was conveyed; *by* Christ every mercy was bestowed to all the chosen, blood-bought family. Before all worlds the seed royal of heaven were "*chosen in Him*." In the old book of covenant settlements the names of all those appear whom Jehovah the Father predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ. Every blessing we realise in, by, and through the Son of His love. "By Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39). Enemies He reconciles in the body of

His flesh through death, and presents them holy and unblameable and unproveable in His sight (Col i. 21, 21).

What rich, astounding mercy! In Adam we were as far from God as sin and Satan could take us. In Christ we are as near to God as sovereign love could make us. How precious is the experience of Jehovah's love! Jesus takes us by the hand and introduces us to the Majesty of heaven. "By whom we have access (introduction) by faith into this grace." Eternity will be too short to utter all the praise of Him, who by the left hand of His affection guides His poor pilgrims here below, and by the right hand of His power defends them from all assaults of their enemies. "By whom?" Yes, dearest Lord. Thou hast redeemed Thine own from sin, law, death, and hell. In Thine all-cleansing blood Thou dost wash them from all sin (1 John i. 7). In thy all-perfect righteousness they are perfectly justified, By Thine sweet intercession they are sustained, and brought into the banqueting house of eternal love.

"By Him we have access into this grace." See! This grace is not only brought home with living power, by the operation of God the Holy Ghost, but we are brought "into this grace." How the soul longs for real, personal, tangible, communion and intercourse with the Majesty on high. Precious truth! Jesus knows all about my burdens, conflicts, anxieties, fears, distresses and wants. Oh what condescension for Him to come and introduce a poor worm to the presence, the home, and the heart, of our covenant God! Angels look on and wonder, as the favoured sons and daughters of Adam are taken from the filthy mass and led through their shining ranks to share the throne of King Emmanuel. One with Jehovah-Jesus, they are the delight of the Father's heart. All that He is, is their's. Here He unfolds to them the unsearchable riches of His grace. He shows them Himself. "God is love." He is "the God of all grace." Introduced by Jesus to the presence of the Father, they rejoice in the sweet experience of that grace which chose, redeemed, justified, called and established them. Grace is a living principle. Poor sinners, in whose hearts grace reigns, are a living and loving people. They prize the high privilege of drawing near to a covenant keeping Father. Here they recount their mercies. Here they breathe forth their heaven-born desires. Here they confess in deep humility their manifold transgressions. Here their acknowledgments of failure and infirmity are heard. Here all their need is supplied according to Jehovah's riches in glory by Jesus Christ. Here sweet communion and fellowship are enjoyed with the all-glorious and all-gracious Three in One.

Oh what stupendous mercy! "In this grace we stand." Mark that! "We stand!" Safe and secure are they who are introduced by

Jesus into this grace. Does Satan accuse? Does sin trouble? Does conscience tremble? Is temptation's furnace heated seven times hotter than usual? Jesus is with them, and, encouraged by Him, they cry, "We stand!" How sweet and welcome is His voice, as the shadows gather and the clouds threaten around, saying, "They shall never perish! I will in no wise cast out!" Blessed Lord, we praise and adore Thee for Thy sovereign, reigning, and sustaining grace.

When blest with the sweet realization of our standing before God, acceptance in the Beloved, with every needful want supplied, and every needful blessing given, don't we long to sit down with the whole family in the Father's house, knowing that there is a home prepared for us up yonder? We groan, being burdened, down here. Paul had a desire to depart and be with Christ which was far better. "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Yes, naught but this good hope can make the pilgrim's heart rejoice. It enters within the veil. There, it is securely and stedfastly fixed. Ah, my poor fellow pilgrim, here we have joys which cannot fade! We hold communion with the blessed ones, who have, through grace, followed their Leader to eternal joys. Oh, happy, glorious company, ye dwell in regions fair, where all is peace! There, the darts of sin ye never dread, no tear of earth can ever dim your eyes. There, no stricken heart doth ever heave a secret sigh. Sweet peace and "holy quiet reign around." Jesus is there.

"Our finite vision doth not yet behold
Him whom we love! in whose dear love we live;
To see Him, walk with Him the plains of heaven—
No higher bliss could God of blessing give."

Oh, child of God, what stores of privilege are thine! Jesus is thine. He daily leads thee by the hand. He secures for thee all needful grace, and introduces thee into the possession of it. He keeps thy feet, thou canst not fall. He cheers thy heart, and blest with the sweet hope that He is thine, and that one day thou shalt see Him as He is, thou cannot but rejoice.

"Grace keeps us still in Christ abiding;
To Him we owe our life, our all:
'Tis grace that, when our feet are sliding,
Supports us that we do not fall.
Free, sovereign grace gives will and pow'r,
And keeps us, in temptation's hour.
Jesus, in love, directs our going,
To join the anthems of the blest;
Fresh streams of grace are ever flowing,
As He conducts us to our rest,
And when we see His lovely face,
We'll sing the glory of His grace."

THOMAS BRADBURY.

Barrow Hill, Staveley,
Derbyshire.

A GREETING FROM THE LAND OF BEULAH.

MY DEAR FATHER IN THE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,—Grace be unto you; and may His gracious Majesty bless and protect you in everything that concerns you! In all times of our tribulation, in all times of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, I trust He will deliver us. His blessed Word says, “Great deliverance giveth He to His King” (Psalm xviii. 50); and, lest we should read it as being spoken individually of His glorious King in Zion, the Lord Jesus Christ;* or of David His temporal King over Israel, He has so put it that none of His dear trembling ones can mistake the language. He adds, “and to His seed for evermore.”

O how this calls for our thanksgiving and gratitude! How it humbles us at His feet! I think there are not many of God’s quickened ones but can join in with David here, in some measure. Blessed be the Lord God of hosts, I can say, with an unwavering tongue, that I have joined in with him heartily. As I read it this morning, I found the words of the apostle true: “For the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart” (Heb. iv. 12). As I read, my vitals trembled, and my heart flowed out in praise to the God of my salvation. When I came to the words, “a people whom I have not known shall serve me,” verse 43, I said, “Yea, Lord; yea, Lord! I acted like a devil toward Thee; but, blessed be Thy dear name, Thou hast wrought a miracle of grace in me.” This brought me to reflect on the time when I first heard of His dear name, with the hearing of faith, in gospel strains. O how sweet is the remembrance of these times to me! I know the spot, I see the place, where I consented to every word I heard concerning Him, and when I bowed in submission to all that was spoken of His blessed characters, the glorious plan of His salvation, the perfect obedience He paid, the spotless robe of righteousness He wrought, the mighty enemies He slew, and the terrible and deluging sins He took away. O how these things, when applied by the blessed Comforter, overwhelm us! How that old peevish thing, the devil, shrinks back, and sneaks away at these times! Away, on the wings of faith, we soar to peep into those blessed realities that we hope one day to enjoy, do we not? Every faculty of our spiritual man seems to be in perfect vigour. Then we talk to Jesus as one that talketh with his friend. We tell Him of the deliverances He hath wrought for us out of the hands of our enemies: we tell Him that He lifted us up above those that rose up

* See Editor’s remarks at the end of this letter.

against us: we feel that we cannot tell Him enough. We know that He has delivered us from the most violent man that ever opposed us; that is, our own old man; for we are enjoying the very deliverance when we are telling Him. At such a time we can boldly say that we will give thanks unto Him among the heathen; yea, the heathenish crew that dwell in our own breasts. Now we fear them not, for we are in the front ranks close by our beloved Captain. Are we not safe when near to Him, no matter how near the enemy may be! Our eyes are fixed on Him. Our heart rejoices with the secret assurance that "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Our soul embraces Him, and the cry of holy, loving determination enters His ears, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

This brings to my mind a pleasing figure that I have seen many times in the brute creation; the little ones cuddle by the sides of the old ones, rubbing them, and looking up to them; manifesting tokens of affection, as if they were telling them of the preserving and protecting care they had toward them. But they are not satisfied with this. They must be embraced and caressed. So it is with us. Our Jehovah brings His children into near acquaintance with Himself; mercy is supplicated, and when that mercy is experienced, and our hearts flow out in praise toward His blessed name, He is bound to bless us, or He would not be Himself.

Bless His holy name, He blessed us long, long ago, He continues to bless us, and these are the tokens He gives, that He will bless us for ever. Will He not? I shall give the answer to this, "Yea, He will bless us for ever" (Isaiah liv. 8—10).

But these seasons do not last long. From the mount we descend to the valley, and the veil is drawn over our joys. We are no sooner down than the "vile intruder" makes his appearance, stands boldly before us, and tells us that we have been but dreaming. Ah, Satan! What a liar art thou! We know better, we cannot but believe what we have been assured of; yea, we know better than to credit the lies of the accuser of the brethren. The struggle ends not here. The evil one renews the attack, and seems to overcome us with his fierce accusations. The wicked crew which lodge in our bosom take his part. Everything is done to deluge us in despair. The cruel taunt distresses,—“you are the only people who deserve damnation, for assuming such positions as you profess sometimes to be in.” Here we stand, partly assenting to these tormenting onslaughts, and can only cast our eyes toward the mighty Deliverer of Zion, and say, "O Lord, Thou knowest." A little hope springs up as we remind Him of His perfect acquaintance with us, and of His own work in us. So it will ever be with us in this wilderness. Satan will tem pt,

will torment ; fightings without and fears within will but drive us to that rest which the bosom of Jesus alone can afford.

When that rest is once enjoyed, no power on earth can persuade us from seeking it again, and from looking for the final rest which awaits us when all the toils and temptations of the desert shall be over. Jesus our rest here, is but the earnest of Jesus our eterna rest up yonder ; so that we keep pressing forward "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." We shall never be truly satisfied until we have attained to that blessed inheritance reserved for us, though in ourselves we feel wholly imperfect ; yet, bless His holy name, we are perfect in His perfection, comely in His comeliness. Here He breaks our hearts with love, and stops our mouths with tokens of affection. If we tell Him that we are vile and base, He says, "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel." If we confess our sins, He says, "I have put away thy sins." If we complain that we are black and filthy, He comforts and rejoices our hearts with the sweet and welcome message, "Thou art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee."

But I must stop. You may perhaps say, "It is time you did." Well, be it as it may, the Lord knows our hearts. David says, "I believed, therefore have I spoken." I believe the things that I have written to be true. They are the experience of my very heart, and seem, in some measure, to agree with God's blessed Word. I trust it is so. I did not attempt to write without asking His direction and permission. May He pardon what is amiss, and give me a loving, prayerful and grateful heart for all His great goodness He hath bestowed upon me ; and a longing, desiring, panting earnestness for the blessed Spirit to be with me, guiding me in the right way as I pass through this weary wilderness, and blessing me with an overcoming faith until I land, beyond the "narrow sea of death," as Watts calls it, in the fair bright realms of our glorious King EMMANUEL.

When I see the idolatries of Ritualism, my heart goes out in gratitude and in praise to my covenant-keeping God, for making known unto me, a poor thing, His salvation.

"If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done !"

Kind Love to you all from Mary and from me. God bless you.

JAMES TURTON.

[We cannot agree with the writer of this precious letter in this particular. The whole of this Psalm is the language of our most glorious Christ, and the acknowledgment, "Great deliverance giveth He to His KING; and showeth mercy to His anointed, to David, and to His seed for ever evermore," is a blessed confession of the union-oneness that the body has with the Head, and the sweet results flowing from so holy and so blest a relationship. So far from seeing a beauty or realising a blessedness from the *supposed* fact that this blest portion was not spoken individually of God's Great King in Zion we cannot conceive any glory or sweetness in it whatever unless thus spoken *by* or *of* Zion's only Head, Husband, Lord, and God. Is not Christ the object of His Father's love and the subject of His Father's blessing, and is He not Head over all things to His body the Church? Whatever benefits flow to Him upon the ground of relationship to His Father, or upon the basis of His mediatorial work, are not such eternal mercies and vital verities belonging to His Church in oneness with Him, in union to Him? Can the Head be viewed without the body, or can the body be seen without the Head? We trow not. Hence, if He give great deliverance to His King, great deliverance gives He to His kings in union-oneness and free-grace privilege with His King. As our blessings are given to us, in love, in Him, they flow to us, by power divine, through Him; so that He Himself, in His glorious person, substantiates every spiritual blessing. If He be the Son of the Father in truth and love, we are the sons of God upon the immutable ground of His sonship, by reason of our oneness with Him and our union to Him. If the heirship of Christ be a consequence of His divine sonship, our joint-heirship is a blest result of our sonship in Christ. He receives all *for* His Church, and shares all that He receives *with* His Church. Hence He says to His glorious and divine Father, "The glory which thou hast given me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one." His oneness with His Father draws us into nearness to His Father. If He be close in bonds of love, we are nigh in ties of love, blood, and righteousness. If He take His people into oneness with Himself, He raises His people up in Himself. It is indeed a real joy of heart to us to ever hold the Head, and to see that the Head ever holds us. He is the blessing of God to the Church who includes all blessings for His Church. "Shall He not *with Him* freely give us all things?" Yes, because "it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell," even "the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are complete in Him;" and how? Being one with Him, and joined to Him and one spirit.

"Whatever Jesus is, such is His bride—
So close the union, nothing can divide."

When the Lord of life and glory communed with His two disciples whilst journeying to the village, we read that "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." Hence He found no difficulty in losing sight of Moses, the prophets, David, the Psalmist, etc, etc, and in discovering "Jesus only," His own most glorious Self. But in our day it is Moses this, David that, and the Psalmist the other, instead of "But Christ is all in all." We are told that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," but people are far more elated and much more delighted with the letter of prophecy than they are with the spirit thereof. How is this? It is for the want of spiritual "eye salve" and the "unction from the Holy One." The Word of God tells us that the promise was made to Christ, the one seed, before Christ actually came (Gal. iii. 17. 19): hence all the promises of God in HIM are yea, and in HIM Amen, unto the glory of God by us." Christ is the mercy promised to the Church. Indeed,

" He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

Our readers will not suppose from what we have here penned that we do not accept this epistle *upon the whole* as a very precious one, for it is indeed a sweet outflowing of warm love from a grace-affected heart, and had not the writer have called such special attention to the point here dwelt upon our remarks had not have been provoked. It is true, that the letter was not written for the public eye, but to our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Bradbury, of Stavely; and we feel quite sure that neither he nor his son in the faith will censure us for what we have written; for we must ever maintain that to lose sight of Christ in the Scriptures is to lose sight of ALL.

EDITOR.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

"THE King's daughter," we read, "is all glorious within." The depth of all-gloriousness we shall never be able to fathom. The King's daughter is not Adam's daughter, but the daughter of the mighty God of Jacob. She is the King's daughter on account of being the wife of the King's Son, but she is not the King's daughter-in-law. She is the King's daughter in love. By her natural union to Adam the first she inherited sin and entailed the curse, but in her spiritual union to her Husband, "the Lord from

heaven," she is raised above her relationship to the first man and loses all the consequences of his transgression. By sinning in oneness with the first man she became the subject of mortality, but in her grace-relationship to the Second Man she inherits a blissful immortality. In her union to her natural head she forfeited all right to an earthly Eden and lost all claim to temporal favors, but in living oneness with her spiritual Head Christ Jesus she enjoys the right of a spiritual Paradise and shares in the free-grace blessings of an unalterable covenant. Had she no union to Adam the first, his sin would not have affected her, and his punishment had never reached her; and had she no prior union to Adam the Second, His righteousness would have never availed her, and His atonement had never have benefitted her. Hence, her fountain of sin springs, in union to her foul head, and her fountain of purity in oneness with a pure Head. Her sin in union to Adam merited God's displeasure, but her purity in union to Christ secures for her God's approbation and delight. Her purity in oneness with Christ infinitely outweighs her iniquity in union to Adam. God was never so displeased with her defilement in Adam as He is pleased with her purity in Christ. Sin had never so much power to damn as the blood of the Lamb has power to justify. The Lord never hated sin so much in His church as He loved the righteousness of Christ for His Church. However deeply sin ran in the church, and through the Church, the blood of the Lamb was ever an undercurrent and an upper current, a wider current and a longer current, that thoroughly inundated and effectually overwhelmed the whole of it; so that

"It rises high and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound,
And if a search be made for sin,
No sin can e'er be found."

Why? "Because there is none." No sin? None whatever. How can that be, seeing I find a "law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members?" It is because you are still in the body of sin and death in oneness with the first man that sinned, and although the sin that you are the subject of is atoned by blood divine, and put away by the sacrifice of Christ, you will never be lastingly free from its annoyance until mortality shall be finally swallowed up of life. "In that He died, He died unto sin once;" and "He appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Hence,

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gave sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ my Saviour died."

Our freedom from sin and its consequences is in Christ exclusively, and it is only by faith in Him, of the operation of God, that we can rise above it and triumph over it. Our conquest, therefore, is in another and not in ourselves. What we are in Christ opposes what we are in Adam, and the works which Christ has wrought for us have destroyed the works that the devil has performed in us; so that in Him we are at *all times* more than conquerors over all our foes, although we do not perpetually realise and enjoy our conquest. "The King's daughter is all-glorious within" the grace-heart and the glory-heart, the gracious heart and the glorious-heart of her Beloved; but in herself, as a lost, ruined, and undone creature, she is altogether inglorious. But were it not for her purity in Christ she would not feel and bewail her impurity in herself; for it is light that manifests darkness, it is purity that discloses defilement, it is life that develops death, it is riches that discover poverty, and it is fulness that makes known emptiness. Thus, when we feelingly know that we are lost, our Saviour is in our heart, but He is not comfortably revealed until the "set time to favor Zion" in our experimental knowledge of our great salvation by the remission of all our personal sins. The Lord first turns man to destruction in the old covenant, but says, "Return, ye children of men," in the new covenant. The law condemns, but the Gospel justifies.

"This truth by grace we still maintain,
And this conclusion draw,
That in the wounds of Jesus slain,
'Tis sweet to read the law."

Justice inflicts the punishment due to sin, but the blow falls upon Him on whom the iniquity is found; and we read—may the Holy Ghost read it in our heart again and again—"The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Hence, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: let us keep the feast" of fat things which the Lord has prepared; and He says in His Word—may He speak it home!—"Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved:" and our eating just depends upon His feeding us: if He feed us, then we partake of His royal dainties; but we have no power whatever to help ourselves. Says He—may He seal it home!—"I am among you as He that serveth." He will allow none to wait upon us but Himself, and He has lovingly promised, and He will faithfully perform, that we "shall eat in plenty." There is no scarcity in His house of banquet, and no coolness in His heart of love. There is no price put upon His provision, and there are no bounds to His liberality. To the whole of the kingdom His free-grace promise runs, and to the whole of His person His marriage vow extends. To possess His vast and unsearchable riches, is an unfathomable

mercy, but to claim His glorious and matchless Person, is a high privilege that deepens much below it and extends infinitely beyond it. To realise His wealth is a blessing great, but to enjoy His worth is a favor greater. To know His love is a choice indulgence, but to know Himself is an indulgence of a higher order. He far outweighs His blessings and infinitely exceeds His favors. His Person is the fulness of His work and the glory of His worth. By His work we are saved, but in His Person we are safe. By His work we are brought out of the fall, but in His Person we are above the fall. By His work our debts are paid, but in His Person we are free from debt. By His work we are delivered from hell, but in His Person we dwell infinitely remote from hell. By His work we have gained a conquest, but in His Person we are more than conquerors. By His work we triumph over death, but in His Person we possess immortal and eternal life. We would say to His blessed Majesty at this time,

"Thy Person is more glorious far
Than mortal language can express:
Indeed, dear Lord, thy beauties are
Too great for me I must confess."

Paul tells us that God called him by His grace in order to reveal His Son in him: hence it was by the Spirit of His Son in his heart that he was enabled to cry Abba, Father. The great apostle of the Gentiles was ever writing to the churches of the dignity, excellency and glory of the person of Christ, and of the purity and perfection of the Church in Him; and we can personally join Kent in singing:—

"No theme like this to raise the soul
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll."

May the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus raise us more and more above the shadow of death, and give us to feel from day to day that "the King's daughter is all-glorious within," being in living oneness with her own Beloved, from whom time, sin, death, hell, and the world shall fail to ever separate her. May we triumphantly sing from day to day—

"What from Christ that soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands!
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal cov'nant stands:
None shall pluck thee
From the strength of Israel's hands."

THE EDITOR.

Brigg, Lincolnshire, October 14, 1868.

THE HUSBAND THE BRIDE'S DESIRE.

"Thy desire shall be to thy Husband, and He shall rule over thee."—Gen. iii. 16.

To thine own Husband thy desire alone shall be ;
 Do not dictate to Him, let Him dictate to thee.
 He knows, by far, the best, the proper way to take,
 And how to lead, instruct, and guide, and how to make
 All things obey His will, enhance the mighty fame
 Of His most glorious Self, which is indeed the same
 As seeking thine own good. Then let Him rule and reign,
 Thine Head and Chief, thy Counsellor, thy Guide, thine All,
 Who loves to see thy face, who likes to hear thee call
 On Him for all thy need. He cannot bear that you
 Should live an independent life, wish to pursue
 A self-reliant course, which ends in shame and death,
 For every breathing of the bride should be the breath
 Of her great Bridegroom. She lives th'life He lives in her.
 Since she in sin did fall, the wrath, the curse, incur,
 Her fleshly life He will not let her live, but His,
 Which is the life of God. In that alone her bliss
 Must rise, her joy be found, her glowing peace ensur'd,
 Nor by another cause is she to be allur'd.
 He is her Fountain, He her springing well, and more,
 Her cause of life, her life itself, her heav'nly store
 Of free-grace fulness ; He her Paradise of joy,
 Her only seat of rest, her sweet without alloy ;
 Her dazzling eye's desire, her downy nuptial bed,
 Her light of life, her wine, her only pleasant bread.
 For Him alone her heart can beat with throbbing throw ;
 All words must fail to speak her love, she loves Him so !
 She loves His love ; but more than this, she loves, I know,
 Himself beyond th' blessings His fulness can bestow.
 The inner love of loves within her heaving breast,
 Like incense, soars aloft and finds its pleasant rest
 Amid His heart of hearts. For Him alone she lives,
 And feels a sweet delight when her Beloved gives
 Her love for love : her rapture then exceeds all bound,
 Because in His embrace alone her heav'n is found.
 E'en hell itself would be a paradise of joy,
 Where fire could never burn, and fiends could not annoy ;
 Where wrath and vengeance, anger, devils, fumes and flames,
 No longer would be real, but simply bear their names,
 Could she but share the presence of her loving Lord
 In that most dread abode. Nay, heaven could not afford
 A place so lovely, were He absent in that clime
 Where peace and concord reign, where joys, the most sublime,
 Are felt by all who in His bright refulgence shine :
 For heaven itself must prove to her a bitter hell
 Without the presence blest of Him she loves so well.
 His radiant face alone lights up the realms of gloire :
 Let Him withdraw His brilliant light, then light's no more
 In heav'n ; and heaven without the Sun's refulgent light
 Would prove indeed a land of darkness : dismal night
 Must then succeed the brilliant day, and all the joy
 Of Paradise would be extinct, and the employ
 Of spirits bright who sing with burning eloquence
 Would cease ; and all must then be wrapt in dread suspense.
 Hence, Christ is Heav'n. Without His presence, bright and blest,

There is no heav'n above, below, or place of rest :
 And this the wife well knows ; therefore she covets much
 His look of love, His gentle word, His pleasing touch,
 His sweet embrace. Indeed, there's nought can satisfy
 Her loving, fond desire but this—to feel Him nigh.
 He crowns her heart's desire, He consummates her bliss :
 Her joy, her peace, her only blessedness is this :
 I'm one with Him, He's one with me. Time cannot date
 My endless years of bliss with Him enthron'd in state.
 Again : To thine own Husband thy desire shall be,
 Do not dictate to Him, let Him dictate to thee.
 He knows, indeed, well knows, the way to rule and reign :
 Why should'st thou, therefore, wish—what object canst thou gain?—
 To counsel Him whose wisdom is profoundly deep,
 Who has devis'd, in love, a plan by which to keep
 His wife dependent on Himself, her Lord and God ?
 Her heart's delight must be to wait and watch His nod ;
 To know no will but His, to have no end in view
 But this : the glory of her Husband—His who knew
 Her in the land of drought, the wretched desert, bare,
 Where none would sympathy impart, her sorrow share.
 Yea, in the wilderness of misery and woe
 He knew her His ; e'en then His love would not forego
 The promise of His heart ; but, with divine delight,
 He shone into a brilliant day her dismal night
 Of darkness. Not a cloud could then be seen abroad
 To cast a shade o'er her or her indulgent Lord.
 'Twas spring-time with the bride : the winter, dread and drear,
 Was number'd with the past. Her loving Lord was near,
 And she was satisfied. She had no wish uncrown'd.
 Her joy had reach'd its climax—peace, it knew no bound.
 The Lord, her Lord, her Paradise of joy was near :
 She knew no heav'n but Him : He was her glory sphere.
 Retir'd in Him, she felt so free from toil and care,
 Remote from earth, far distant from the world's rude stare,
 She could not bear the thought of coming back to time :
 Eternity engross'd her heart ; her joys, sublime,
 Were made up with the presence of her only Friend
 Whose Person far outshone His blessings without end.
 She felt the union-oneness like a burning flame
 Of tower'ing fire, proceeding from the precious name
 Of her indulgent Lord, her Ishi, great and grand !
 Her soul's desire, her heart's delight, her glory land,
 Was He at that blest time ! She could not express
 A tithe she felt, determin'd so was He to bless
 Her inner heart with holy beams of burning love,
 Whilst calling her His Hephzibah, His spotless dove.
 A flaming tongue she wanted then, I'm sure, to show,
 In words, a millionth part of that which did o'erflow
 Her gladden'd heart. Her spirit took its joyful wing
 At that auspicious time, whilst He around did fling
 His blessed arms which caused such a holy glow
 Throughout His breathing frame—she really did not know
 Whether in the body or out ; but this was plain
 To her, she nestl'd in the wounds of Jesus slain,
 And there she found a royal covert to the mind,
 Whilst teasing things of time were left so far behind,
 That earth was quite forgotten, and ev'ry nat'ral tie
 Appear'd dissolv'd. No wonder ; for His brilliant eye

Shot forth its charming beams, with such refulgent grace,
 The bride was transfix'd, gazing on His glory face.
 Indeed, that was a time of joy, of sweet delight,
 That swept the clouds away, turn'd darkness into light.
 'Twas then she haak'd beneath His burning, brilliant beams,
 And felt within her inner soul the living streams
 Of purest love divine. How blest the happy bride,
 To get within her gladden'd heart the rolling tide
 That, like a torrent, issued from the wounded side
 Of her great Bridegroom, when He graciously did hide
 Her sin beneath its liquid depths. Oh, love divine !
 Thine heart was broach'd, by God, to yield the sweetest wine.
 'Tis this that cheers the heart, elates the glowing mind,
 Props up the way-worn spirit ; and it alone can bind,
 Like healing balsam, the cruel wounds that sin has made
 Within her soul. Oh, sacred, holy, blessed shade,
 Form'd by the canopy of blood ! The bride would stay
 Within this safe retreat, screen'd from the burning ray
 Of fiery wrath, throughout one long ecstatic day ;
 And there, in His embrace, dissolve and melt away.
 Once more : To thine own Husband thy desire shall be ;
 Do not dictate to Him, let Him dictate to thee.
 Think o'er the past ! How lovingly He's brought you through
 Each crooked path. When foes, determin'd to pursue
 Your onward track, He turn'd them round, made them retrace
 Their angry steps, and prov'd Himself your safety-place.
 When varied troubles have o'erwhelm'd thy throbbing heart,
 When Satan, sin, and world have done their cruel part
 To vex and tease the mind, cause great and sore dismay,
 To form a cloud to screen from view the orb of day,
 What has the sequel prov'd ? Now, say, Why this,
 The Lord, in mercy, has appear'd, and seal'd you His
 Once more ; and plainly shown, to you, by acts of love,
 That He the Rock is still the shelter of His dove :
 Nor will He let her in the shifty sand-bank hide,
 Expos'd to angry billows, and the foaming tide
 Of Hell's dread fury. Nay, His love is far too great,
 Too fervent, and too warm, to once allow the hate
 Of either men or devils to sink your sin-sick soul
 Beneath the reach of arms eternal. He will see
 That every venom'd dart of hell, though aim'd at thee,
 Must find its way through Him, pierce through the living sea,
 Of love and blood divine, ere thou canst harmed be.
 What cause hast thou for fear, then, trembling, weary bride ?
 No foes can reach thee, shelt'ring in His bleeding side.
 He is thy safety, thy alone protecting care ;
 His heart delighteth in thee : indeed He cannot bear,
 To see thee so mistrustful. Lean on Him thy weight,
 And ponder o'er this truth—His flesh He cannot hate.
 To thine own Husband thy desire alone shall be :
 Do not dictate to Him : let Him dictate to thee.
 He is thy wisdom : thou art folly, at the best ;
 He is thy peaceful dwelling, He thy rest.
 His bleeding heart of love alone can form thy home,
 And when allur'd by sin and world from Him to roam,
 What dost thou gain by trading ? Can th'glittering toy
 Of so-called pleasure yield thee but a moment's joy ?
 Can solid peace be found, and true contentment gain'd
 By seeking that which has your own beloved pain'd ?

Can bubbles form'd upon the sea of carnal life
 Be worth thy greedy grasp? Can it become the wife
 Of Jesus Christ the Mighty God to seek for ease
 In this vain world? Can empty shades of nature please
 The darling of the loving heart of Him who saw
 His bride, His love, expos'd to wrath, condemn'd by law?
 Indeed, they should not. Can this vain earth afford
 A pleasure such as this—communion with her Lord?
 Not it: and this she knows, and must be well aware
 Ove moment's intercourse with Him's beyond compare.
 But Satan, with his deep-laid schemes, and busy wiles,
 Waylays the bride of Him who taketh up the lales
 As a very little thing: but let Satan try
 His best, the bride, the Lamb's fair wife, still dwells on high,
 In Love's strong arms; and Love has never learnt to steel
 His heart against Himself. His wounded bride He'll heal
 With Love's blood balsam: this alone has pow'r to cure
 Her sin-wounds; for it is a certain, safe, and sure
 Remedial agent. Th'effect is quick as thought
 When once applied by His own tender hand who bought
 His loved bride by this pure living, running stream;
 For 'twas His precious blood alone that could redeem
 His wife; and that He freely shed on Calv'ry's tree
 Exclusively for her: hence, Justice cannot see
 Her sin thus cover'd by her only Lover's blood:
 Her deepest, blackest crimes pass'd off in that swift flood
 Of real atonement. If search were made from east to west
 To find her sin, 'twould prove a failure at the best,
 And why? The scape goat, made the sin, with rapid stride,
 Did take them all away, so far, that he might hide
 Them from Deity Himself. Since that blessed day
 The Mighty God against the Church has naught to say
 Why she should not be free. For since her Bridegroom died
 And rose again, she stands for ever justified.
 Then, cheer up, trembling saint, what now can cast thee down!
 Thou art the purchase of thy Lord, and more, His crown.
 With thee He cannot part. For thee He lives and reigns,
 And numbers, with precision, all thy aches and pains.
 Not a wave of sorrow can o'er thy bosom roll!
 Contrary to His love. Indeed, He has the whole
 Of life's minute affairs penn'd down. Then tell me why
 Thy bosom heaves with pain? What cause hast thou to sigh?
 Not one thing for thy good can He, thy Lord, withhold!
 Dost thou need silver? This He freely gives: or gold?
 He will not thee deny. Then what hast thou to fear?
 Can love in Him grow cold? Can goodness be severe?
 Will Jesus thee forsake? Will Christ thine only Friend
 Upon thee turn His back? Can He, thy Lord, suspend
 His watchful care of thee one moment? Do you think
 His arms of love omnipotent will let you sink?
 He loves thee far too well. Thy life with His is bound.
 In Him indeed thou art in full perfection found.
 When th'brittle thread of mortal life becomes untied,
 The narrow stream of death He will divide
 By two most blest embankments—one on either side.
 Their names are *love* and *blood*. The path that runs between
 Is called life divine. It is a way unseen
 By fleshly vulture's eyes. No beast of prey, unclean,
 Is found in this secluded track. The bride alone
 Can travel here. By right this pathway is her own,

Being one with Jesus, His breathing frame, His bone.
 The climax of her joy is union-life with God,
 Bound in life's bundle, tightly, by the band of blood.
 Naught can this tie dis sever. Th' pow'rs of earth or hell
 May rage and roar, but Jesus loves His bride too well
 To see her injur'd.

ARTHUR WILCOCKSON.

Hull, October, 1868.

GATHERINGS FROM HUNTINGDON.

"If Justice will not abate a mite of the sinner's debt, Everlasting Love is determined to have a gaol delivery, in the Creditor Himself in the character of the debtor, and then of the surety. Thus the whole bill of Justice falls on the score of Love, and a gaol delivery is proclaimed to us; and, though we contracted the whole debt, yet we go free, with only acknowledging ourselves debtors to grace. A sweet way of paying debts truly!"

"I believe that every man has a god of some sort or other. *Self* is the god of the Pharisee; the *belly* the god of the epicurean; *Mammon* the god of the miser; and Jehovah the God of the Christian. And all these have their representatives. Hagar is the mother of the Pharisees; Nabal the head of the gluttons; Judas of the Mammonites; and Simon Magus is the figurative sire of every person who is laboring hard to purchase the grace of God, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, by their own supposed merit."

"Providence was again pleased to try me till I ran *five guineas* in debt. After I had prayed and waited for some time, a gentleman belonging to the Stamp-office called upon me, and generously made me a present of *five guineas*, which paid off that debt. Oh, the goodness of God to those that fear His name and hope in His mercy! He even sent a raven to feed the prophet Elijah when he dwelt by the brook Cherith: an angel, too, was sent from heaven to bake him a cake on a fire, and bring him a cruise of water, when, being weary, he slept under the juniper-tree, in his road to Horeb. 'Arise, and eat,' said the celestial guest, 'for the journey is too great for thee.'"

"It is the safest and sweetest way to live from hand to mouth, as say those who speak in proverbs; for it is impossible that men should be so grateful to God when they have a stock in hand, as when they receive a daily supply from a never-failing stock in God's hand! Look which way I will, I cannot see one soul fat and flourishing in grace that is abounding in wealth, but quite the reverse: and I know that, unless the heart be established with grace, when riches increase, the heart will be set upon them; and then they have either done with God or God has done with them; or, if there be a spark left, it is often sadly covered over by the continual cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches."

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"The Word of God is not bound."—2 Tim. ii. 9.

What a consoling truth is this to the spiritual mind of God's blood-bought children, to the spiritual heart of His elect family; to those who have been made willing in the day of His power! They well know what it is to have bonds and fetters binding them down; but this assurance refreshes their spirits, raises them above life's trials and life's vicissitudes, and enables them to go on their way rejoicing.

Paul told the saints at Ephesus that bonds and afflictions would abide him in every city whither he went, and said he, "Behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." The Holy Ghost had, however, revealed to him that in every place where he should be called to minister he would have to endure trials and temptations; and, as it was with him, so is it, in measure, with all God's sent and anointed servants; but continued the apostle, "I endure all things—however conflicting, however soul-overwhelming, however mind-perplexing, however opposite and opposed they may be to my desires—for the elect's sake." He loved the elect, and how was this? Because He loved the elect Head, the elect Cause, the elect Fountain, the elect Source; because he loved Christ who is "Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." He endured imprisonments, weariness, hunger and thirst; in deaths he was oft, thrice was he shipwrecked, a night and a day was he in the deep; he was in journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among

false brethren ; but he suffered all, and joyfully and cheerfully too, for the elect's sake, for the church's sake, for God's glory's sake ; yea, for Christ's sake. He is the bond of election, He is the sum and the substance of election, and all His elect members are comprehended in Him ; they are conjoined to Him the life-giving and the life-sustaining Head : and Paul here declares that although he was often in affliction, and had oftentimes to endure bonds, although he was frequently, literally as well as spiritually, in the prison house, shut up and unable to come forth, yet he was comforted and consoled in the midst of all with the consideration that the word of God was not bound. He was assured that God could preach, although his mouth might be stopped ; he well knew there could be no let, no hindrance, and no barrier, to His Word ; and that according to the power accompanying His truth, so glory, blessedness and sweetness were realised. It was a glorious contemplation to his giant mind, to his spiritual heart, that God's power was unlimited, and that His glory must remain untarnished ; and although he delighted to be in the service of his Master, preaching peace by Jesus Christ—He is Lord of all—yet he was willing to be anything, yea, to be nothing, that God in all things might be glorified.

Child of God, are you bound ? "Yea," say you, "hand and foot, and, like Lazarus of old, my eyes are so blinded that I cannot see." Well, "The Word of God is not bound," and though Lazarus was bound, life had been communicated from the fountain and the source of life, and he possessed as much life as did those whose bands had been removed from them. Rest assured, if you be bound at this time life is as much in your soul as it is in those who can see into the heart of their Beloved, who can discover the family features, the marks and evidences of childship, in their own experience, and behold their names enrolled in the Lamb's book of life.

"The Word of God is not bound," and if He cause a word from the high court of heaven to drop as the rain and to distil as the dew in your heart, your fetters will be loosened, your shackles will be knocked off, and you will be raised in the twinkling of an eye from the valley to the lofty towering mountain's top, from the regions of night to the realms of day, from earth to heaven, from time into eternity, from darkness into the blest refulgence of redeeming love, and then you will know in deed and in truth that "the Word of God is not bound."

We know not why we have been led to take this text : we are well assured that we are not bound, and let me tell you if you be, God's Word is not, and He can deliver you out of all bondage and gloom, and bring you into happy and glorious freedom in one moment if His pleasure ; yea, simultaneously with His Word.

Let Him but whisper, "Loose him and let him go," and you will bound out of time into eternity, out of darkness into light, out of gloom and despondency into the presence of your Kinsman Redeemer; you will glide away and take your lofty seat beside your glorious conquering Captain, beside your eternal Beloved, who is the object of your love and the subject of your heart's meditation. O! may He loosen your bonds by His Almighty word communicated, by His word revealed, by His word made known; may you feel His power, enjoy His love shed abroad in your heart, hear His voice, and experience His peace passing all understanding: and then you will say,

' My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.'

O! how blessed is this. O! to sit and sing oneself away to everlasting bliss. O! to be raised above life's changing scenes and time's fleeting bubbles. Indeed there is

"No theme like this to raise the soul
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll."

There is no subject like this; there is nothing half so glorious and so transporting as soaring aloft and gliding into Jesus our Sabbath of rest.

Some think these things are very extravagant, and they think us very enthusiastic; but we love this extravagance and this enthusiasm; if so it may be termed. The expressions we use are not nearly as extravagant as is the realisation of these precious truths under the powerful ministration of the eternal Comforter; and we cannot show forth, but in a small measure, the joyful emotions of our gladdened soul, the elated feelings of our happy spirit, when the Lord warms our heart by shedding abroad His covenant love therein. Call enjoying the presence-power of our glorious Christ extravagance, and realising His peace passing all understanding infatuation, if you like; be it our's to know more and more of these precious things of the lasting hills. They are soul-enrapturing, spirit-enlivening, heart-cheering, Christ-exalting, God-honoring, creature-debasing, and mind dissolving.

I remember when I was dreadfully bound: I was as helpless and as powerless as one in the tomb: I could not move one step Godward, home-ward or heaven-ward, and O! what bondage, what wretchedness, what darkness, what despondency, and what misery I endured. I should not like to go through those dark and wintry seasons again; those dreary, dismal, times again. The nights were long, the days were short, and even these latter were

dark ones. I longed to feel the Lord's releasing and emancipating power; I wanted to have manifestations and revelations from Him; I entreated Him to overwhelm me with His wondrous love and to extend peace to me like a river; but He kept me waiting His time, and was that the best time? O! yes: I would not have a blessing before the Lord's time on any account. "But," say you, "are you not always expecting a blessing, hoping for one, looking out and longing for one?" Most assuredly I am, but the blessing would be no blessing unless the Lord blessed it. You remember that in the days of His flesh Jesus brake the bread literally and blessed it before He gave it to His disciples to distribute amongst the multitude, and just so is it still: He must bless His word to us, He must convey it with dew and unction, before we can partake of bread corn bruised or slake our thirst at Jacob's well. The literal word of God is a blessing and a great one too, but it is no blessing to us individually unless the Lord minister in word and in doctrine, unless the Master of assemblies be present. This is it: our blessings must be blessed: we prove this daily. Providential favors are inestimable blessings: to the Lord exclusively are we indebted for the bread that perisheth, and for the water that we drink, but without His blessing upon these mercies they would not be blessings to us *feelingly* and *experimentally*. How often have we been entreating the Lord to appear for us, to interpose on our behalf and to deliver us, and we have first looked for a word from Him to tell us that He would answer our petitions and liberate us, that He would make bare His arm and fly upon the wings of the wind to our rescue, and perhaps He has whispered a sentence in our heart and given us to feel that He had heard the voice of our cry, and in His own time He has appeared in His providence and granted us our desires, and yet we have felt no gratitude of heart, no thankfulness of soul whatever. What does this show? That unless the Lord accompany the blessing with His blessing no song of praise will flow forth. We are well assured by past experience and by daily observation, by the Lord's leadings and dealings, guidings and instructions, that all are our's by virtue of oneness with Jesus, grace relationship to the Lamb of God. We know that there is no love in the Father's heart but we can claim as our own, no blood in the eternal covenant, no streams of mercy, no showers of blessing, but what belong to us: yea, we may claim the person of the Father, the person of Christ our Beloved, and the person of the blessed Spirit who is our Comforter and Remembrancer, God's glorifier and Christ's exalted agent. Yes! we are thoroughly grounded and settled upon these immutable foundations, but we cannot enjoy any blessedness in pondering them over except the Lord bless them to us. His blessings ever

remain the same, but it is only as He makes them blessings that we can appreciate and enjoy them and bless Him for them.

"The Word of God is not bound." What a glorious mercy! His is a freeing and a liberating word; but remember, child of God, the Lord's word has varied effects upon the mind. This we find as we are led on step by step, from strength to strength. Sometimes He gives us a cautionary word respecting something in the future, and this is as much from His loving lips as is a comforting portion: again sometimes He whispers a word of reproof, a word of correction, and we feel it to be cutting, still this likewise proceeds from a Father's heart. "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Yes! the word of God has its varied effects on the spiritual mind: sometimes it produces a solemn feeling of awe, sometimes it leads us to dwell upon the vast source of all our mercies in a serious way: we do not feel exulting in the Lord, rejoicing in our God; we do not feel ready to fly away to the realms of bliss and blessedness, but we realise that the Lord is our stay and our support; we are assured that underneath us are the everlasting arms, and that the eternal God is our refuge; we are convinced that beneath us is impregnable rock, and we can rest our all there: we know that we are safe and secure, that God is our refuge and strength, our fortress and our high tower, and thus we experience a solid and a blessed resting upon Him, a leaning on His arm, a reclining on His bosom, and we feel that all shall be well with the soul whenever the Lord shall see fit to call us hence. Again the word of the Lord comes at times with Almighty power and blessedness and raises us above everything of a time-nature, and, in joyful anticipation of the glory which is reserved, we long to clap our wings and soar away, pinioned on love. We are transported to the mountains of myrrh and to the hills of frankincense, and we are ravished with the soul-absorbing looks of our best Friend. What said the Church? "My Beloved spake and said unto me—We love this *personal* language, we delight in these *individual* expressions. Never would He have spoken had He not have been her Beloved, for the Lord does not tantalize His people; hence if you have ever had one word from His loving lips it was on the ground of eternal union, of everlasting oneness, of indissoluble bonds of covenant ties He spoke to you. I can utter these words; in my instance they are heart-utterances, and there is nothing like an echo, a response of soul: we like fellow-feeling, reciprocity, communion, fellowship. I do not ask you when He spoke or what portion He may have applied with power, but let me tell you if you can adopt these words, "My Beloved spake, and said unto me," "Happy art thou, O Israel!" But what did He say to His bride?—Rise up, my love, my fair

one, and come away." It would not have been half so sweet, so blessed or so glorious, had He not have called her "My love." He thus claimed her as His own, He acknowledged the relationship that existed between them, and as though this were not enough, He continues, "my fair one;" and in other places He speaks of her as His sister, as His spouse, as His dove in the cleft of the rock. "Come away," not go away. No! no! but come away, or come to me. O! loving welcome: O! precious invite: plainly showing that to be enjoying His blissful companionship and to be realising His blest presence were the joy and the glory which her soul desired. "Come away" from time into eternity: "come away" from earth into my embrace: "come away" from self to Me: "come away" from all time-circumstances that bind you down, and from everything of an earthly nature that now fetters you: "come away" from the darkness that surrounds you: "come away" from the beggarly elements of this sublunary state: "come away" from all that circumscribes your mind and impedes your upward flight: "come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon:" come from the glorious mountain's summit: come from the lofty towering hill, and enter my house of banquet, sit down under my shadow with great delight, and find my fruit sweet to your taste. Some do not believe in God's word being applied with power, but we do most heartily and most fully, and we maintain that it comes sometimes with most glorious power and overwhelming glory from the lips of our precious Christ. He Himself is the word applied and sealed home: He is the word communicated and apprehended. He speaks Himself into the heart, into the soul, into the mind, into the spirit, and He speaks His child into Himself. How glorious! The emancipated one can thus rehearse His righteous acts, sing of His matchless worth, and rejoice that he is feelingly raised up together and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. "Ah," say you, "I should like to feel thus: I long to have all bonds loosened, all cords dissolved." Well, "The Word of God is not bound:" and how often is it that the children of God feel whilst the hymns are being sung and the chapter being read as dead and as indifferent as it is possible to feel, and as cold as an icicle, but perhaps in the sermon the servant of God has been led into something that has drawn out their noble minds and caused them to make melody in their hearts unto the Lord. The word has come with liberating blessedness: their affections have been engaged, their thoughts have been absorbed, their spirits have been taken away. Earthly things have been left behind, creature ties and time trials have been forgotten, and every thought has been brought into sweet captivity to the obedience

of Christ. The alluring power of their glorious Lord has been put forth; bonds have been snapped asunder, gloom and darkness have been dispersed, and they have felt, "It is good to be here." Sorrow and turmoil have been lost sight of, and they have gone on their way rejoicing and magnifying the name of the Lord God of Israel. "Ah," they have said, "we came to the house of God overwhelmed with soul trouble, cast down by reason of the roughness of the way: we came feeling, would to God that we could enjoy what we have in past days. O Lord, restore unto us the joy of Thy salvation, and He has graciously answered us to the rejoicing of our heart; He has cheered us with His eternal smile; He has satisfied us with favor and He has filled us with substance; He has granted us droppings of the ever full ocean, draughts from the ever flowing river of His pleasures; and ever we were aware He has made our souls like unto the chariots of Amminadib: He has come down most gloriously and He has caused the mountains to smoke at His blest presence; and when He has thus revealed Himself an ascription of praise has ascended to Him like incense. We have felt we were in the presence-chamber, in the inner inclosures of love blood and salvation, in the secret place of the Most High, under the glorious stairs of covenant love. The Lord has invigorated us with His communications, and we have entered with Him the Holiest of All, thus proving that the word of God is not bound. Yes! again and again have we felt His word to be powerful and establishing, and

"The earnest grace so rich and free
Has made us long His face to see."

How soul-satisfying, how heart-strengthening, how mind-expanding, how spirit-cheering is the Lord's word! When it comes with almighty power, with life, with light, with love, with energy, from the lips of our Beloved, we enlarge into the ocean of His love, we expand into His fulness, we live in His sight, we bask under His sunshine, and we realise Him to be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. O! how blessed is it when His love flows in like a mighty torrent, when our glorious Christ opens up the channel of communication, and when He feeds us with the finest of the wheat and satisfies us with honey out of the Rock. None but living children of God can enter into these deep things: none but those who are inner-court worshippers can comprehend the spiritual mysteries of God's kingdom; and we desire not to say one word in order to please outer-court hearers, mere professors. It is to the family circle to whom we love to minister, and to these not in their nature standing, but in their spiritual oneness with the Lord Almighty. They have much to cast them down: they often

feel deadness, darkness and barrenness within : they sigh and cry on account of the abominations which are done in the land of their soul : they mourn for the presence of their eternal Bridegroom and oftentimes long for His delivering power : they meet with numberless things to harass and to perplex them : they frequently sink in deep mire where there is no standing, and they feel utterly powerless ; but still "The word of God is not bound." In a moment the Lord can raise them from the valley to the heights of Zion ; He can change the scene in the twinkling of an eye ; and then, instead of being like dreary winter in their feelings, they are like the middle of summer in their mind.

"And when they are happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May."

The companionship of their best Friend, the indulgences of their eternal Beloved, the overpowerings of their glorious Lord, ravish their soul and steal away their thoughts from earth's pursuits. He draws them with His love, He melts their heart with His covenant blood, He clothes them with His spotless righteousness, and He brings them into the fountain-fulness of His loving kindness and tender mercies. These are blessed visitations of love, blessed manifestations of favor, blissful revelations of mercy and grace, and we delight to meet with those who feel an echo to what we say, a real response to what we utter : we love to come in contact with those who are like-minded. The disciples who journeyed to Emmaus said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened unto us the Scriptures?" thus they had but *one* heart, but *one* way, but *one* spirit. Say you, "I should like to have been with them." But have you not been equally privileged and equally favored? Have you not enjoyed the same companionship as did they? Has not the Lord many times communed with you from above the mercy seat, and has He not blessed His word of truth to your soul? Has not your inner heart been lit up with a holy flame of love? Have you not felt His intwinings, His encirclings ; and have you not rejoiced in the assurance that there is plenty of bread in your Father's house? "Yes," say you, "and I know that the fountain is always open, that the ocean is always rolling, but I am not at all times happy and joyful in my God. He sometimes seems, like Joseph of old to make Himself strange unto me and to speak roughly, and I am not with Him feelingly : He withdraws from me His sensible shinnings, and the language of my heart is, "Why shouldest Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?" Well, child of God, the Lord will tarry as long as He has fixed upon in covenant love,

He will tarry as long as shall be for your good and for His glory. "But," say you, "I want Him to stay with me longer: I want to realise His heart-love more often: I want to feel the inundations of His mercy, the overwhelmings of His grace, more constantly: I want Him to speak to me with power more frequently: I want to participate in His favor, to feel His intertwining care, and to know that His eye is over me perpetually." Still, beloved, "All are your's; ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." He ever encircles you and He ever guides you with His counsel. "True," reply you, "but this does not satisfy me: I want to feel within His embrace: I want to see His lovely countenance. I am assured He is at all times present, but I love to realise His presence, I love to behold Him face-to face." Well, when it is very dark you cannot see any objects literally, but when the sun arises, they are discoverable: just so is it in a spiritual sense: when it is night in the soul, you cannot gaze on the King in His beauty, but when He shines again, and communicates light, then in His light you see light.

"The word of God is not bound." You may have been dark in mind all day and much shut up in soul, but has the Lord granted you a glimmer of light to-night? has He manifested His favor and chased away the shades and the shadows which have enwrapt you, and has He constrained you to sing Hosannah all the while? has your peace flowed like a river, and has His righteousness covered you like the waves of the sea? have you felt strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus—strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might? How blessed is it to be raised to this altitude of faith! This is above the streams that flow from the ocean, above the droppings that proceed from the eternal river. The streams of grace fluctuate, the effects of union vary, but the source, the fountain, the river, the God of all grace, knows no change. We love to be raised above rivulets and stream'ets into the grand cause, and there to have the mind stayed, there to have the feet fixed; but we can only fix, centre and settle here by divine power being put forth. Glorious mercy! our's is an unchanging God, and "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." Says one, "I have felt the soft constrainings of His love; I have felt some gleams of His glory beaming on my path; I have tasted that the Lord is gracious; and I am not so low as when I came into God's house to-night, not so dejected, not so disconsolate. I feared my Beloved would not open the channel of communication from His eternal throne and lead me to the glorious towering Rock that is higher than is my finite mind, but how often have I proved that when I have thought I was farthest off from Him I have been the nearest. Indeed I have found that He has been waiting to be

gracious, and that He has filled me with His mercy and His goodness. He has spoken a word in my heart and opened it to my soul's apprehension, and I have responded, 'It is the voice of my Beloved:' I know His voice: I have heard it many times; and when He manifests Himself to me, it is the same love, the same mercy, the same favor, the same peace, the same sweetness, the same blessedness, I have felt before; the same heart-intwinning, the same blessed resting in love's embrace, the same freedom, the same enlargement, the same expansion, the same realisation of mercy, the same joyous feelings of delight and ecstasy I have enjoyed in past days: yes! just the same." Then you know what it is to miss these choice blessings. The Lord hides His face in order that you may more appreciate His presence when He comes again. Constant changes are necessary for us in a time-state: night succeeds day, darkness follows bright shining. We are often tossed about and in deep waters: sometimes we are in the furnace and anon in the flood; sometimes we are on high ground and again we are in the valley; nevertheless, amid all life's variations and life's vicissitudes, we are safe in the hand of our God. Oftimes we feel death in our souls, and then we long for refreshing rains; we experience barrenness, and we long for the Lord to come and shine upon us. There is only one tree which blossoms and bears fruit to the praise of the glory of God's grace, and that is the Tree of life which grows in the midst of the paradise of God, and when He turns our wilderness into a fruitful field, our desert in feeling into the garden of the Lord in experience, we feel transported from time, from nature, from self, into the full ocean of Jehovah's love. Ah! we delight in His manifestations, in His revelations, in His appearances: we covet the visits of our best Friend; we love His presence-favor: His voice dissipates the gloom of dull mortality, His companionship cheers and enlivens; and we well know that "the word of God is not bound." His word raises us above time-things now, and the same word will take us completely away. The Lord Himself will console and comfort us when about to leave the stage of time: the word of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, will produce joy and peace then; and absent from the body we shall be present with the Lord. Perhaps there are some of God's children here who may tremble at dissolution and who may not like to contemplate the moment of departure: they may fear they shall not be light in the Lord and full of joy and rejoicing then, and they may dread to leave the time-state in darkness of soul: they may think that they shall be bound then, and shackled then, and that gloom and despondency will reign then: but, cheer up! "The Word of God is not bound." May your last days be your best days, and your last hours be your golden hours! may

your last moments on earth be most blessed and most glorious! and then you will say, This is the scene I have long been dreading, but it was rather worth waiting for in order to realise the peace that now inundates my soul. Had I have known how my precious Ishi would endear Himself to me, how He had purposed to draw my soul out of time and to ravish my heart, I should have longed to have departed long since, but I knew not one millionth part of the blessedness I should enjoy. Child of God, may this be your portion, may this be our's! Why should you fear undressing? Why should you tremble at literal death? Christ your Head is beyond death's territories and is reigning over all, blessed for evermore, in His own uncreated glory, and you are in union-oneness with Him.

"What cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days!"
'Tis with the righteous well."

Because Jesus lives we must live also, and He declares: "I am He that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore." The words which He speaks, they are spirit and they are life, being sealed home with power, and His promises cannot be broken. "Blessed is she that believeth: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." O! may our glorious Beloved often enkindle a flame of love in our hearts: may we feel a holy glow in our souls and drink deeply of the Rock that follows us, that Rock being Christ. May we often surround the festive board of our spiritual Boaz, and enter with Him, not only the door of life, of light and of grace, but the door of glory, and thus sit and sing in heavenly places in Him the praises of our covenant Jehovah!

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

TO JOSEPH ON THE HILL.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied: love, blood, and salvation abound! With pleasure we again take up our pen to write a line to you, one of the blood-bought children of the Lord, but it entirely depends upon the Lord whether our communication afford you the least spiritual comfort or drop of heavenly joy. You know, as we do, that without living power there can be nothing of a spiritual nature realised. Letter may do for notionalists, but spirit is what living sons are after. The doctrines of grace may make a man, under the power of Satan, bold and presumptuous; but the grace of the doctrines alone dissolves the heart,

humbles the mind, and cheers the spirits of the household of faith. The Word in its literality may satisfy the mere professor, but the child of God cannot rest unless it be made spirit and life to his soul. A name to live may content bastards, but a living name alone will satisfy the redeemed family of Heaven. To be made *right* and kept *right* is what the Lord's people truly desire, and their desire shall be fully granted, for the Lord will see to it that whoever are finally deceived His people shall not be. He will teach them His truth Himself, and keep them in the truth taught Himself; and if they should drink any deadly thing of false doctrine, it shall not hurt them; for the blood of atonement, like a good emetic, will make them throw up all the poison. Blood is a good antidote to all poisons. It will bring off the poison of sin. It will destroy the rankling venom of death. It will also remove again and again that poison of all poisons—*SELF*. But, in every case, it must be administered by a qualified physician who healeth all our diseases. He writes no prescription in "cat latin" which none can understand; leaving it with the patient to go to what blundering chemist he may please; but He visits the patient Himself, administers the all-healing balsam of blood Himself, and watches the effect of the precious medicine Himself, saying, "I am the Lord that healeth thee?" He makes no charge for His cures; and the medicine always *feeds* as well as *physics*. What a mercy, my brother, it has fallen to our lot to come in blessed contact with this skilful Physician, who not only healeth all our diseases, but forgives all our iniquities! We well know that there is balm in Gilead, and a good Physician there. There is no Physician like our Jesus, no balm like His blood. It is a sovereign remedy. It matters not whether we have old ulcers, running sores, or leprosy throughout the whole man, it is a general never-failing remedy for all: and there is no fear of ever being out of medicine, for there is a large fountain of it, and it is always open for sin and uncleanness; but it is only "for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem." For just such Lazarus' and lepers as you and me. And the mercy is,

"This fountain, tho' rich, from charge is quite clear,
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here."

The Lord will not refuse the basest of the base, the vilest of the vile. Indeed He likes the very worst to come, and compels them, by love's constraining, to

"Bathe here and be whole,
Wash here and be white."

Simon was too clean to want to bathe, but Mary plunged right into it; for she well knew that she was dirty enough, leprous

enough, filthy and vile enough ; but though she went in dirty, she came out clean every whit. When in this blood-fountain, it moved her water fountain so much, that she washed her Lord's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. She was forgiven much and she loved much forgiveness. The Lord would rather have to do with one Mary than with a thousand Simon's, unless it be Simon Peter the stone in His great and grand building of mercy. But though Peter was a stone, and a very hard one when He denied his Lord, he was soft enough when His denied Jesus turned and looked upon him. Satan might throw him about as a stone for a long time without softening him, but when the Lord took him out of Satan's hands, he could have been poured out like water. Such are the melting looks of the Lord. He knows how to look straight into the heart, and overcome it in a moment. His eye affects His "new heart" in His child.

"Then we hold such sweet communion
With our Saviour, Brother, Friend :
Sing His love, the bond of union,
Matchless love, without an end :
Hallelujah !
Hallelujahs now ascend."

We have frequently felt that we should like to drop you a line, but have been hindered until now : for altho' absent in body, we are present in spirit, there being no schism in the body. We dwell together at all times in Jesus our peaceful habitation and quiet resting place : we feed together, at the Lord's table, upon royal dainties, and drink the good old wine of the kingdom, and we well know that the *old* is better than the *new* : and the good wine, or best wine, is kept till now ; for that which is first is not spiritual but natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. Christ is our spiritual life and spiritual food. We banquet with Him and feed upon Him, and find His flesh meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed : and He says that those who eat Him shall live by Him : and he that liveth and believeth in Him shall never die ; for He is

"Death of death's and hell's destruction !"

We should much like to pop in and see "Joseph on the Hill," together with his wife, before Christmas ; but we don't see *how* it can once be. How are you all getting on ? Do you get plenty of good cheer ? "Joseph is yet alive," and we hope to go down and see him again before we die. But Joseph in the North has not so much corn as had Joseph in the East ; and Joseph in the East had not so much corn as has our Brother Joseph who is born in our heart King of the spiritual Jews.

"The key of the storehouse is still in the hand
Of Joseph our Brother the Lord of the land."

Wishing you and your's, and all real friends at Skidby, every need-
ful blessing, with our united best love, believe me, as ever,
Very affectionately your's,

A. WILCOCKSON.

UNITARIANISM REFUTED ;

OR,

THE WILY QUESTIONER WISELY ANSWERED.

"Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence."

Question.—Are God and Christ one Being or two Beings?

Answer.—The word Being is a term used to signify the existence of a person, or thing: relative to God, He is called by men the Supreme Being, which appellation sets Him forth in supreme distinction from the creatures of His making; therefore God, or *Alehim*, is the only self-existing Jehovah, consequently, one Being in distinct personalities, existing in unity of essence, as it is written, "For there are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these Three are One" (1 John v. 7). Not two Beings in separate existence, but two persons existing in unity of existence, the Father and the Son co-equal and co-eternal; not one before and the other after, but as Jesus saith, "I and my Father are one" (John x. 30).

Q.—If the Father and Christ (the anointed) are two Beings, each of them God, are they not two Gods?

A.—They are not two Beings, but one Jehovah, yet the original word, *Alehim*, is a plural noun; and, relative to creation, it reads, "In the beginning *Alehim* (or the Holy Ones) created" (Gen i. 1.); and to express the same in English, according to the Hebrew, it would read, "the Holy Gods created." This, however, does not confound the persons, or divide the unity of essence, but plainly declares the personalities or subsistences in the *Alehim*.

Q.—If the Father and Christ are but one Being and one God, then is it not evident, that what is true of the Father, must be true of Christ the Son, so that Father and Son in this case are but two different names for one and the same God.

A.—It is an unalterable truth, that what is true of the Father, is also true of the Son as touching the Godhead in the unity of the essence, but relative to the distinct personalities the name Father

does not belong to the Son, nor the name Son belong to the Father; therefore, though in unity but one Being, self-existent, yet it would be nonsense to call the Father, the Son, or the Son, the Father, and there is not the least shadow of such incongruity in all the Bible. The infallible revelation Jehovah hath been pleased to make of Himself in His holy Word is as follows: *Aleh*, the Father; *Al*, the Son; and *Ruach*, the Holy Spirit; then it is clear that the names given are not the names of office, but of personalities, plainly declaring the doctrine of the Trinity of the Holy Three, that bear record in heaven.

Q.—If Christ be God, who anointed Him? did He anoint Himself, being at once both the anointer and the anointed?

A.—The Christ testified of in the Scriptures is “over all, God blessed for ever. Amen” (Rom. ix. 5): and He is the anointed One, the *Al Gibbor*, “Emmanuel, God with us.” Relative to His anointing, God the Father saith, “Yet have I set (or anointed) my King upon my holy hill of Zion” (Psalm ii. 6). The Holy Spirit by David saith, “Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed Thee, with the oil of gladness, above (or for) thy fellows” (Psalm xlv. 7). Paul saith the same of Jesus (Heb. i. 9): Christ saith, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because the Lord hath anointed me,” &c. (Isa. lxi. i; Luke iv. 16—21). In these statements we have each of the Persons declaring the truth concerning the Messiah, the anointed One. *Aleh*, the Father (Psalm ii); *Ruach*, the Spirit (Psalm xlv. 7; Heb. i. 6); and *Al*, the Son (Isa. lxi. 1; and Luke iv. 16). So “that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established” (Matt. xviii, 16); and this will stand fast to the eternal confusion of all truth deniers. Peter declares “how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost” (Acts x. 38). This was done openly to prove the fulfilment of prophecy (see Matt. iii, Mark i, Luke iii, and John i), “And the Spirit descended in a bodily shape like a dove.”

Q.—If the Father be unbegotten and the Son begotten, and if both be one and the same Being, doth it not follow that the same Being is both begotten and unbegotten?

A.—Was it ever known that a Son begat himself? Is it not plain that the Father begets the Son? therefore, though the Father and the Son are the same in essence and existence, the eternal *Alehim*, yet it is an unalterable truth that Jesus Christ is “the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth” (John i. 14): not begotten as to the eternity of His existence in the unity of Godhead, but in reference to His distinct personality, as Mediator, King, and Head of His body the church. And to prove His Sonship, in union of nature with the Father, the begetting of the

Soz by the Father is spoken of as a time act: "This day have I begotten thee" (Psalm ii. 7); and this truth Paul carries to the resurrection of Christ: "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee" (Acts xiii. 33). Then it follows, the Father begat, and the Son is "the first begotten from the dead" (Rev. i. 5).

Q.—If Christ and the Being styled in scripture, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be one and the same Being, does it not follow that Christ is the God and Father of Himself?

A.—Though the Father and Christ the Son are one in the undivided unity of Godhead, each Jehovah, and Jehovah one in essence and glory, it does not follow that Christ is the Father of Himself: this inference is merely thrown out by the questioner to blind the mind and to set the scriptures at variance. The distinct personalities in the Godhead are as clearly revealed in the Word of God as they possibly can be, and God the Father is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and Jesus is the Son of God, and He is "over all, God blessed for ever. Amen." (Rom. ix. 5).

Q.—If the Father and the Son be the same Being, does it not follow, that Christ is both the Father and Son of Himself, that He sent Himself, prayed to Himself, ascended to Himself, and now sitteth at the right hand of Himself, and submitted His own will to the will of Himself, when He prayed to the Father (Luke xxii. 42) "Not my will, but thine be done," and forsook Himself when He prayed to the Father (Matt. xxvii. 46), "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

A.—As my questioner is so fond of *ifs*, I also say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. viii. 31). Having already stated, from the testimony of God, the distinct personality of the Father and the Son, and also their unity in Godhead, I now say, from the same authority, that Christ is not the Father, and that the Father is not Christ the Son, neither is Christ the Father and Son of Himself, nor did He send Himself (the Father sent Him); and however repugnant it may be to the Unitarian creed, yet the scriptures testify "that the Lord of Hosts sent the Lord of Hosts" (Zech. ii. 8, 9): neither did Christ ascend to Himself, nor sit at the right hand of Himself, nor Pray to Himself, nor submit His will to Himself, nor forsake Himself; for whatever the Son of God did or said was in distinct personality from the Father and the Spirit, and although the unity of Godhead was and is the same, yet is plainly seen the distinction of the Persons of the Father and the Son: and these things prove the Son of God, to be God manifest in the flesh, the Mediator, the Man Christ Jesus, and He who obtained eternal redemption for the Church. The Father forsook

Him. and Christ, personally, finished the work the Father gave Him to do; therefore, though Christ be a distinct person from the Father, yet it plainly testifies that there was no opposition in the will of the Son to that of the Father; consequently, this proves oneness of will and also oneness of essence in the Godhead: "I and my Father are one" (John x. 30), said Christ, and "I delight to do thy will, O my God" (Psalm xl. 8). The ascension of Christ at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, proves also the distinct personality of Christ and of His being co-equal with the Father, appearing personally with the body of His flesh "in the glory He had with the Father before the world was" (John xvii. 5). Neither did Christ pray to Himself, but to His God and Father, whom He calls "the only true *Aleh*" (John xvii. 5), "and was heard in that He feared" (Heb. v. 7); and His prayer to His God and Father is very discriminating; for there is a world that He does not pray for, but He prays for those that the Father gave Him in the decree of eternal election before the foundation of the world, and He saith of them, "Where I am there shall ye be also, to behold my glory" (John xvii. 9, 10. and 24).

Q.—If Christ be the Almighty God, possessed of all power, with what truth could He declare, that of His own self He could do nothing (John v. 19, 20), and that to sit on His right hand, and on His left hand, it was not His to give (Matt. xx. 23)?

A.—It is an eternal truth that Christ is the Almighty God, possessed of all power in heaven and on earth. The word Almighty is *Al Shaddai* in Hebrew, and the first time we meet with it in the Bible is Gen xvii, 1: "And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, Jehovah appeared unto Abram, and said unto him, I am *Al Shaddai*." It is plain that Abram saw this person, for He appeared unto him as the Almighty God; then according to John i. 18, it must have been Christ; for He saith, "No man hath seen God (the Father) at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared (or revealed) Him." This clearly proves that the person that appeared to Abram as *Al Shaddai*, was Christ, for the word *Shaddai*, or Mighty, is joined to *Al*. and Christ is declared to be "Emmanu *Al*, God with us" (Matt. 1. 23); and He said of Himself to John in the isle of Patmos, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, which was, and which is to come, the Almighty" (Rev. i. 8). Again, that He is God, none but infidels will deny, for the glory of His Godhead is proclaimed in and by the creation (Rom. i. 20: Psalm xix, 1; Col. i. 15—17). The redemption of His church fully sets it forth, having purchased them by His own blood, which is emphatically called the blood of God (Acts xx. 28), and John, by the Spirit, saith of Him, "Hereby

perceive we the love of God, because He (God) laid down His life for us" (1 John iii. 15). It is written of Him, "A King shall reign in righteousness?" (Isaiah xxxii. 1). Paul saith, "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet" (1 Cor. xi 25). And we Trinitarians rejoice with the Church triumphant, singing, "Hallelujah: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth" (Rev. xix. 6). These few scriptures, from among many, prove that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the Almighty God, "over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."

We will now examine the words you quote from John v, 19. Had you not attempted to pervert the blessed words of the Lord Jesus to cover your dark designs, they would not have suited your purpose; for to eclipse His eternal power and Godhead is all you aim at; but there is ample proof of this in the words and their connection. In the first part of this chapter we have a decided testimony of His Godhead in making the man whole, who had lain thirty and eight years in that distressed state; for doing which the Jews sought to slay Him; but this opened the very way for the following truths of Christ, declaring His co-equality with the Father: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work:" and the next verse proves that the Jews understood what Jesus meant, and His Godhead was their stumbling block, the same as it is to the Unitarians in our day: "Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was His (own proper) Father, making Himself equal with God." Nothing can be plainer than these words to prove distinct personality, and also the unity of Godhead; and the statement that follows, which you bring forward to attempt to prove your doctrine, also teems with the same truth: "Jesus saith unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of Himself (not separated from, or contrary to, the Father, but in perfect union of essence, mind and will) but what He seeth the Father do, for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise." By this we see that the Son doeth personally the very same works that God the Father doeth; and not the Father doing them for Him, or helping Him, because He had no power, as you want to prove: and what follows is a glorious proof of the same doctrine, that the Unitarians hate, that of the eternal power and Godhead of Christ, for He saith, "For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will:" and, further, to shew the oneness in nature and essence, of the Father and the Son, and that everything was performed according to the will, purpose, and covenant of *Alehim*, the Holy Ones, Jesus saith, "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should

honour the Son, even as they honour the Father" (John v. 17—23). This declares that there is to be a full equality of honour given to the Son as is given to the Father, and this also proves the fallacy of the lying system of the Unitarians.

The next part of the question is a death-blow to your own creed; for, as it stands in the Greek, Jesus did not say He could not give it away; had He said so, He would have been a liar; for it is quite evident that He did give it away. It reads thus: "To sit on my right hand and on my left, is not mine to give, but for whom it is prepared of my Father" (Matt. xx. 23). Therefore He being Jesus Christ ever unchangeable, He could not give it away from the sheep to the swine, goats or dogs; but only to those to whom He will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" (Matt. xxv. 3; 4).

Q.—Was God Almighty, the infinite, eternal and unchangeable Jehovah, once a helpless infant, entrusted to the care of one of His own creatures, for protection from injury and for the supply of daily food, and was He carried from place to place at the will of his nurse in her supporting arms?

A.—Having already proved that Jesus Christ is God Almighty, I shall now produce proofs of His being Jehovah unchangeable. It is clear from the testimonies of God; as it is written, "And this is His name whereby He shall be called, Jehovah our righteousness" (Jer. xxiii. 6). Again, it is said of Him. "The, *Alehm*, Jehovah, hath spoken," &c. (Psalm l, 1), or as it reads in our Bibles, and it is quite to the point, "The Mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken." Therefore it is quite evident that the speaker must be Christ, and the original name *Al*, plainly proves it, as that name is not used in all the Bible in reference to *Aleh*, the Father, or *Ruach*, the Spirit; but of Him who is *Al Shaddai*, *Al Gibbor*; God and Man, who is Jehovah unchangeable, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever" (Heb xiii, 8). To suppose that the Godhead can be reduced to anything tangible, or to the size of an infant, would be blasphemy, yet that Holy child Jesus is no less God than the Man child. This subject is blessedly recorded relative to the conception of that Holy Thing by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, as was foretold by the Prophet: "For the Lord hath created a new thing in the earth, a woman shall compass a man" (Jer. xxxi. 22), or a virgin shall compass the *Gibbor*." By the birth of Jesus was fulfilled the following prophecy, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given (*Al*, the Son, given; *Gibbor*, the child, born, which is, being interpreted, God and Man), and the government shall be upon His shoulder" He was the unchangeable Jehovah, yet "made" (as touching His manhood) of a woman."

(Gai. v. 4); and by His birth in His person declared to be Ood manifest in the flesh (1 Tim. iii. 16): as man He was an helpless babe swaddled and lying in a manger, nursed and cared for by His mother, supplied by her with the necessities of life, and carried by her from place to place according to the will and order of God the Father, even down into Egypt, that Herod should not kill Him. And in this glorious Christ, God and Man, we see the great mystery of godliness; and He was made in all things like His brethren" (Heb ii. 17): and again, "Verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham" (Heb. ii. 16); and in the 14 verse it is called "the children's flesh and blood." And by the personal appearance of *Alehim* in the flesh and blood, which is also called "the body of His flesh" (Col. i. 22), we behold the Christ, "the man, my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Zech. xiii 7), "A man of sorrows" (Isaiah liii. 3), the babe of Bethlehe'm, "the author of eternal salvation" (Heb. v. 9), "The Eternal God our refuge" (Deut xxxiii, 27), yet the Father's Servant (Isaiah xlii, 1), the subject, as man, of every thing (except sin), such as hunger, thirst, sorrow, poverty, shame, reproach, and death; and amidst all this He was no less the Mighty God, upholding all things by the word of His power (Heb. i. 3), "Holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens" (Heb vii, 2): and thus it is written of Him—"Jehovah is exalted" (Isaiah xxxiii, 5), "Who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen" (Rom ix. 5).

(To be continued in our next.)

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM A WARM HEART.

BELoved IN JESUS.—Our Beloved is the chiefest amongst ten thousand and the altogether lovely, and He is "yesterday, to-day, and for ever" the same unchanged and unchangeable Lover. In Nottingham, London, Plymouth, and to the ends of the earth, He is an all-satisfying portion and an enduring substance; and He says, "I will fill their treasures." This portion He often fulfils in deep outward poverty and great straits; for He Himself is the treasure and the fulness to which cannot be diminished.

I thank you for the Sermon. I was not surprised at the tidings, as it was what I had expected. You must have passed through some sore exercises, but "He is the Rock, and His work is perfect;" and "the Lord thy God is with thee in all places whithersoever thou goest. He will not fail thee or forsake thee; only be strong and of a good courage," "casting all your

care upon Him; for He careth for you." Though He move you from one tent to another tabernacle. He is well able to bear all the expense of journeying, and travelling with Him you will find that His paths drop fatness, whilst your own will be lean enough. It was from Plymouth that I first received those glowing descriptions of the love and loveliness of Jesus from your pen, just after He had been revealed in my soul, and I was brought into the land flowing with milk and honey. Many precious seasons have I had both in reading and writing of Him, but one-millionth part of His glories and glorious fulness has never yet been told; for He infinitely exceeds all the fame that hath been spread of Him by those who knew Him best: therefore, beloved, go on to learn of Him, and still extol Him, and tell the secrets of His love and beauty to "the King's house within." I trust that you will still be a sweet savor of Him to the royal family, many of whom walk unlike the King's children, crying from day to day, "My leanness, my leanness!" But they are too fond of their own table, instead of being, like lame Mephibosheth, leaving all daily to sit at the King's table. The best of living is to live upon His bounty, as having nothing in self, but possessing all things in Him; for He Himself is our unfailing and unfading portion for ever.

I have been much afflicted by your silence, but I could only commit it to Him who judgeth righteously, and who doeth nothing in vain; for "when He shutteth, none can open." I should not have written to you now, but I feel that I must take the last peep at you in what you call "Babylon," where you have been among the thorns and the captives, and where you have seen a great forsaking in your midst; but the Lord has stood by you and strengthened you, and I trust that it is at His command you are about to "arise and depart;" and I sincerely hope, also, that He will lead you forth with joy and peace, causing even the mountains of difficulty to break forth before you into singing, which thing, you know, He has often done, proving that nothing is too hard for the Lord, and that nothing is too much for Him to do for His children. "Open thy mouth wide," He says, "and I will fill it." He made a way through the sea for His ransomed to pass over. He clave the rock also, in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

Excuse the lisps of the very least of the household children who loves in all places to sing, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" and who rejoices that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. I am longing to behold more of His glory, in whom we are joyful even in tribulation also, knowing that He was a man of sorrows and well acquainted with grief; so that these things form no

barrier to communion and fellowship with Him, for He took our griefs and carried our sorrows, and we have them all in union and find therein His own sweet fragrance which makes us say, amid all cutting off and drying up dispensations, "Yet will I joy in the Lord and rejoice in the God of my salvation."

Every blessing be with you and your's. The God of love and peace be with you, and set before you an open door to proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus, and open hearts to receive it, even empty vessels, not a few, who shall receive the Word in love and power, in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost.

In our lovely Lord the Lamb,

Your very affectionate,

Ruth.

HABITATION BOUNDS FIXED.

THE Word of God assures us that the bounds of our habitation are fixed; and however many there may be who are ever ready to dispute this point, they have no ground or authority whatever from God's Word to say one word against it. We believe, thoroughly believe, and scripturally believe, with the poet, that

"Life's minutest circumstance
Is order'd by the Lord:"

and however much creatures of a day, worms of the earth, and insignificant grasshoppers, may find fault with the Lord's leadings and dealings, His will remains inflexible, His purpose unbending; for "He doeth as He pleases in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: none can stay His hand, or say, What doest thou?" All creatures are His vassals, all things are His servants. None can effectually resist His will, thwart His purpose, or overturn His all-wise counsel. He carries out His providential works in strict keeping with His ancient decree. "Known unto God were all His works from the beginning." Our time of natural birth was fixed by the Lord, our time of ignorance and unbelief was dated by the Lord, and our time to be made "willing in the day of His power," was equally settled by His divine Majesty.

"Our parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him,"

are truisms which bid defiance to reasoners, religionists, and sophists to overturn. The Lord says by Job, "There is a time

appointed unto man upon the earth," and when that time appointed shall have run out its last moment, the subject of such an appointment shall no longer be numbered among the living. "The wages of sin is death," and "we must all needs die;" and "man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" But the subject of mortality is not a pleasing one to Adam the first. Most like to waive the thought of death; but death approaches each of us with certain step, and no created power can impede its onward track. It will visit each of us when the Lord shall have commissioned it. A moment longer than our "appointed time" we shall not live. The year, the month, the week, the day, the hour, the minute, the moment, is fixed by unalterable decree when each of us shall be called upon to resign this mortal life. The instrumentality that shall further our decease is alike fixed. Sudden death, or a more lingering dissolution, is settled by God as shall most enhance His glory. Could a believer choose for himself, he would prefer a short illness to a protracted one. Flesh does not like pain. Nature shrinks from suffering. The Lord knows best, far best, when and how to take us out of this troublesome and tiresome world. Reader, are you ready to die? This is an unvarnished question, can you meet it in the full confidence of faith? Does the interrogation cast a gloom over your mind? Is the subject distasteful to you? Would you prefer a less gloomy subject? Do you like to think all mortal but yourself? It is a vain thought. We must all die. This is a non-exception rule. Suppose you were assured that this year would outlive you, and that you were not to enter upon 1869, what are your feelings upon the matter? Are you prepared for the important change? Have you realised spiritual peace through the blood of Christ? We do not say, "Have you made your peace with God?" for we well know that Christ alone has done this for every blood-bought child of God; but have you the comfortable assurance that you "are complete in Him," "accepted in the Beloved?" If so, death is no enemy to you. How is this? It has no sting;" for the sting of death is sin," and Christ who knew no sin was made sin, and died to atone the sin that you committed: hence, it is your privilege to sing with the poet:

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gave sin its damning pow'r,
"But Christ my Saviour died."

"The bitterness," therefore, "of death is passed." Christ, your Christ, has swallowed it up in eternal victory. In Him, through Him, by Him, and with Him, you are more than a conqueror. Does Satan harass your mind and vex your spirit upon this sub-

ject? Have you often gloomy and sorrowful thoughts of going hence, to be no more seen on earth? The Lord comfort your disconsolate mind, trembling one, and give you to taste the sweet blood of atonement, which is a sure and certain antidote to all legal and gloomy fears. Do not think that because you have often painful thoughts respecting death that it is a mark against you as a child of God.

"Dream not of faith so clear,
As shuts all doubting out:
Remember how th' devil could dare
To tempt e'en Christ to doubt.

If thou'rt the Son of God—
Oh what as IF was there!—
These stones here speak them into food,
And make that sonship clear."

We believe that all God's children, more or less, sooner or later, tremble at the thought of death. Naturally, it is not a pleasing theme. How can it be! Nature cleaves to life. Flesh shudders at the bare mention of its dissolution; but the new nature, the spiritual child, rejoices in hope of the glory of God, well knowing that the gate of death is the entrance of life more glorious, joy more blissful, and peace more overwhelming. The new nature, the child of Him "who only hath immortality," can have nothing to regret at the prospect of departing to be with Christ which is indeed far better; if it have any cause for uneasiness, it must be on account of the Lord delaying His coming. But the subject of death has no more pleasing intelligence to the natural mind of a child of God than it has for the natural, and only, mind of a mere professor. When Christ, who is

"Death of death's and hell's destruction,"

endears Himself to the soul, reveals Himself in the heart, the favorite of Heaven, the blood-bought child, wrestles with the Lord, with a holy impatience, to allow it to

"Glide from the River into Him the broad Sea,"

feeling full confidence in the Lord that it shall be well with the righteous. Yes, the once-trembling one can then sing,

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with me while life endure,
And well when call'd to die,"

Indeed, there can be no death to a spiritual believer; for, says our gracious and glorious Christ, "This is the bread that cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die:" and our Lord further said, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

EDITOR.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Thou shalt see greater things than these."—John i. 50.

This promise was made to Nathaniel by the Lord Himself, and He here declared that he should see greater things than he had seen. We believe that this portion will equally apply to every saint under the canopy of God's heaven, and we do not think that you will be able to contradict us when we make the following statement, namely, that all the living children of God in our presence shall see greater things than they ever have yet, no matter how much they may have seen, no matter how much they may have realised: ah! whether they may have beheld much or little of His favor, of His beauty and of His glory, these words may be applied to each and to all. Child of God, do you not think that all the Lord's people will enjoy more of His love and see more transcendent loveliness in the Man of the Father's right hand when they shall get home to bliss and blessedness than they can whilst dwelling in tents of flesh? Surely they will, but you well know that we are not of that number who would put off all enjoyment and all participation to a future state, to a heavenly state, until we shall reach the glory-world. No! no! God makes known His love divine here according to the plenitude of His mercy, the riches of His grace, and the almightiness of His power: He grants us in the lower state manifestations of His favor, disclosures of His love; and He gives His family foretastes and earnestings of bliss before they depart hence. He is, however, a Sovereign in this matter: to one He declares more fully His mind and will than to another; to one He opens up and unfolds more of His sacred intentions than to another: one realises more mercy in manifestation, more glory, than does another; one is

more constantly filled feelingly with all the fulness of God than is another, and all is according to the Lord's eternal purpose; but He has no favorites amongst His living sons and daughters: all are loved alike, and all are cared for alike, and there is no partiality with our covenant Jehovah. He loved the gracious and glorious Head, and all His living members in oneness, with an everlasting love, and an equality of love runs throughout the entire body. The love that was bestowed upon the Head embraced the mystic frame, and those members which seem to be more feeble are necessary, and these are as much loved as is the pre-eminent member, even our eternal Beloved. Although the Lord unfolded such great things and manifested such great glories to Paul, He did not love him above the other apostles, but according to His holy sovereignty He worked. Although we know that there are differences in His openings up and in His teachings here, yet, when He shall call all His saints home, when they shall all be glorified, when He shall beckon them all into His immediate presence, when mortality shall be finally swallowed up of life, and when earth's changes shall be everlastingly past, the eternal and boundless love of His heart shall be made known to all alike. As we said before, the Lord has no favorites in His family: He loves the beggar upon the dunghill as much as the crowned head among His people: the meanest and the poorest of them is as dear to Him as is the one who is in the highest dignity here: whether clad in rags or clad in gold all are equally watched over and protected by Him, and when they shall all be safely housed, when they shall bask in His sunshine and live in His sight, they shall see that they are loved with an unabating love, and they shall realise that Jesus, the Branch which Jehovah made strong for Himself, is not more loved than are they, because of oneness of life, because they are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.

"Thou shalt see greater things than these." "Ah," says the child of God, "I want to see greater things now; I want greater manifestations of the Lord's heart-love, great developments of His mercy, greater disclosures of His purposes here: I want Him to show me again and again that He has loved me individually, and I want Him to remind me of my personal interest in Himself." True, beloved, nothing but individual participation will avail; but, remember, He will not reveal His covenant love to you in distinctiveness, in separatedness, from His Christ. It is always as you stand in Him, joined to Him and one Spirit: it is always, I repeat, in oneness and in union with Him that He manifests covenant favors. His love is set upon one object, and it is manifested to one subject, even to Christ, and it is because we are allied to Him and complete in Him that we share in these heavenly blessings.

I love the theme of union with Christ. Only a very short time elapsed after the Lord quickened me into life, and made me willing in the day of His power, ere He enabled me to enter into some of the depths of covenant relationship. Some say that I am always harping on this one string, and ever dilating on grace-union, but let me tell you, as in the sight of a heart-searching God, that it has never produced any guilt on my conscience, but that the more I dwell upon it, and the more I am enabled to ponder over covenant love, covenant blood, covenant transactions, eternal union and everlasting oneness, the more am I melted down at the feet of my glorious Christ, the more am I transformed into His image and transported in feeling to the mountain top. Indeed, there is

"No theme like this to raise the soul
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll."

Nothing makes me forget Adam the first, creatures and circumstances, so much as contemplating this glorious union; and how blessed is it to realise oneness with my Bridegroom, intimacy with my Kinsman-Redeemer, nearness to my Christ! O! when I can see smiles upon His lovely countenance, and when the thought of His love rolls into the mind by power divine, I most blessedly lose sight of earth and of all sublunary matters, and when the Lord says "Thou shalt see greater things than these," I reply, Dear Lord, I believe that I shall. Yes, I am ever on the look out for more glorious revelations, and though some think I rise high, may I still soar higher and never rest my wings till I shall enter the portals of glory, and bound once and for ever into the presence-chamber. Nothing but this will satisfy me: full fruition is the climax of my anticipations, endless refulgence is the consummation of my desires. I long to mount aloft and to reach the regions of unclouded day, though now ofttimes I am privileged to sit and sing in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, to forget time-things and to lose sight of wilderness trials, and then I am perfectly contented and happy: peace and quietude rule and reign which this world can neither give nor take away, and life's changes and life's vicissitudes are hidden from view.

"Thou shalt see greater things than these." Let me ask you a question here. Has the Lord done anything for you? "Well," say you, "I think that He has done something for everyone. It is written, 'the Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.'" Yes, in one sense He is good to all, and there is not one here present, whether he be young or old, but must acknowledge and be bound to confess that in many ways he has experienced the Lord's kindness, but to His people exclusively is He good in a gracious way, in a free-grace way.

You know that the wicked are said to have their portion in this world. God grants them their inheritance here, but He is too good to His children to give them their's in this life. What is the portion of the church? What is the inheritance of the blood-bought family of God? Let the Scriptures answer. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup." Read with this another passage, "The Lord's portion is His people, Jacob is the lot of His inheritance." Thus you see, child of God, not only are you favored to have the Lord for your portion, for your rest, for your fulness, but He declares that you are His portion, His rest, His fulness: it is mutual, and rather than give you much of this world's riches, the Lord in mercy reserves your inheritance in heaven for you. This portion, this inheritance, is Himself; not salvation in Him, though that is a glorious reality; not redemption by Him, though that is a precious mercy; not spiritual blessings which are treasured up in His fulness, though these are all your's, but HIMSELF, Christ in His glorious and matchless Person. "Well," say you, "I think when I shall get home I shall be satisfied in enjoying the Lord's love, in realising His smiles, and in exulting in His free-grace blessings." O! let me tell you the Person of Christ far exceeds all His gifts: we must have Him as our portion, as our foundation, as our topstone, and if we thought our glorious Jesus would not be our home where we should dwell, our stronghold into which we should run, our fortress where we should hide, our house of banquet where we should feed, we well know our desires would not be crowned; but we bless His name. He is all this and more to us now. O! it is what He is in Himself that we delight to contemplate, and considering *Him* we see that all blessings are our's, but His Person outweighs and out-matches all beside, and when we can realise Christ, we are satisfied with substance and we say, "It is enough." But, thus saith the Lord, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." This fills the mind with pleasing perplexity, and the raptured soul exclaims, Lord, I have seen wondrous things, and can it be really true that I shall see greater things? O! then make to me more frequent discoveries of Thyself, and more glorious disclosures of Thy love; more often manifest Thyself to me; grant me fuller developments of Thy mind and will; feed me with the finest of the wheat, and may I feel Thee to be in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Thou hast unfolded to me Thy sacred intentions, and opened up the love of Thy heart; Thou hast filled me with delight, with holy ecstasy and with unspeakable joy, and I can scarcely expect to see greater things, to realise greater fulness, or to enjoy greater glory when in Thy blest presence above; but Thou hast said, "Thou shalt see greater things than these," and I know that

what Thou hast promised, Thou wilt also perform. This is the language of faith.

Well do I remember when in Nottingham spending the day with the late Ruth Bryan, that highly favored child of God, that saint who was specially led by the Spirit into the glories of the Person of Christ, and who was privileged to hold most glorious communion and fellowship with her Beloved, and to enjoy great intimacy with and nearness to the Lamb of God. We had been wondrously blessed and signally favored whilst talking together of the love and of the faithfulness of our best Friend, and of our oneness with our eternal Lord: we had had a glorious realisation of His favor and a blessed overshadowing of His divine presence, and when leaving the house these words flowed into my heart with Almighty power—and I speak advisedly and confidently here—“Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.” This overwhelming announcement transported my soul, elevated my mind, translated and transformed me and raised me above all things terrene: I felt joyful in my God, happy in my Christ, and where I was I scarcely knew. I was somewhat like Paul who, when speaking of a similar revelation of the Lord's love, said that whether he was in the body or whether out of the body he could not tell. When His transporting looks of love pierce deeply in my gladdened breast, when He drops a word with Almighty glory in my heart, how ennobled and satisfied am I! Flesh and blood revealed this not unto me, but my own God, my glorious Christ, my Ishi, my Bridegroom; my Beloved instructed me by His own Spirit: that Omnipotent One who created all worlds and who keeps His love from first to last taught me Himself; and on the occasion to which I have just referred, He seemed to greet me with these precious words, “Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona,” as though He would say, You have had a joyful and a blissful day in speaking of my Person and of my worth, now I will give you another assurance of my love; and in the simplicity of my heart I told Him that all I knew of His dignity and of His glory He had revealed to me. I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it by human instrumentality; I learned it not at the feet of Gamaliel, but I could call all heaven to witness that the Lord Himself had taught me, that He had made known to me His great name, and that He had revealed His glory to my immortal mind. Flesh and blood know nothing of revelation and of manifestation, but the quickened soul delights in these heavenly realities, in these chief things of the ancient mountains, in these precious things of the lasting hills. “Well,” say some, “we do not believe in these things.” I cannot stay to persuade you of their vitality, but if you belong to the one house—

hold, and if you be led by the Holy Ghost, you must either sooner or later know in measure something of these truths, and then it will be true in your case, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." Never shall I forget when the Lord applied this portion to my heart with living power. It melted me down at His dear feet, and at the same time transported me to the mountain's summit. I saw my glorious Christ by faith; He manifested His love to me and cheered my spirits; He ravished me and absorbed my thoughts; and love, blood and salvation abounded in my heart. At the time to which I refer He disclosed so much of His love and favor, and He privileged me to banquet so gloriously with the King, and with joy to draw water out of the wells of salvation, that I felt, Lord, these are glorious realities, and how great must be those things which Thou hast promised to reveal unto me! O! how great will be the refulgent blaze of Thy glory. Yes, I am always on the look out for greater things, and though some say I rise too high and soar too much aloft, and though they prophesy that my wings will be clipped, yet all the time I can mount up and bask in His glorious sunshine, I will look unto Him and be lightened. My rising, however, depends on the Lord's attracting and drawing power, my soaring on His looks of love: but when my Beloved sealed home these words, I could remember something of the way He had led me. It is sweet to look back to Bethel seasons, to golden moments, to way-marks, and to know something of the meaning of those lines—

"Dost mind the place, the spot of land,
Where Jesus did thee meet?
'Twas there thy Husband won thy hand,
Thy Husband's love was sweet."

Some professors repudiate individual realisation; they understand not what it is to sit under the Lord's shadow with great delight and to find His fruit sweet to their taste; and if you speak to such of having promises applied, they will reply, "Do you mean when you read a certain chapter, or heard some eloquent discourse, that you were contented?" We believe that the Lord has caused the Scriptures to be written, and that we have to go to them and apply the promises to ourselves: "but," says the child of God, "If the Lord, my Beloved, do not speak and make His words spirit and life to my soul, I am not satisfied: I not only want the promises in the Bible, but I want them whispered in my heart; and when the Lord clothes His word with power, I instantly respond, 'It is the voice of my Beloved.'" Yes! this is it; and can you not look back to times when portions of His word have struck your mind, when light and glory have beamed upon you, and when in delight and ecstasy you have held communion and fellowship with the King of kings and Lord of lords? Can you not remember certain places

where He has blessed you indeed? Perhaps when you have been sitting in some chapel or church, perhaps in some room or street, and can you not recall moments when you have felt overshadowed by the divine presence and raised far above earth and all sublunary circumstances? These manifestations, these disclosures, are most blessed, and we do not believe in profession without visitations of love, revelations of mercy, openings of God's covenant purpose. From all such false religion, may we be delivered! We cannot go on long without a word from the Lord, and we love to have sentences from His lips sealed with power. Not only is it blessed to know that He has loved us and saved us, and to be assured that He has grounded us and settled us on an immutable basis, but we likewise want Him to remind us of His goodness, to tell us again that He cares for us, and to whisper another "Fear not" in our heart when we are afraid. When a cloud o'erspreads the horizon of our mind, we do not think that there is no sun shining behind it, but we want the Lord to arise and to chase it away, so that we may see His face; when cold in heart, we know that there is still fire in the heart of our Bridegroom, but we want Him to light up a flame and a fire of love within; when shut up, so that we cannot come forth, we are confident that there is no lack of supply in Him, but we want of His fulness to receive and grace for grace. Our longings are constant, they are perpetual. I remember when in the Isle of Thanet meeting a man who was continually dwelling on what he had realised thirty years ago, but, from that time, everything seemed to have been a blank, and he appeared to have realised nothing. Now I have no objection to hear one speak of what he has enjoyed in years gone by, and it is very blessed to have a starting-point, and to be enabled to remember when the Lord revealed the abundance of peace and truth, cancelled all sins, and forgave all iniquities, but fancy travelling on for thirty years without having any revelations from the Lord and any declarations of His mind, without enjoying intimacy with Him, having a kiss from His hallowed lips, and a word sealed home with power! Nothing but the language of our text applied will content me, and when my Beloved says I shall yet see greater things, I want to realise these things, I want manifestations of them: the breathing of my soul is, Lord, Thou hast shown me much of Thy mind, and I have many times been satisfied with favor and full with Thy blessing, but I want still more opened up: I want greater glories and greater manifestations of Thy dignity and of the beauties of Thy Person unfolded, I want more revelations of Thy sacred intentions: I know that Thy love is unswerving and unalterable; I know that Thy grace is inexhaustible and boundless; and that Thy mercy is from everlasting to everlasting: I am well assured that the fountain

is ever full and running over, that the glorious ocean is ever flowing, but I want the streams to run into my soul, I want to be raised above myself and surrounding objects and subjects; I want to lose all relation to Adam the first, and from ties of the creature to joyfully burst, released from the wilderness clod, and I long to see greater things even in this world. "Well," says one, "I think great things will soon happen on this earth, and there will be great changes in this land. I expect that Romanism will gain the ascendancy here, and that the Pope will bring his triple crown into this country." There are, certainly, many prophets in our day: it is astonishing how many different opinions are floating about, and all are founded on the Word of God. One says, I know the meaning of such a portion; another, I have an insight into such a passage which none ever saw before; and very often *reason* is put in the place of *revelation*. "But," say you, "are you not alarmed when you think how Roman Catholicism and Ritualism are spreading?" In no wise: my glorious God reigns; my blessed Jesus rules; and the government is on the shoulders of my Ishi; all power is His in heaven and in earth, and I would rather leave all things in His hands. He could consume all His enemies in one moment with the breath of His lips if it were His pleasure, for when He speaks, the thing commanded is accomplished. "O! but," say you, "we are responsible creatures: we believe in human responsibility, and we think that all should be up and doing." Well, we can adore the Lord for what He has done for us, and we would far rather dwell on His acts of love than on what we can do for Him, as many say. We daily look for His coming to disclose His affection; we long to know more of His mind and will, and of that covenant ordered in all things and sure; we want fuller openings and unfoldings of the wonders of redeeming love; we want to hear a word behind us, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." It is true, we know, that "the lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," and that though

"Plagues and deaths around us fly
Till He bid we cannot die,"

but it is blessed feelingly to dwell and to walk in Jesus, and when we can experimentally live in His sight, we regard not what is going on around us: when the Lord takes us aside from the multitude, and communes with us from above the mercy-seat, we gladly leave the government of all worlds with Him: we are then careful for nothing, but we commit our way into His hands, we lean upon Him, and rest in His Almighty arms, and we leave the potsherds to strive with the potsherds of the earth, whilst we listen to the gracious words which proceed out of His lips. The Lord has loved

and blessed and saved all His people; their names are enrolled in the Lamb's book of life, they are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, and they shall be finally presented before the presence of the Father's glory with exceeding joy, and not one shall be left behind. The sheep in the Shepherd's fold are eternally safe and secure. He manifests His love to each and to all; to some in a greater measure, to some in a lesser, but all shall see greater things yet. Ah! child of God, we know but little of the beauty of Christ, of His grandeur, of His glory: we are often cast down and harassed here, buffeted and perplexed, and we want greater manifestations and more full developments, but when we shall once and for ever bid an adieu to earth, the Lord will unfold His matchless perfections to us everlastingly.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings, and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there."

"Ah," says one, "when we shall get home to glory, we shall have no sins to mourn over: there will be no sinners above." I believe there will not: we shall leave all sin and all sinnership behind. "I like," say you, "to leave them behind now." And so do I: here, however, we have only the first fruits of fruition, but when we shall shake off this clay tent, and drop this earthly tabernacle, we shall see our Christ face-to-face, and sing His high praises: we shall cast our crowns before the throne, and magnify Him for the riches of His grace. I long for that blissful day; and O! what cause have I for gratitude and thankfulness, seeing what great things the Lord has done for me. His mercies are new every morning, and great is His faithfulness. Before time began

"What thoughts of peace and mercy flow'd
In Thy dear bosom, O my God!"

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." All my springs are in Thee, and all life, light and power are derived from Thee. O! I say, what a precious Christ, what a glorious and gracious Ishi, what a blessed Kinsman-Redeemer, is mine! He is the Creator of the ends of the earth; and

"The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

Yes! this eternal Beloved is formed in my heart the hope of glory, and I was predestinated conformed to His image before the mountains were settled and before the hills. True, I became lost and

ruined in union to a natural head, but I was ever viewed in oneness with God's Christ, in union with the Son of the Father's love, complete in Him, accepted in Him. I was everlastingly united and joined to Him in eternity, and this relationship He has made known, developed and manifested in time under the powerful ministration of the Holy Ghost: thus I am enabled to identify myself with Christ who is my light, my God and my glory, and to realise and participate in the precious things of the lasting hills. Grace is coupled with glory, and to be baptized into life, love and fire; to be plunged into the ocean of Jehovah's love, is most blessed. We then drink of the rivers of His pleasures, and sing "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

Now let me ask you, Are you a member of the body of Christ? Have you the assurance that you belong to Him, and that your name is indelibly inscribed on His heart? If so, you may sing,

" My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity cannot erase !"

For none shall hurl you from your position in Him, and none shall separate you from His love. As He is, so are you in this world: not only as pure and as spotless as are angels, but as pure and as spotless as is your gracious Head. O! if you can realise a millionth part of the blessedness of this, you will sit and sing in heavenly places; you will forget yourself in union to Adam earthy; cords and bonds will be dissolved, creature ties will be snapped asunder, and you will behold the King, the Lord of Hosts, and see that spiritual land of grace and glory which is far removed from flesh and sense. In this time-state we are the subjects of constant changes and tossings: sometimes we are a night and a day in the deep, and oftentimes we are much shut up in soul, but there are no alterations and no fluctuations in our Jesus. His affection is ever the same, and He is in one mind, and none can turn Him.

"Thou shalt see greater things than these." May the Lord seal home this portion: may they be words of grace, of power, of glory, and may they be fastened by the master of assemblies! He does not say thou mayest, or perhaps thou shalt see greater things, but here we have an absolute declaration. O! for greater beamings of His glory, greater manifestations of His Person. O! to be kept mindful of His covenant love and of His covenant transactions. Never shall we be fully satisfied until He shall call us from the stage of time, but then,

Whilst endless ages roll along,
We'll sing the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Our hearts shall expand with His fulness and enlarge with the ocean of His love, and we shall eternally bask beneath His meridian beam. May the Lord add His blessing ! Amen.

SCENES FROM THE "DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS."

MY DEAR FRIEND IN CHRIST OUR LIVING HEAD, OUR RISEN AND EXALTED LORD,—“Grace be unto you, and peace, from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come,” even from Jesus our Elder Brother who ever lives to make intercession for us, and who now appears in the presence of God on our behalf. His name is “Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace,” and He is the Saviour of the body. “There is one body,” says the Holy Ghost by Paul, “and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all ;” and by this one Spirit we are baptized into this one body, having been made to drink into one Spirit. It is true there are diversities of gifts and diversities of operations, but it is the same God who worketh all in all, and how joyful are we when He feelingly baptizes us into the ocean of His love, when He inundates us with His goodness, and overwhelms us with His mercy-streams, His grace-inflowings and His sunshine-power ! We then ascend far above all heavens, and we are at home in His loved embrace ; for

“His presence is our paradise,
And where He is 'tis heav'n.”

I remember your saying, “When He is present, it is light ; when He is absent, it is dark ; when He is present, it is heaven ; when absent, it is hell :” and this is strictly true. An earthly eden, a terrestrial paradise, would not content us, neither would heaven considered only as a place, for “His presence is the heart of heaven.” The Lord Himself has won our affections and captivated our souls ; hence a realisation of His glorious Person can alone constitute our bliss here, or make our happiness complete above. “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul,” He is the “portion of mine inheritance and of my cup,” and He has promised that His people shall rejoice in their portion ; namely, in Christ, that in their land they shall possess double for all their sins—even the blood and righteousness of Jesus, even grace and glory, even the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come—and that everlasting joy shall be unto them. Many in our day seem to repudiate all feeling in religion, but can there be faith without feeling ? can

there be love without feeling? Surely not. They speak of acting faith, and of living by faith, but it is written that the faith of God's elect "works by love," and it appears to me that these graces are often at a very low ebb; nevertheless, our inability, helplessness and insufficiency alter not our blest estate, but rather prove to us that our strength is in another. "Without me," says Jesus, "ye can do *nothing*," and I confess I am quite willing that my springs should be in Him, and that my fruit should be from Him. When He communicates power, I can run with delight in His ways and find His service to be perfect freedom; when He attracts me with His looks of loving-kindness and tender mercy, I can soar aloft; yea, when He strengthens me with might by His Spirit in the inner man, I can do all things; but when, for a season, He withholds His shining presence, and withdraws His strength, I am lifeless and inanimate, and the language of my heart is, "When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord?" "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel; Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock, Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth;" for I well know, in my darkest hours, that if the Lord would but shine upon me in noon-day splendour, and smile me from myself into Himself; if He would but beckon me from time into eternity, call me from earth into the audience-chamber, and transport me from this wilderness world into the inner court of the King's house, I should be instantly light in Him and lively in His ways. Ah! the Lord must open up communion before we can sit down under His shadow with great delight; He must descend before we can ascend. One has well said, "He comes down to us upon the wings of the Spirit, and we go up to Him upon the wings of faith;" but how often, alas, are we taken up and engrossed with the beggarly elements around us rather than with the precious things of the lasting hills! "The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven: as is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." O! how sweet is it to lose sight of Adam the first and to forget creatures and circumstances: how blessed to be translated and transformed, "caught up to the third heaven." May we be raised to this glorious altitude more often, and may we be privileged yet more frequently to soar into the blissful presence of the Lord, our own beloved Bridegroom, and to dwell in His heart of love! "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." O! blest retreat above the noise of archers, O! sweet abode remote from earth's cares and associations. O! glorious pavilion where peace and concord eternally reign. Here time is disregarded, here eternity bursts upon our gladdened spirits: we get a glimpse within the veil, an antepast of endless refulgence, of everlasting fruition; and when on the

mount of Transfiguration, what glories open to the vision of faith! what transtendent and brilliant beams dart upon the mind and light up our enraptured hearts! what peerless beauties do we behold in Jesus our Head and Husband! Language is inadequate to set forth His excellency and His dignity, and words are poor to convey a tithe of His loveliness, but everything that is blessed meets and centres in Him, and everything that is glorious emanates from Him. Like as literal rays of light proceed from the literal sun, so do spiritual rays concentrate in and issue from our spiritual Sun, our Orb of day; and O! when grace is superseded by glory, when streamlets give place to rivers of love, and drops to showers of blessing, our cups run over, mortality is swallowed up of life, and verily we feel that we could not bear more glory revealed, more mercy manifested, whilst dwelling in these tents of clay: ah! at such times we want an immortal tongue to sound forth the glories of our conquering Lord, and the words of Kent well chime in with our feelings,

"O! that I had a seraph's fire,
His rapt'rous song, and golden lyre,
To chaunt the love and grace supreme
Reveal'd as in the gospel scheme:"

but when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, and our released spirits shall bound away, we shall be everlastingly satisfied, being lost in the boundless expanse of Jehovah's love and filled with all the fulness of God. Then we will surround His glory-throne, and rehearse His righteous acts; indeed,

"We'll make th'etherial arches ring,
With praises to our God and King,"

and whilst ten thousand times ten thousand shall speak His worth and heaven's vast concave shall resound with sweetest melody, we will strike a loud note upon our spiritual harp, a deep chord upon our spiritual lyre, and warble forth, in raptures of delight, the wonders Love has done:

"Grace shall be our lovely theme,
Free redemption, glorious scheme;"

and we can sometimes even in the lowlands of sin and sorrow echo the songs of the glorified choir above and unite in their everlasting anthem of praise, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

"This is their happy, bless'd employ,
This their delightful, endless joy,
To sing and bow, and sing again,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

Well, soon we shall join them, not in heart only, but in deed and in truth, and, with them, crown our Ishi Lord of all.

"Jesus, when Thou shalt call, I'll fly
To join the marriage feast on high,
And o'er Thy glorious fulness rove,
And pay my Saviour love for love."

What is death since its sting has been plucked? A shadow. But stepping out of time and launching into an ocean of blessedness; but quitting the lower house for the upper, the school for the homestead, the prison for the palace; but leaving an earth-state for a heaven-state, a death-state for an endless immortality. Very often to our eyes and hearts turn homeward, and Christ is the fulness of the rest which we anticipate.

"O sacred rest! for Thee we groan,
And bid the wheels of time roll on,
To bring that hour when we shall rise,
To join the chorus of the skies.

Immortal love shall then repay
The transient sorrows of the way,
And Jesus' name shall swell the song,
A whole eternity along."

The apostle, under the anointing power of the Holy Ghost, said, when writing to the church of God at Philippi, "To me to live is Christ," which is in blessed analogy with what he declared in another place, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;" but he continues in the same breath, "To die is gain:" ah! infinite gain. To depart and be with Christ will be far better than tarrying here, and if a moment's intercourse with our Beloved be so sweet, if a short season when we are absorbed in communion and fellowship with Him be so blessed, what will a never-ending day be in His full-orbed presence, beneath His meridian beam? O! I say, what will it be to gaze on the King in His beauty without a veil between? What will it be to live in His sight and ceaselessly to drink of the river of His pleasures? We can scarcely tell, yet we know in earnest, we know in foretaste; and having the revealed Word in our hearts—Jesus formed therein the hope of glory—and the witness of God's Spirit within testifying that all are our's, that we are Christ's, and that Christ is God's, we are well assured that we shall take full possession of our unfading portion when we shall have done with the things of time and sense, and that whether the Lord shall come at the first, at the second, or at the third watch, it shall be well with us, because we are perfect and "complete in Him," "accepted in the Beloved." He has said, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Yes!

"My love, when on the mount I kiss
Thy sorrows all away;
My love when serpents round thee hiss,
In tribulation's day."

He is unchanged and unchangeable, as one sings,

"The same when in darkness as when thou canst see
His heart overflowing with love unto thee:"

and it is, moreover, written, "The King's daughter is all-glorious within—who can measure this expression of His heart-affection?—her clothing is of wrought gold:" she is clothed with the garments of salvation and covered with the robe of righteousness; in short, she is clothed with the sun (Rev. xii. 1), with Christ, her heavenly house (2 Cor. v. 2), who is made unto her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption (1 Cor. i. 30); and in contra-distinction to the darkness which the Lord prophesied by His servant Isaiah should cover the earth and the gross darkness which should envelop the nations around He says to her, "The Jehovah shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee," or His likeness shall be reflected in thee, for, beholding as in a glass His glory, we are "changed into the same image from glory to glory." Then, again, it is recorded, "His rest shall be glorious," and His rest is His church, for He rests in His love, and He says, "This is my rest for ever, here will I dwell; for I have desired it." "The Lord will create upon every dwelling place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the *glory shall be a defence.*" "The Lord is our defence, the Holy One of Israel is our King;" and the city of the living God, the new Jerusalem, is expressly said to have the glory of God, and her light is compared to a stone most precious, even to a jasper stone, clear as crystal. How is this? Because the Lord is her everlasting light and her God is her glory. He is her dwelling place, she is His; He is her fulness, and, wonder of wonders! she is His; yea, she is "the glory of Christ" (2 Cor. viii. 23). "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." He feeds among His lilies; He loves to smell their fragrance sweet; and

"'Tis His delight to make them bless'd,
And live upon His love."

Having Him, we all possess; and a remark you once made often runs through my mind. It was this: "When the Lord speaks, He speaks Himself into His child's heart, and His child into His heart." How blessed! How glorious! What union-oneness! what reciprocity! Being members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones, we are no more twain but entire, joined to Him and one Spirit. He is the Word of faith and He is the faithful Word; and although it is sweet to speak of Him to His saints, when a live coal from off the altar touches the lips, yet it is sweeter far to speak to Him face-to-face. This intimacy, this blessed intercourse, is unknown to the mere professor, but it is a glorious privilege to be constrained to pour out the heart before Him and to tell Him *all*.

I have been thinking the last few days what a blessed opening of the mind and will of our covenant God concerning the people of His choice we have in Isaiah xliii. Speaking to Christ, as Head of His body the church, He says, "Fear not; for I am with *Thee*: I will bring *Thy* seed from the east [and

"All His sheep He must bring to hear His sweet voice."

"The great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt", and gather *Thee* from the west [that is, gather Christ in His members, according to that passage, "Draw *me*; we will run after *Thee*." Thus saith the Lord, "I will hiss for them, and gather them; for I have redeemed them;" and again, "Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel"]. I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back [His word is with authority, and there can be no barrier to the fulfilment of His commands, for everything is subservient to His will]: bring *my* sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by *my* name." Here we have eternal relationship; and O! what a high privilege is it to have the name of the Lord named upon us. It is a new name, an everlasting name that shall not be cut off, and this name is Christ. "As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is *Christ*." "And this is the name wherewith she—the church—shall be called, Jehovah our Righteousness."

"O! glorious grace, mysterious plan
Too great for angel minds to scan,
Our thoughts are lost, our numbers fail,
All hail, redeeming love! all hail!"

I delight to view salvation in its three-fold aspect; viz., first as accomplished *virtually* in God's decree, for "known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world," and Jesus is said to have been slain from the foundation of the world: secondly, as accomplished *vitally, truly, actually*, when in the fulness of time Christ came and suffered on Calvary, the just for the unjust: and thirdly, as accomplished *feelingly* when the Spirit witnesses adoption and makes known the wonders of love and blood to the elated soul. Some can rest satisfied with doctrinal facts, but God's children must have a revelation of the truth to their heart, a manifestation thereof to their mind. Many speak of His everlasting love, but few know anything of that love being shed abroad within, or of the fulness of that portion, "I have declared unto them Thy name and will declare it; that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them:" many dilate on the blood of Jesus

which cleanseth from all sin, but few can testify of having had that blood sprinkled on their conscience; many expatiate on the imputed righteousness of Christ, but few have realised the blessedness of being clothed in it and of being permitted to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb in living experience; nevertheless, it is these precious realities sealed home in their dew, unction and savour that cause enkindlings of soul and rejoicings of heart; and the Lord will have His blood-bought family feelingly acquainted with what they know in theory. Heart experience, and not head-knowledge, is the essential thing, and His doctrine must drop as the rain and His speech distil as the dew ere they can exclaim with the Church, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." This state of happy assurance is most blessed, but the Lord alone can produce it. It is His own prerogative to speak the delivering, healing whisper of love and mercy, and to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Nothing can cause enlargement of heart and expansion of soul but His glory-presence realised: the *letter* of truth and the *spirit* of truth are widely different: the former killeth, whereas the latter giveth life. "The words that I speak unto you," saith Jesus, "they are spirit and they are life." How utterly helpless are we in and of ourselves, and how wholly dependant upon Him! But would we live our own life were it possible? O! no. It is a blessed consideration, that we live the life He lives in us; and how replete with meaning are those words of Quarles, "I love not myself in myself, but myself in Him and Him in me, with the love of my Beloved that loveth me."

Here I must pause: as usual, my letter is too lengthy. Accept many, many thanks for your last. Its contents are most precious, and are exactly in unison with my feelings: whilst reading it my mind was filled with "pleasing perplexity," and I could echo the blessedness of being "absent from the body and present with the Lord." O! may our Beloved often diffuse lustre in the regions of our souls; may He discover to us yet more beauties in His matchless Person, and again and again unveil to us His own wondrous perfections! "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and He is the sum and the substance of the entire Scriptures.

We both unite in kindest remembrances to you and to Mrs. Wilcockson, and

Believe me to remain, dear Friend,
Very affectionately your's,

E. L. THORNTON.

Hartley Villa, Plymouth,
November 27th, 1868.

TO THE CHURCH EVERYWHERE.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED-FOR,—May the Lord the eternal Spirit once more enable us to pen a few lines of love to the children of love scattered abroad. Without His leading grace and guiding glory it is utterly impossible for us to communicate one drop of spiritual comfort. We may write the truth, sound and clear, according to the judgment of our mind, but we well know that doctrines the soundest, and truth the clearest, unaccompanied by life and power, dew and unction, are of no saving benefit or of spiritual comfort to the living children. We are told to be “instant in season and out of season,” and we well know that harvest time does not last all the year round. Jubilee days do not come so frequently as other days: if they did, they would not be so highly prized and warmly appreciated as they are now. Cold and heat, day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, are all equally promised; so that we must not find fault with our God when He verifies His Word. Winter we do not like. Its days are short, its nights are long. We feel not only leafless but lifeless; for the sap has returned into the root; but, like Joseph’s journey and sojourn in Egypt, it is to preserve life. This we do not see at the time; but, with Joseph’s brethren, we shall ultimately see, feel, and confess the love and wisdom in all the arrangements of both times and seasons. It is not for us to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath placed in His own power: it is enough for us to know that He has made everything beautiful in His season: and winter is as needful as summer. True, it is not so pleasant; but the pleasantest things are not at all times the most profitable. As we are branches in the true Vine, though we appear as dead, and we feel dead, spring-time will again arrive, and then the root will not be able to hold all its sap, but will throw it up into the utmost twig. Christ the Root that contains the life of the whole tree is contented to appear out of sight, and show all His beauty, blossom, and fruit on the tree. The root without the branches would present a very unsightly appearance; and, without the branches, though living, could not bear fruit. But Christ is not only the root, but the whole living Vine; and not only were the fruits that He yielded, in His good works, required of the Great Husbandman, but the whole blood or life of the tree. Hence, He was not only made naked and bare, but He was dried up like a potsherd, retaining no moisture. Indeed, He was emphatically like the drougt of summer. And why all this? For the love that He bore you and me, worms of the earth; or, rather, for “the great love wherewith He loved us.” How great His love we cannot tell! Indeed, we must join the poet in singing:

"The love that rais'd our souls from hell,
On this side heaven, we ne'er can tell !
But when we reach bright Canaan's plains,
We'll sound it in immortal strains !"

The Lord says that He loves Jacob and hates Esau ; and what shall we say to favor so discriminating ? When He tells us that we are loved, that we are blest, that we are saved, that we are justified, and that we are glorified, it is then, and only then, that we participate of the free-grace favor, enjoy the distinguishing mercy. We then find it in our heart to bless and praise Him, and give unto Him the glory due unto His name. We need, at such times, none to tell us how much we *ought* to praise, and how thankful we *ought* to be, for favors received ; for our heart is full of praise, our spirits burn with gratitude, and our soul is all on fire with love divine. It is then that we can sing :

"O Love, how high Thy glories swell !
How great, immutable and free !
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallow'd up, O Love, in Thee !"

We then well know that the Lord did not set His love upon us because we were more worthy than were others, less hell-deserving than were others ; no ; for we were fully aware that the best thought that ever entered our natural mind, unatoned for, would sink us into everlasting misery. We would fly from our good works as well as bad works. Indeed, they are more to be dreaded ; for they too often rob our God of His glory. To forsake *good-self* as well as *bad-self* is a great achievement of faith, and a far greater triumph than the victory of a thousand Waterloos. It is far easier to deny sinful-self than righteous-self. The first may be washed off like dirt, but the latter has to be torn away like skin. When we have an inward or outward slip or fall, this we blushingly acknowledge to be wrong, and much regret that we have been thus betrayed into sin and folly ; but, when we have been enabled to walk and talk circumspectly, what pride arises from our upright deportment ! How we strut about in the strength of our self-sufficiency ! How proud we grow of our attainments ! This is Anti-Christ. This is the man of sin, which can only be destroyed by the breath of His mouth and the brightness of His coming. It is a white devil, far, very far more treacherous than is a black one. How much we need the Spirit to try and to cast out these false spirits ! Paul tells us that there was a danger of his being exalted thro' the abundance of his revelations, but in order to prevent this fleshly exaltation, a thorn in the flesh was given him. The Lord well knows how to keep down the pious flesh, and cause us to rejoice in our infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us. The

Lord does not intend us to be anything in ourselves, therefore He uses effectual means to get us out of the conceit of ourselves. Our boasting and glorying are to be in another, even in Him "who is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption:" and why should we vainly desire to be thought anything when we well know that in our flesh there dwelleth no good thing? "Man in his best estate is altogether vanity;" so that when laid in God's balance, he is found fearfully wanting. But what of that? Are we to be discouraged or cast down on account of our utter worthlessness? Can our dross be made up into gold? Can our filthy and ragged righteousness be made into a robe of righteousness or a real wedding garment? If the Lord do not expect us or wish us to be anything but sinners in ourselves, why should we wish to assume a position that we cannot occupy? "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" Impossible. Can a thorn yield grapes or a thistle produce figs? Can an evil tree bear good fruit, or can a corrupt fountain yield sweet water? It would be madness to expect it. "Hearken, then, my beloved brethren," "Ye are complete in Him," "accepted in the Beloved." He has presented us to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing: and He says, "Thou art all fair, my love: there is no spot in thee." "The King's daughter is all-glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold," not filthy rags. To honor our Lord is to believe that we are all the Lord wishes us to be in Christ exclusively, without any respect whatever to our estate in union to Adam the first. He loves us, because we belong to Christ: nay, more: He loves us, because we are *one* with Christ, "joined to the Lord and one Spirit." Shall we ever be more one than we are now? Can we possibly be more perfect than we are now? Shall we ever be more acceptable to our God than we are now? Indeed, no! He does not speak in the future tense respecting the perfection of His Church, but in the present, namely, "Thou ART all fair, my love!" But are we the perfection of beauty in the first Adam? Are we comely and all-fair in His sight in union to a polluted head? Can the Lord take two views of His people? Will He love them in Christ, and then hate them in Adam? Will He bless them in Christ, and then curse them in Adam? Will He call, justify, and glorify them in Christ, and then condemn them in Adam? Will He smile upon them in Christ, and frown upon them in Adam? Will He say to them "Come, ye blessed," in Christ, and "depart, ye cursed," in Adam? No, no, my beloved brethren; rest assured that the Lord, your own covenant God, your unchanging Friend, "hateth putting away." He will never steel His heart against you. His uncoolable love is ever engaged in your behalf, He can never leave

you or forsake you without denying Himself. "He that loveth His wife, loveth Himself:" "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and His Church."

"He cannot love her more,
Nor will He love Her less."

How is that?

"In loving her, Himself He loves!"

How few believe it! Does their unbelief alter the glorious fact? Can their hatred interfere with the blest reality? No, bless God! What we are in Christ, we are solely by His grace. What we are in Adam, we are by his sin. But as sin has reigned unto death, so grace reigns unto life: and we can heartily, cheerfully, joyfully sing,

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding!"

Beloved, cheer up! The pathway is crooked, but never mind; God is for us, it matters not who may be against us. It is out of weakness that we are made strong. We are not told to be strong in ourselves, but "strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus:" or, in other words, "strong in the Lord."

Well, the Lord has graciously brought us through another changing year. Has He not ever proved Himself God-all-sufficient? Has He ever, in one instance, failed us or forsaken us? Although we have often been overwhelmed with trouble, has He not brought us out in His own time? Have we had a trial too many? Have we had a burden too heavy? Have we had one cause too hard for Him to manage? Has He not said, "The cause that is too hard for thee, bring it to me?" But have you not kept it to yourselves, until it has swollen in your hands, and burdened your mind, and depressed your spirit to such an extent, that you could bear it no longer, hold it no longer? Then, from sheer necessity, His command has been fulfilled, and you have brought it to Him. How true it is,

"When flesh and sense give up the ghost,
'Tis then we prize our Jesus most."

Independence is rooted in our heart, and we prove it to be a tree that grows all the year round. We do not naturally like to be under an obligation. Old Adam is proud, stiff, and formal. But mortality must be swallowed up of life. We must decrease into *nothing*, He must increase into *all*. Christ will be everything to us and everything in us. "He shall build the temple of the Lord, and He shall bear the glory:" and are we not willing, beloved, that He

should have all praise and honor? Would we rob Him of His glory? Has He not got to Himself a great name? Can any name be half so sweet to our spiritual mind, half so dear to our new heart? Is He not "the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, the altogether lovely?" But there is no beauty in Jesus to the natural eye, no comeliness in Christ to the natural Adam. To His own "little flock" He is Alpha and Omega. These realise their union-
 oneness with Him, their free-grace interest in Him, their everlasting blessedness from Him. They have no room to boast in themselves, no reason to glory in the creature. "Jesus only" is their object and subject. Well aware are they that

"None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good."

Heaven would be no heaven to them without Christ, and earth would be to them a hell without Him. He forms their heaven, He comprises their bliss, He is the sum and substance of their peace and joy. When they enjoy His presence, when they share His companionship, when they realise communion and fellowship with Him, the things of time recede, the beggarly elements of this world pass away, the earth and things therein melt away, and a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, is then entered upon. The knowledge of the Lord then covers the earth as the waters cover the sea. Time with them then is no longer, and mortality becomes swallowed up of life. They can then walk in the light as He is in the light, and find Him to be their everlasting light, their God, their glory. This is walking unto all well-pleasing in the sight of God, "because as He is, so are we in this world."

Beloved, these spiritual realities warm our heart, cheer our spirit, and enable us to sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

"No theme like this to raise the soul
 To realms of bliss where pleasures roll."

It is delightful employment to speak or write of Him when He enlarges the heart into His fulness and expands the mind into the ocean of His love. We love to grow up into Him our Head in all things. Indeed, we like, soaring on high, and losing sight of the speck of earth and atom of dust. When Isaiah was thus favored, He saw men as grasshoppers; and when he rose still higher, the nations were "less than nothing and vanity." What a glorious altitude of faith! What a rise into the regions of love and of light! Be this our privilege again and again; for it is then that the joy of the Lord becomes our strength, and with joy we draw water out of

the wells of salvation. Christ is at such times in us a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life. We can then joyfully sing:

"Oh glorious depth and scanless height
Of love and uncreated light,
I'm lost in Thy one thought!
O take my raptur'd soul away,
And drown it in eternal day,
The soul that thou hast bought!"

At such times as these we find Jesus a river to swim in; yea, an ocean that cannot be passed over. When He rejoices over us with joy, and joys over us with singing, we go down in the dances of them that make merry. It is then that our peace flows into our soul like a river, and our righteousness covers us as the waves of the sea. We are clad in the garments of salvation, covered with the robe of righteousness, and are made to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Joyfully can we then say with Paul, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day: and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." And, beloved, do we not sincerely love His appearing in His kingdom of grace and glory? It is His disappearing that we do not like, His withdrawing that we dread. Ah! we have to prove the poet's words right:

"Zion's road's a chequered scene,
Sorrows mingle with our joy:
Lights and shadows intervene,
Here a song and there a sigh."

Well, well, the sighing will soon cease, the sorrows of the wilderness will shortly disappear.

"Then how shall the saints all unite,
To sing His high praises alone,
And shout, with eternal delight,
The Lamb in the midst of the throne!"

The Lord says even now, "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains"! and when we realise our blest habitation, and feelingly dwell in Christ our Rock, we experience no difficulty in warbling forth the high praises of our glorious Beloved. We need none of our mother's children to remind us that it is our *duty* to praise the Lord, that it is our *duty* to walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise; for we feel it to be a *privilege* of the highest order to praise the Lord for His goodness and for His marvellous works to us the children of men. Praise is then felt to be comely for the upright, and the upright alone can feelingly praise the Lord with the heart and with the

understanding. It is then that the trees of the field clap their hands with holy joy, and the plants of His right hand planting bud, blossom and bear fruit to the praise of the glory of His grace. The Lord then becomes in the soul "the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." Indeed, the living child can then sing,

"There's nothing here deserves my joy,
There's nothing like my God."

The eye is then single, and the whole spiritual body is full of spiritual light. Night-shadows then recede, vale-fogs are dispersed, and winter chills are totally forgotten. The day of gladness then succeeds the night of sorrow; the morning of the resurrection supercedes the evening of crucifixion. Time is then feelingly no longer, eternity is then experimentally ever abiding. These blessed experiences are real earnestings of full possession; these sweet antepasts are vital assurances of endless fruition; these living first fruits are precious tokens of a boundless harvest; these joyous streamlets are glowing intimations and unmistakeable guarantees of one day being with the Lord and eternally like the Lord. Indeed,

"The earnest grace, so rich and free,
But makes us long His face to see."

Beloved, the Lord has given us tokens and assurances during the past fifty-two weeks of our oneness with Him and of our interest in Him, unmistakeable and repeated testimonies have we had from the high court of heaven of our being

"Sav'd in the Lord, for ever sav'd,
And in life's bundle bound."

And now, beloved, have we not cause to say to you that there is a glorious future awaiting us? Since Omnipotent power can never grow weak, boundless love can never diminish, and eternal relationship can never dissolve, we have no reason to tremble at the unseen future or to shake for the unknown morrow. Our God of to-day will be our God of eternity; hence, we are

"In every place secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye.
'Tis well with us while life endure,
And well when call'd to die."

May the Lord of all lords, and King of all kings, go on to bless you! May He daily give you to realise in Him the abundance of peace and truth!

THE EDITOR.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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UNITARIANISM REFUTED.

(Continued from page 68.)

Ques. 10.—Was the Being who alone is omnipresent, and who fills heaven and earth with His presence, once confined in a mortal body?

A.—However repugnant it may be to the wisdom of men, yet there are mortal bodies now in whom the Lord who is omnipresent dwells; as it is written, "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" 1 Cor. vi. 19. "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" 2 Cor. xiii. 5. "For the Lord hath chosen Sion, He hath desired it for His habitation. This is my rest for ever, here will I dwell, for I have desired it." Psalm cxxxii. 13, 14. The foregoing truths prove that the Lord God of Israel dwells in His people upon earth, consequently this is dwelling in mortal bodies. This is among the sweet mysteries of the most holy faith of Unitarians, that Almighty the Holy Ones dwell in them; and it is evident that any one void of these blessings is a reprobate, against whom God hath indignation for ever. Then why should it be thought a thing impossible that Christ Jesus was once confined in the womb of a virgin? but this truth has always been denied and always will be, by the serpent and his children; yet, nevertheless, it is an unalterable truth that Jesus Christ is the eternal God, omnipresent, One in unity of Godhead with the Father and Spirit, "The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy." Isaiah lvii. 15. And John's words prove His omnipresence, "No man hath seen God at any time, &c." John i. 18. The testimony here given was concerning Jesus the Son of Man upon earth, who was at the same time in the bosom of His Father. Again, Jesus saith of Himself, "No man hath ascended up into heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man

which is in heaven" (John iii. 13). These truths set the omnipresence of Jesus beyond the shadow of a doubt to those who are spiritually minded; it being clearly revealed in God's word, and received into the heart by faith, and so we rejoice in the sweetness of the truth, that though Jesus is now "The Lamb in the midst of the throne" (Rev. v. 6), yet He dwells in our heart by faith (Ephes. iii. 17). He fills heaven with His glory, the earth with His presence, and hell with His wrath; and it is a plain gospel truth, that "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" (Coll. ii. 9). It is worthy of notice, that when Mary removed from the place of the conception of the God and Man, to where her cousin Elizabeth had withdrawn herself, that as soon as Mary saluted Zacharias and Elizabeth, the babe in Elizabeth's womb leaped for joy, and she said, "Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" "And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour" (Luke i. 43, 47). This proves the fallacy of the question, and the blindness of the questioner's mind and the enmity Unitarians have against the truths of God. If we observe, Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost; Mary had been overshadowed by the same Spirit, her womb impregnated with that Holy Thing, which was to be called Jesus the Son of the Highest, whom Elizabeth calls my Lord, and whom Mary calls Lord, God my Saviour, and at that very time this person was in her womb, the Lord God of Salvation. These truths will stand when the wisdom displayed by my questioner will fall to the ground.

Q.—If Christ be the Omniscient God, to whom are known all times and all events, past, present, and to come; with what truth could He say, Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father?

A.—I shall still follow the same rule as before, referring to biblical proofs concerning Jesus Christ the Son of God relative to His Omniscency, which is placed far beyond the boundary of destruction, though it is denied by ungodly men. Having already proved that Jesus is the unchangeable, Omnipresent God, it is a pleasure to draw forth from the Sacred Volume indisputable testimonies that He is the Omniscient God, and this must be the standard of decision, as opposed to all the statements of men; and the following scriptures are clear in proof of this: Jesus speaking in the Spirit of prophecy saith, "Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb; and even to your old age I am He; and even to hoary hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even

I will carry, and will deliver you" (See Isaiah xlii). "Remember the former things of old; for I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like Me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure" (Isaiah xli. 3—10). Again, Christ as the Omniscient God saith, "I have declared the former things from the beginning; and they went forth out of my mouth, and I showed them; I did them suddenly, and they came to pass. Because I knew that thou art obstinate, and thy neck is an iron sinew, and thy brow brass * * * Harken unto me, O Jacob and Israel, my called; I am He; I am the first, I also am the last (See Rev. i. 11-17; xxii. 13). Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens (Psa. xxxiii. 9; Jno. i. 3; Col. i. 15-17); when I call unto them, they stand up together * * * Come ye near unto me, hear ye this; I have not spoken in secret from the beginning; from the time that it was, there am I; and now the Lord God, and His Spirit, hath sent me" (Isaiah xlviii. 3-16: see: also, Prov. viii. 22-32; Jno. i.: Gal. iv. 7). These testimonies clearly set forth Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as the Speaker, and He hereby is fully proved to be the Omniscient God.

Again: we read in the Word that Jesus, the Son of God, knew the thoughts of man (Mat. xii. 25; Luke vi. 1), and He knew what was in man (John vi, 6, 61-4), and "Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray Him." *At Alehim*, Jehovah, which is Christ, saith, "I know all the fowls of the mountains" (Psa. l. 11). But a more striking proof of the Omniscience of Jesus cannot be produced than that which He Himself gives in the following portion: "As the Father knoweth Me, *even so* know I the Father" (Jno. x. 15). This is infinite knowledge, coequal with that of the Father; therefore I will join Hannah in saying, "Talk no more so exceeding proudly, let not arrogancy come out of your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed" (1 Sam. ii. 3). Peter hesitated not to speak of the Omniscience of Christ when he said, "Lord, thou knowest all things" (Jno. xxi. 17). I shall close the first part of the answer with the words of the Holy Ghost by Paul: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! * * * For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." (Rom. xi. 33-6).

I shall now consider the remaining part of the question—the supposed ignorance of Christ. This is a darling topic with Unitarians, whereby they endeavor to set aside His eternal power and God-

head; and all the objections to His Deity arise from a want of a spiritual knowledge of the Person of Christ as God and Man; but those who are taught by the Holy Ghost, according to John xiv. 26, are brought to know and to believe in the complex Person of Christ, who is the *Al* (God) *Gibbor* (Man), the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh (1 Tim. iii. 16). It is on this ground that we are brought to understand the assertion of Christ, the Son, in the Church's flesh and blood, who is also the Father's Servant, the Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus (1 Tim. ii. 5). As Man He says, "The Father loveth the Son, and showeth Him all things that Himself doeth." But this saying does not eclipse the glory of His Godhead which is so fully established by the connecting portions: "For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son. That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father" (John v. 20—3).

Again, Christ was "the child born," an infant of days, yet God manifest in the flesh; and thus it is written of Him, "And Jesus increased in wisdom [Yet He is declared to be "the wisdom of God. 1 Cor. i. 24], and stature, and in favor with God and Man" (Luke ii. 52). As the Son of man He saith, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father [And yet notice His coequality with the Father], neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son [of God], and he to to whomsoever the Son shall reveal Him" (Mat. xi. 27). As the Son of man He "was made in all things like unto His brethren," and herein He honored the Father by saying, "But of that day, and that hour, knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, neither the Son [as the Son of Man and the Father's servant], but the Father:" and yet He could tell the disciples what would take place at Jerusalem, and what would be the sign of His second coming, declaring, also, that "heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away" (Mat. xxiv. 35). Therefore the sayings of Jesus, the Son and Servant, do not in any way interfere with His Omniscience as "God, over all, blessed for evermore;" but they rather prove that "He made Himself of no reputation" (Phil. ii. 7); and that "in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren" (Heb. ii. 17). As everything was settled between the Father and the Son at the counsel of peace," and as "the purpose of God according to election" must stand, Christ finished the work that the Father gave Him to do. He also proved that His sayings and doings were in accordance with the eternal purpose of God the Father which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord (Eph. iii. 2). Therefore instead of eclipsing the godhead of



Christ, it all serves to show forth His coequality and oneness in the Alehim, the Holy Ones, in unity of essence, and in the eternal purpose and everlasting covenant which is ordered in all things and sure (2 Sam. xxiii. 5). It is in His man nature, taken into His God-head, that He is beheld by the church in all His suitability, fitness and fulness—yea, in all the mysterious depths of His mediatorship who said of Himself, "I am a worm, and no man" (Psa. xxii. 6).

Again. The Father (not the Son) hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man whom He hath ordained (Acts xvii. 31): and Jesus said that the Father had given Him authority (not power) to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of Man (John v. 27). The display of His authority is plainly stated in the following portions, when all Christ-despisers will feel "the wrath of the Lamb" (Rev. vi. 6): "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation" (John. v. 28, 29): "The Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory" (Mat. xxv. 31).

Q.—Can it be true in any sense whatever that the very same Being could be ignorant of "that day," and at the same time know it; and what language could Christ have used which would have more clearly expressed both His own ignorance and that of every other being, but the Father, concerning that day?

A.—Nothing can appear plainer than the darkness, ignorance and enmity of the mind of my questioner who is totally blind to all the mysteries of the revelation Jehovah has been pleased to make in His holy Word; therefore what he knows he knows naturally, and as a brute beast in these things he corrupts himself (Jude 10), and his whole aim is to overthrow the testimony of Jesus which is the Spirit of prophecy (Rev. xix. 10). "But the Word of the Lord endureth for ever" (1 Peter i. 25). As much of this question has already been disposed of, I will only add, that as Jesus Christ is God and Man, as God, He knew all things; and, as Man, He said that He heard and learned of the Father: and this does not destroy one testimony in the Bible concerning Him as "God, over all, blessed for evermore," neither does it ascribe ignorance to Him as do the Unitarians; but these things set Him forth as He really is in the glories of his Mediatorship, as the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, knowing all things that should come upon Him (John xviii. 4)! When His enemies feel a pleasure in speaking evil of the Son of God, we, who are His friends (John xv. 14, 15), find it most blessed to believe the record God hath given of His Son, and so we greatly rejoice in contemplating His

invisibility, eternal power and Godhead (Rom. i. 20), delighting ourselves in Him as the eternal God our refuge (Deut. xxxiii. 27), " Emmanuel, God with us " (Mat. i. 23).

Q.—If Christ be God, the ever-living God, who only hath life and immortality in Himself, who was it that expired on the cross, after praying and saying, " Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit ? "

A.—Here is another attempt to disparage the godhead of Christ, and though the word *cross* is introduced, it is not from an experience of the mysteries of the Cross, for Unitarians deny the atonement of Jesus Christ for sin and its consequent truth, the obtaining eternal redemption for His Church. If Christ were only a Man, every one that trusteth in Him would be accursed, as it is written, " Cursed be the man who trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm " (Jer. xvii. 5). But every one that trusteth in Him, as He is set forth in the Word, " the Lord our righteousness, " they are safe, and they shall never come into condemnation. Therefore all who live and die despising and rejecting Him as the only true and eternal life (1 John v. 20) will surely be accursed. " For if ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins " (John viii. 24). That He is the everlasting God, who only hath immortality in Himself, is plainly testified in the Scriptures, and known by the election of grace, as a most precious truth, and it gives us joy and peace in believing. Blessed be the Lord, He has caused me to know and live in and on this sacred reality for many years. I suppose that no one will deny that eternal and ever-living are synonymous terms; therefore it is said of Christ, " The eternal God is thy refuge " (Deut. xxxiii. 27). By the work of creation is set forth His eternal power and Godhead. John calls Christ the eternal life that was with the Father, and was manifested unto us (John i. 2); that is, " God was manifest in the flesh " (1 Tim. iii. 16). Paul says by the Holy Spirit concerning Jesus, " Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen " (1 Tim. i. 17; vi. 14—16; Rev. i. 11—18; iv. 10, 11; v. 12, 13). The following also testify of the same truths, that Christ is God, the everliving God: " We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the God and eternal life " (1 John v. 20). " In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God, and God was the Word: the same was in the beginning with God " (John i. 12). As the word *same* in English is *Autos* in Greek and *Evaḥ* in Hebrew it tends to prove Jesus to be what He really is, that is, the immutable, eternal unchangeable One; and the prophet Isaiah speaks of Him and for Him in the same strain: " Hast thou not heard, that the everlast-

ing God, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength" (Isa. xl. 28, 29). These things to the children of God are most blessed, when they are led by the Spirit to sing their salvation song, saying, "Trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;" and we can also say of Him, "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, my Holy One?" These Scriptures join to proclaim Jesus Christ the everlasting and the everliving God. A word or two more must suffice upon this blessed point. "For if I lift up my hand to heaven, and say, I live for ever. If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment; I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me" (Deut. xxxii. 40, 41). I expect that the Unitarians will then find Him to be the ever-living God. Paul speaks of Him in the same way as Mediator, Priest and Intercessor: "But this man because He continueth ever hath an unchangeable priesthood, wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He everliveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 24, 25). Jesus says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." "I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i. 17, 18). I shall close this part of the question relative to the Lord Jesus being the eternal and everliving God with Paul's testimony of His eternal power and Godhead. The great apostle writing to Timothy says, "Keep this commandment without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; which in His time He will show, who is the blessed Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honor and power everlasting. Amen" (1 Tim. vi. 14—16). It is upon Scripture grounds that I fearlessly declare that the ever-living God, manifest in the flesh, God and Man, is He that suffered, obeyed and expired on the Cross; and it is, moreover, the infinite majesty, glory, immortality and Godhead of Christ that gives to or stamps upon His finished work and sacrifice a validity and efficacy; so that He is the author and finisher of eternal salvation and redemption for His Church. Possessing in Himself immortality, and being Himself eternal life, He abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel (2 Tim. i. 9, 10): "and when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said thus, He gave up the ghost" (Luke xxiii. 46), or dismissed the spirit," which is something more than material breath. Herein we

behold the personal acts of Christ our God—"He bowed His head and dismissed the spirit." Surely this was something more than a mere man dying or human nature expiring; and His own words testify of the same truth—"Therefore doth my Father love me, because I LAY DOWN MY LIFE that I might take it again: no man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself: I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again; this commandment [Not power] have I received of my Father" (John x. 17, 18). This is a plain and scriptural testimony concerning that Christ who expired on the cross; and this proves Him to be a Christ quite different to the ignorant, weak and insufficient Christ of the Unitarians.

(To be continued.)

QUIET RESTING PLACES. No. 3.

"He will keep the feet of His saints,."—1 Samuel ii. 9.

Child of God, how rich, how vast, how glorious are thy privileges, thy possessions! Poverty seems to be thy lot down here; but riches, unsearchable riches, are thine. What in the wide world hast thou? Nothing. Yet thou possessest all things. High above all things Christ thy Head is seated in full possession of them, and thou art His, and He is God's (1 Cor. iv. 21, 23; 2 Cor. vi. 8, 10). Yes, Jehovah is thine. He is thine inheritance. In rich astounding grace He gave Himself to thee. What could He give more?

Jehovah is His people's ALL—Lover, Saviour, Keeper! How well He knows our helpless, low estate. When no eye pitied, He loved. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6); "when we were dead in sins, He quickened us together with Christ" (Eph. ii. 5). Helplessness is our's. Perfect inability is experienced at every stage of our homeward journey. The character and true condition of the saint is given in the immediate context of the above most precious passage. The outpouring of Hannah's heart is a glorious testimony to the truth of Jehovah's sovereignty. "The LORD killeth, and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The LORD maketh poor, and maketh rich; He bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory: for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and He hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of His saints." What a picture of the Lord's dealings with the Bride during her lonely sojourn down here!

She is killed as to all hope of salvation or help in herself through the powerful working of God's perfect, fiery, and spiritual law. She is alive unto God *in, through and by* her union to the Lord Jesus Christ who is the fondest of lovers and the best of husbands.

She is brought, by the quickening and convincing grace of God the Holy Ghost, to experience her true state and condition in the grave of nature's corruption and depravity. Among the dry bones is her portion, until by the resurrection grace and power of her Husband and Friend she is brought to enjoy His presence and company.

She is poor indeed—poor and needy, poor and sorrowful, when neither longing nor desire, faith nor hope, can she produce. She is cold, barren, and dejected. How rich is she, when the still small voice of Love whispers in her ears, "All that I am is thine."

Low, low indeed is she when "faith's little daylight" is gone; the cloud of affliction hangs heavily overhead, and the dark flowing tide of sorrow almost overwhelms her; but who can tell the joy—the joy unspeakable and full of glory—that she rejoices with, when grace, free, full and bounteous, gives her a dead lift out of self into Christ?

How minute are the particulars given here, by God the ever-blessed Spirit, of the state and condition of the heirs of glory! Poor, in the dust! Beggars, in the dunghill! Oh, Jesus! What rich, unfailing love is Thine! What unmatched condescension to notice such poverty stricken wretches! Glorified tongues—glorified spirits alone—can sound out the praises of a covenant Three in One Jehovah who stooped to lead us to the sky. Eternal hallelujahs shall resound through the halls of the glorified.

Our poor hearts, warmed by love so full, so rich, so free, are lost in wonder, love and praise! From heaven's high throne of glory to the gloom of sin's dark night—ay, to the pains and sorrows of hell—the heavenly Bridegroom descends. From the dunghill He conducts His Bride—His chosen ones—to His own eternal glory.

"Love divine will have its choice,
Though earth and hell withstand:
O, my soul, again rejoice!
Thou art in Jesus' hand:

He will have His ransom'd Bride
Share His glory on His throne:
All for whom the Saviour died,
He claims, and calls His own."

Of these glorious realities we know but little here. When we arrive at home we shall each confess, "The half has not been told me." How the heart is ravished with inexpressible delights as we hear of the rich treasures of grace and glory which Jesus has reserved for us. "It is almost too good to be true," exclaimed a poor woman, as the writer was enabled to lay before her the standing and privilege of the children of God. During such seasons as

these, the heart is poured out before Him, "Lord, who am I that thou shouldest deign to favour me? Overwhelming is the thought! A poor weak worm out of the dunghill destined to rest in light and sunshine, in the presence of the King; destined to sweep my golden harp, and sing my long, eternal Hallelujah song to Thee, my All in all; destined to sit with Thee in Thy most glorious throne! Oh blest anticipation!"

But, poor nature will reason, and poor, weak reason will doubt. "Shall I be safely landed over yonder? If such bright glories await me, why am I tossed with tempest and not comforted? Why do cursed sins oppress me? Why do cankering cares distract me? Why do doubts and fears distress me? Why does Satan tease and buffet me?" "Ah, my child," replies the faithful Covenanter, "all, all is well!

"Though earth's dark scenes are fraught with sorrow
To those who scarce believe my love,
'Tis but the veil o'er that fair morrow
Which thou shalt spend with me above.
Why should'st thou fear the journey's ending?
In every cloud sweet love I'm sending,
In glory thou shalt join the throng.
I am thy Sun that shineth ever,
Thy Life, thy Strength, that faileth never,
Thy Rest, and thy eternal Song."

What sweet encouragement! "HE". Mark that! "HE will keep the feet" of these dunghill beggars. "HE," Jehovah, is thy keeper. "He," whose almighty power called all things into being, is thy Protector. "He," who covenanted to save thee—"HE," who suffered to redeem thee—"HE" who quickened and confirmed thee—"HE" is thy defender. "HE will keep the feet of His saints." Oh, my soul, what a glorious keeper hast thou! "HE will!" Who can frustrate the will of a sovereign God? Satan and his legions have attempted. All earth and hell have vainly endeavoured. We, His children, have done our utmost to "make Him His purpose forego, and sever our souls from His love." But, nay! "He will keep the feet of His saints." He has said it, and it must be so. "He is faithful that promised."

"His honour is engaged to keep
The feeblest in His flock."

The wordling cannot comprehend this glorious fact. This is the path which the vulture's eye—the keen perception of the unclean professor—hath not seen. The creature's faithfulness to a fancied God, not Jehovah's faithfulness to His covenant promises, is the order of the day in the religious world. Vain man would be wise, though he can only bray like an ass. Let him bray as he will,

"Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand."

Our being kept depends not upon any condition or contingency, it all rests in the unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable will of the faithful, covenant keeping Jehovah. How the heart bubbles up with delight when the cheering communication is made that the saved one is the subject and not the helper of divine keeping.

"He will keep." What pleasures seize the soul as this new covenant truth is brought to light! "By Thee have I been holden up from the womb; Thou art He that took me out of my mother's bowels: my praise shall be continually of Thee" (Psalm lxxi. 6). Through the sins and follies of youth, He ever preserved me.

"Determin'd to save, He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

Brought down by pining sickness to the verge of the grave, and all the solemn realities of eternity crowding upon the mind, the soul is kept and restored to health and to vigour and fresh discoveries of His preserving care and affection. He will keep His ransomed ones every step of the wilderness journey.

"He will keep the feet of His saints." And what about the Head? The Head is safe enough. It needs no keeping. Christ, Emmanuel, God with us, is the Head. Far above all things He sits, Head over all things to His church, which is His body. He attends unceasingly to the wants of His suffering members, "In all their afflictions He is afflicted. *Jehovah-Jesus* saves them: in His love and in His pity He has redeemed them. "He carries them." Oh, ye poor limping, maimed and crippled Mephibosheth's, ye who cannot take a single step alone, this Jesus suits *your* case. Lame in both feet, ye cannot but stumble, but Jesus cares for you. "He will keep the feet of His saints."

The rough pathway through the desert must be passed; the briars, thorns, scorpions, snares and pitfalls must be encountered; but the faithful promiser will never leave or forsake His poor weary pilgrims. Flame and fire must be gone through, but He who said, "I will be with thee," will verify His promise. Sighs from the desert-land will ascend, "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped;" but that blessed Sympathiser who trod every inch of the journey before them, will bring His suffering ones into a wealthy place, and set their feet at liberty. All enemies shall be found liars, and the feet of God's Israel shall tread upon their high places. The feet of the poor and the steps of the needy are firm upon the Rock of Ages, and they shall tread down every opposing and conflicting element. Heaven's glorious plans shall not be marred in their beauty. The redeemed shall walk there and not stumble. Not a *hoof* shall be left behind. He will make

the place of His feet glorious. Throughout a long eternity sweet and rapturous songs shall resound to the praise of the glory of that grace which kept the feet to possess the land which Love—all conquering Love—prepared for them.

“He will keep the feet of His saints.”

Saints, sanctified, separated ones, what glory belongs to you! An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled is reserved for you, and you are kept by Jehovah's power to enjoy it. Oh, ye devils, do your worst; ye worldlings, laugh; and ye proud conceited professors, rail on! Jehovah's firm, unbending Word and decree cannot alter, “He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness! for by strength shall no man prevail.”

“He guides our feet; He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.”

ISRAEL, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest!
Thy Guardian's ever-wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.”

THOMAS BRADBURY.

Barrow Hill, Staveley,
Chesterfield.

TO THE FLOCK OF SLAUGHTER.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Again with pleasure I take up my pen in order to write to you of the uncommon “common salvation.” These “things the angels desire to look into” which have “been hidden from ages and from generations,” and the Lord says, “Blessed are your eyes, for they see:” and Jesus says concerning His little ones that “their angels do always behold the face of His Father which is in heaven.” Christ also says that we “shall be as the angels of God in heaven.” The Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection, neither angel nor spirit, but the Pharisees confessed both, and the Pharisees were right. The angel is the angelic body of the saint, or the spiritual body of the child, and the spirit is the Spirit of the Lord who dwells in His own elect vessel of mercy. “The body without the Spirit is dead,” having nothing to animate it, nothing to enliven it. “Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is—in the body—there is liberty.” The children of God are said to be “vessels afore prepared unto glory,” “vessels of mercy,” and vessels for the Master's use;” and if they be vessels afore prepared unto glory, the glory is adapted to them, and they are adapted for the glory. They are glory-vessels, filled with glory; mercy-vessels, filled with mercy: hence, mercy and glory, or grace and glory,

alone will satisfy them. "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield: the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." But there can be no upright walking but in an upright dwelling, and the Lord is our dwelling-place. None can walk uprightly but those who walk by faith, and none can walk by faith but those who have passed from death into life; and to all those Christ is both eyes and feet. He sees the way and takes every step of the journey. Thus "the Head [Christ] cannot say to the feet [Christ] I have no need of thee." But He is not only the Head and the feet but He is the entire body. "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ." The Head is the seat of wisdom and the storehouse of knowledge, and the whole body moves in concert with the Head. All the members are subservient to the Head. He says to one Do this and it does it: He says to another Do that and it instantly obeys Him. As there is not a member of our body which possesses the power to dictate to the head or to act without being dictated to by the head, so in the body of Christ there is not one member that can act but in complete submission to the Head: and when we are brought into the simplicity of faith we are spiritually incorporated into the one body and are joyfully made to drink into the one Spirit of the one body. Christ then becomes feelingly and experimentally "all in all." We are then sweetly joined to the Lord and one spirit. It is impossible then for us to live our own life of flesh and sense. So far from that, we hate our own life that we may be His disciples. The life of flesh and sense is a dead life, a dark life, and a life of enmity against God; for it is continually saying, "How can these things be?" The things that are seen are temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal. The judgment of the flesh is according to the appearance of things, whilst the judgment of faith is according to the faithfulness of God, however contrary things and circumstances may appear. The life of faith is opposed to the life of sense, and the life of sense struggles hard against the life of faith. Whilst flesh says, "But what are they among so many?" faith replies, "Command the men to sit down," and the result is, enough and to spare. But those who have faith which gives God credit for His faithfulness will generally find that they must have it to themselves before God (Rom. xiv, 22), for murmuring flesh and grumbling unbelief are the swine that are sure to turn again and rend you. We, therefore, find it much best to reserve our pearls and to keep that which is holy in our own breast, for "unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure." The life of faith distinguishes God's children from the children of the wicked one. If those who profess to know the Lord

pursue the same line of conduct as do those who profess to know Him not, where is the difference between them and the world lying in the wicked one? In this the real children of God are distinguished. Abraham that went out at God's call, not knowing whither He went, would be esteemed a fool for his apparent madness by a child of the flesh, and Moses that refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and who despised the treasures of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the children of God, would be considered an enthusiastic madman by the worldly wise, and yet his wisdom in his choice is spoken most highly of in God's word. The children of God now are looked upon as perfect fools for the line of conduct which they are led of the Lord to pursue. How is this? The natural mind is enmity against God, and it rises in rebellion against God's people because they give Him credit for doing His pleasure in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth. One led of the Lord to live and to walk by faith both for temporal favors and spiritual blessings is sure to be an object of scorn and derision for the natural mind. When the Lord sent His servant Job adversity and affliction how many real friends did he find? Those who came to condole with him, only added affliction to his grief. Job did not find fault with second causes when stripped of his whole earthly estate, but most wisely exclaimed, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord:" so that "in all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." That "upright man" was brought to walk by faith, and we do esteem it a choice privilege to meet with those who can walk and talk in the same blessed way. But where are they to be found? Any natural flower can blossom in the warm sunshiny day of prosperity, but where are to be found the plants that can hold up their heads and expand their flowers in the cold chilly dark night of adversity? A cardboard ship might easily glide along on the ocean's surface with a gentle breeze and placid sea, but let the sea arise by a great wind that blows—not by chance—and what would become of the frail craft? Flesh and sense can wear a cheerful mien when the providential heavens are bright and clear, but let a dense cloud of adversity darken the whole expanse and then what becomes of the cheery smile and the approving look! Alas! they are gone. "Lord, what is man!" Prosperity is indeed pleasing to the flesh, but it is too often painful to the soul. Hence the Lord leads His children by a providential way that is most contrary to sight and sense; therefore they are told not to judge according to the appearance, but to judge righteous judgment. To render the obedience of faith, we must hope spiritually against hope naturally. We thereby endure as seeing Him in His leadings and dealings who is invisible to the natural eye of flesh and sense: and

"When flesh and sense give up the ghost,
'Tis then we prize our Jesus most."

When Shimei cursed David and Zeruiah entreated his master to allow him to go and take off the dead dog's head, he nobly answered, "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah? so let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so? * * * Behold, my son, which came forth of my bowels, seeketh my life: how much more now may this Benjamite do it? Let him alone [Precious, precious faith], and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him. It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day." Though it be law-like to take vengeance against insult or injury it is not god-like, love-like, or christian-like; for the Lord says to each and to all His children, "Vengeance is mine." David knew and felt this when he said that he would not stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed; and David's Lord knew and felt this when He gave His back to the smiters and His cheek to those who so cruelly plucked off the hair. When led as a lamb to the slaughter He opened not His mouth, and when as a sheep before His shearers He was dumb with silence. He was a Man in whose mouth there were no reproofs, and we are told to follow His steps. Peter says, "For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto ye were called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps. * * * Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not: but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously." But old Adam is not the man to silently endure reproach; therefore those who have but one nature cannot understand how it is that God's children do not render railing for railing. The reason that they silently endure the reproaches which are heaped upon them is—"Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life." If the Lord's people were to speak and to act as do the world how could they be distinguished from the world? Those who are brought to live, walk, and talk above second causes must expect to be hated by the world for their eccentric manners and to be despised by their friends for their peculiar ways. Even naturally, if a man constantly speak the truth he is considered the most strange being upon the earth, and he is not considered alive to his own interest; but there are a few, and but very few, of these peculiar beings upon this sin polluted ball. The fear of the Lord in their heart is, as the poet beautifully describes it,

"An unction light to all that's right,
A bar to all that's wrong."

These "singular" persons must content themselves to walk without much company, for they will be shunned by both pious and profane. The offence of the cross has not yet ceased. Hence, "Those that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution:" but it is better to court the world's frown than to greet its smile. "This is not your rest," says the Lord; "for it is polluted." The Lord's people form no portion of the world, therefore they need not marvel at its angry frown or at its bitter word. It is said in days of old that the Lord "turned their heart to hate His people, to deal subtilly with His inheritance;" therefore there cannot be evil in the city unless the Lord Himself have done it. Nothing can overtake us by accident, and nothing can happen to us by chance; but

"Life's minutest circumstance
Is order'd by the Lord."

Those, however, who believe this, and live and act accordingly, must not expect to be caressed by fleshly arms or to be carried away with human applause. They form the sect that is everywhere spoken against; they constitute the people who are universally despised. But though the world hate them, the Lord loves them: though their friends frown upon them, the Lord smiles upon them: though their enemies curse them, their Lord, their own God, blesses them: though all hell be up in arms against them, the whole host of heaven will form a convoy right away to their Father's house. Cheer up then, ye "scattered and peeled" "flock of slaughter." But a little while, and ye shall reach the glory-summit; a short time, and ye shall tramp the golden streets of the new Jerusalem; for He that will come to receive you shall come and take you into everlasting felicity.

"A few more days, and you shall rise,
To take your portion in the skies,
And sing, without a throbbing breast,
All things were order'd for the best."

Even in the wilderness the Lord's people are constrained by love divine to acknowledge that "all things are ordered for the best." However crooked to sight things may appear, however contrary to flesh things may seem, the living child is at times enabled to rejoice upon the blest consideration that everything of a time nature shall further the Lord's glory and enhance his own soul's good. But this is walking by faith, and as many as walk according to this scriptural and spiritual rule peace be unto them and mercy, from Him who was, and is, and is to come, the Lord God Omnipotent that reigneth; even from Him who liveth and was dead, and who says to each and to all His children, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

"What comfort this sweet sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives."

GLORY TRANSLATIONS.

II Cor. iii. 18.

It appears to me that the deep undercurrent which lies beneath this golden portion of God's word can never be fathomed, but a little of the blessedness of a heart-realisation of its contents is enjoyed even in the vale under the Almighty ministration of the Holy Ghost when He is pleased to take of the things of Christ and to reveal them unto the saints. There are indeed heights and depths, lengths and breadths, enwrap in this verse which all human language must ever fail to set forth; but O! may the eternal Spirit of all truth lead us to ponder over some of the heavenly blessings which accrue from union to Jesus and which flow to us through the channel of the atonement; may the Spirit of glory and of God rest upon us, and may the God of our Lord Jesus Christ who is the Father of glory give unto us the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of HIM who is the brightness of His glory and the express image of His Person. The Lord is a wall of fire round about His people, and He is the glory in the midst of them; and if He but say to us individually, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Jehovah is risen upon thee," we shall speak of the glory of His kingdom and talk of His power, and we shall realise something of the fulness of these precious words (that is, in the earnest thereof), "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters:" yea, we shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." How transcendently glorious is this declaration! But can it be possible that we can see Him before whom angels veil their faces and before whose dazzling throne the glorified host now bow whilst in this wilderness world? Yes! by precious faith: we endure as seeing Him who is invisible. What said Stephen just before he departed? "Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." Jacob too was equally privileged: we find him uttering the following words: "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." Again: Manaoh said unto his wife, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God," doubtless calling to mind that under the old dispensation no man could see Him and live. Isaiah likewise shared in the same mercy. What a glorious vision the Lord granted him! He says, "Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts," and John when in the Isle of Patmos declared, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, saying, I Alpha and Omega, the first and

the last. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man." Daniel, Job, the Apostle Paul and many others I might enumerate had similar foretastes of fruition. But, were they favored with manifestations of God's love, and with revelations of the Person of Christ, and are the children of God living at the present time on this earth denied glimpses of the King in His beauty and of that land which is very far off? Indeed, no! Now sometimes the Lord transports His people to Pisgah's top from whence they can take a survey of those balmy heights and of those verdant plains where endless pleasures reign: now He sometimes says, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away;" and pinioned on wings of faith and love they rise with Him above time-things, and feel in deed and in truth that they have heaven in their hearts and glory in their souls. The promise runs, "They shall come and sing in the height of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord:" and again we read, "In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things. And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations:" and how is this veil destroyed? Because of the anointing (Isa. x. 27), because of the unction of the Holy One, because of the power of the Lord the Spirit being put forth. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty:" and when He reveals the Father's love, bonds and fetters are snapped asunder and freedom is experienced.

"We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." Each word seems to contain volumes. "With open face," as it were, face to face; and it is written, "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." What holy intercourse! what blessed freedom! what hallowed intimacy! "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord." Christ is formed in the hearts of His members the hope of glory, and Paul speaks of having revealed His Son *in* him, and again he says, when writing to the church at Corinth, "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face—or Person—of Jesus Christ?" But beholding Him we are changed into the same image, not *shall* be changed. Jesus said to His God and Father concerning His disciples, "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them;" and beholding Him, we lose sight of ourselves as creatures; beholding Him, we identify ourselves with Him and realise our beauty, perfection, dignity and glory in Him; beholding Him, everything connected with this lower sphere is out of sight, and we reflect the

praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light, we rehearse His righteous acts, and we tell of the wonders of redeeming love, and long to fly away from these mountains of spices and hills of frankincense to the immediate presence of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, *once and for ever*. Yes! at such times the words of the Psalmist are very appropriate: "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest:" or those recorded in Judges v 28. flow forth from the enraptured soul, "Why is His chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of His chariots?"

" My heart is with Him on the throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment list'ning for His voice
Rise up and come away."

Every fresh beaming forth of His love, every renewed overshadowing of His divine presence, increases the fervency of the desire to depart and to be with Christ, for absent from the body we shall be present with the Lord, and we shall everlastingly gaze on the Lamb in the midst of the throne, cast our crown of rejoicing at His feet, and join in the new, the never-ending song, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen."

"Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord we are changed into the same image." Looking unto Him, we are lightened; beholding Him, the things of time recede and cease to engross our attention; gazing on Him, we are changed into the same image to which we were eternally predestinated conformed (Ro. viii. 29), and we realise the firstfruits of that glory to which we were afore prepared (Rom. ix. 23). By God's exceeding great and precious promises, or by His word applied and spoken home in the heart, we are partakers of the divine nature, and by His power developed we discover that as Christ is, so are we in this world, and we enter into the sweet assurance that we are "all fair" (Cant. iv. 7), "all glorious" (Psalm xlv. 13), "all righteous" (Isaiah lx. 21), "holy, unblameable and unreprouvable in His sight" (Col. i. 22), "not having spot, or wrinkle or any such thing" (Eph. v. 27). Was not Paul "changed into the same image from glory to glory" when he was "caught up to the third heaven" and heard unspeakable words, which he says it was not lawful, or which it was not possible for a man to utter? Was not Moses "changed into the same image" when on the mount the Lord made known to him His mind and will? The skin of his face shone so brightly that he was compelled to put a veil thereon whilst he spake unto the children of Israel that which he was commanded: and again at the dedication

of the temple it is written that "the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the House of the Lord." How strikingly was the promise verified on the latter occasion, "I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat!" and the Lord still says, "I will make the place of my feet glorious." "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing." Well may we say, with Toplady,

"If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is, below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know!"

The earnest grace is most precious; the pledge of fruition, the foretaste of glory, is most blessed; and what an unspeakable privilege is it to be enabled to take up the words of the apostle, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto them also that love His appearing:" ah! His appearings *now*, His manifestations *now*. Present participation is the guarantee that the "weight of glory" is reserved; present realisation is the proof that all Christ is and that all Christ has belong to us.

"A taste we have whilst in the vale,
But there the breath that we inhale,
Will all be love, and naught beside,
Streaming through Jesu's pierced side."

O! to obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. O! to have God's seal, and to possess the earnest of His Spirit in our hearts. O! to know by the witnessing testimony of the Holy Ghost in our souls that we are children of God, heirs, yea, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, and "made to inherit the throne of glory." Thus saith the Lord, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." God's name is written upon us: God's image is engraven in our hearts: and respecting the saints above we read, "They shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever," sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, and realise the Lord to be unto them an everlasting light, and their God their glory. From Him all glory emanates here, and from Him all glory shall emanate there; from Him all

peace, joy, bliss and blessedness proceed here, and these streams of love shall flow from the same source there, only in greater abundance, in greater measure. Now night succeeds day, darkness follows light, whereas there the delight will be eternal, everlasting and unceasing. Now it is "Here a song and there a sigh," but

"The sighs all then exchang'd for songs
From hearts as warm as heav'nly fire,
All bursting from immortal tongues
Above the sound of Gabriel's lyre,"

shall make heaven's vast concave ring with sweetest melody, and throughout countless ages and unnumbered years it will be "one full open vision, one continuous revelation, one perpetual manifestation."

"O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity.
Whilst everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast my soul,

And scenes of bliss for ever new,
Rise in succession to my view.
My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings, and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there.

MIRIAM.

September 23rd, 1868.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Again and again have I put off writing to you, being wishful to embrace a seasonable opportunity; but as the time is now growing to a serious length since I received your most welcome epistle, I feel constrained to pen a few lines, even though they be "out of season." How many times have I commenced an epistle in weakness and concluded it in the strength of the mighty God of Jacob! How frequently we lose sight of that portion which says, "Out of weakness were made strong!" but how truthful are the lines of dear Kent,

"Weak in herself, she fears
The battle's horrid din,
Yet more than conqueror she appears
O'er Satan, hell and sin!"

Paul once said, "When I am weak, then am I strong." "The youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." Thus the Lord is pleased to drain us of all our strength, and then He lovingly speaks, in the power of His Spirit, "Let the weak say, I am strong." This is most contrary to nature, but not more so than when the Lord said to dead Lazarus, "Come forth." When He speaks, it

is done; when He commands, it stands fast; for "Where the word of a King is, there is power:" and Jesus says, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss, ah! bliss complete."

To the truthfulness of this, beloved, you can feelingly testify, and you well know, by varied experience, when He giveth quietness, none can make trouble: and when He hideth His face, none can behold Him. This is the standard experience of all God's children, and they cannot add one cubit to their stature. When He draws, we run; when He empowers, we rise; but we should remain powerless and lifeless without the ministry of the eternal Spirit of truth. "The body without the Spirit is dead;" but, O! mercy of mercies, wonder of wonders, He hath set the members in the body as it pleased Him, and the pre-eminent Member, the source and fount of life, is exalted above His fellow members and quickeneth whom He will in oneness with Himself. Hence He says to each and to all His members, "Because I live, ye shall live also." This is in sweet keeping with one of the eternal *lets* of our covenant God in Christ Jesus, our Head and Lord, which says, "Let Reuben live, and not die." This guarantees the life of the entire body, and we know that the body is one, with many members; and the marrow and fatness of this blest reality is, that you and I are "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;" and when bone comes to His bone, by quickening power and by love's drawing, then is brought to pass the saying that is written, "And all my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?" who healeth all our diseases, who forgiveth all our iniquities, and who raiseth us from our low estate in the flesh, His mercy enduring for ever. He is our Shield and our exceeding great Reward; and we can sweetly sing with the poet:

"He gently leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!"

We know but little of His lovingkindness in the lowlands of sin and sorrow compared with what we shall know when we shall ascend in Him finally far above all heavens, when we shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the glory-kingdom of our God. The anticipation of the blest consummation of all our joy, the climax of our spiritual soul-ecstasy causes a holy glow of soul and a divine kindling of heart even while we dwell in our cottage of clay; and at such times we feel no reluctance at the thought of eventually quitting the clay cottage for the gold mansion: so far from that, there is a satisfactory uneasiness within to depart and be with Christ which is far better. Indeed we love the thought of being raised for a constancy from our dunghill-degradation to

our palace-perfection. Faith in the soul is ever aspiring, and its food for strengthening it upon the point is, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." We do not think that the soul of our spiritual self and the mind of our new nature will rest perpetually satisfied until mortality shall be finally swallowed up of life. The great object of our spiritual eyes and the deep subject of our spiritual mind is "the King in His beauty." To rest short of realising Him as our *own* Beloved in ties of love which He Himself cannot dissolve and bonds of blood which no power can sunder, is to settle down miserably poor and wretchedly naked: but this our Beloved has not allowed us to do; for He not only gives us to the whole of His kingdom, but seals Himself in our heart and witnesses Himself in our soul, saying, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." What language can be more endearing than the foregoing? What accents more sweet than the preceding? Surely it is enough to make the life of our spirit all motion, and the heart of our mind all joyful! Indeed it makes us sing sweetly and sing gloriously,

"Now the shades of night dispersing,
On me dawn'd the welcome day;
Love divine, beyond rehearsing,
Chas'd the mists of sin away;
Whilst my spirit
Bask'd in His meridian beam."

When we can feelingly bask beneath "His meridian beam," and experimentally swim in the ocean of His bottomless love, and exultingly drink of the river of His pleasures, and triumphantly sing the song of redeeming love and blood, and ecstatically crown Him the Lord of our heart, the bower of our mind, the arbor of our soul, and the fountain of our joy, we do indeed joyfully

"--- leave time-things behind,
Glory in His presence find."

This is a real earnest of future possession, a vital foretaste of endless bliss, a blessed antepast of perpetual fruition. Can we be cunningly betrayed into heart-deception here? can we be delusively led away into empty visionary hopes here? is it possible that we can be deceived upon the inward point of all points? Nay, never: for "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself;" and our Beloved is not a man to lie, nor the son of man to repent. He is indeed Jehovah, the God of Israel, who saith that "He hateth putting away."

"Should nature alter in her course,
And darkness turn to day,
His love admits of no divorce,
He hates to put away."

He will not reveal the earnest, and hide from us our eternal possession: He will not communicate drops of comfort, streams of consolation and showers of peace from the eternal ocean of His love in Christ Jesus, and then withhold us from the consummation of our heart-joy and the climax of our soul-delight. If burning, brilliant beams dart from the Sun of Righteousness into the land of our soul, the entire Orb of day is our's. If streams of mercy flow down from the atoning heart of our Beloved into our heart we may confidently rest upon His faithfulness to

Crown in heights of bliss unknown,
When time shall be no more,
Th'inner work of mercy shown
This side of Jordan's shore.

We venture, at no peradventure, to now say, that if but one drop of love be realised here, the whole swelling ocean of love is our's, and shall be enjoyed by us hereafter. If but one ray of spiritual light have issued from the fount of day and have penetrated our new heart, the whole grand, glorious and full-orbed Sun of Righteousness is our's, and we shall bask in its dazzling brilliancy to a never-ending eternity.

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

To be sure He is in all His glory, in all His beauty, in all His brilliancy, in all His sweetness, in all His righteousness, and in all His fountain-fulness. Rest assured, beloved, that flesh and blood have not revealed the glorious realities of eternity to your spiritual mind. "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

I need not tell you how precious your last welcome epistle was to our mind and heart. It was a pure breathing of Him whom our soul loves. The Lord must have been very gracious to you when you wrote it. It is sweet pastime to write of Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. The pen glides easily when He prompts the heart and indites the good matter. When He moves the mind, it expands into His fulness; when He touches the heart, it glows with sacred emotion in union-life with Himself. He speaks nature-self out and grace-self in: the second Adam supersedes the first. His increase proves the other's decrease; and there is nothing so delightful to the spiritual mind as to be constrained by love to say, feelingly and joyfully, "Never man spake like this man."

"And if His voice be now so sweet,
Whilst in this mortal vale,
What will it be when we all meet,
And naught but love inhale!"

With our united very best love,

Believe me, Very affectionately your's in HIM,

A. WILCOCKSON.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"He that loveth his wife loveth himself.—Eph. v. 23.

And, as the Apostle adds by power divine, "This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." There can be no division, no separation, and no schism: they are so one, so allied, so joined, so united, that nothing can come between, nothing can mar their beauty, touch their perfection, or alter their grace-relationship: and the acknowledgment of the Bride may be expressed in the following lines:

"Yes, we are one, she cries,"

not we *shall be* one, but we *are* one: this is a present truth, a present reality, a present blessing:

"Midst all my lep'rous state:"

here we have a confession of what she is in her Adam standing. The leper in the days of Moses was commanded to dwell in a separate house, and no man was permitted to touch him; but our great High Priest can touch the leper and not be contaminated, and our glorious High Priest can speak the leper pure by His word communicated, by His word manifested and revealed. All God's children will acknowledge that they are lepers: they well know that they are not holy, gracious and comely in themselves, but that in them, that is in their flesh, there dwelleth no good thing. Yes! they dwell in a separate house, and in a glorious sense they dwell alone in the heart of their Beloved, and this is a blissful house: there is no leprosy here; and though in oneness with Adam earthy they are defiled, in oneness with Adam heavenly they are "the perfection of beauty."

The chapter from which we have read our Text is most precious, and we have therein a beautiful and glowing description of the bride, the Lamb's wife, proceeding as it does from the heart of her Bridegroom. He knows most about her, and He says she is a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. No blame can be attached to her; no wrinkle, indicative of old age, can be seen upon her: in the bloom of youth she ever must appear. Child of God, what do wrinkles denote literally? What do grey locks tell us? That we are one step nearer home; and

"Nearer to our Father's house
We ev'ry moment come;"

and yet not really nearer, because His residence is in our soul, His dwelling is in our heart, but every day brings us nearer the end of our short term, and we feel

"Haste on, fair time, and run your race,
That keeps us from our Lord's embrace."

How great is His love! How matchless is His goodness! He loves us beyond the Adam fall. Indeed His love is an ocean that rises above everything, and it is a deep under current that runs beneath everything; and no man ever yet hated his own flesh:

"And I'm His flesh our oneness proves,
In loving me, Himself He loves."

How grand! How glorious! We cannot get beyond this; we cannot rise higher, we cannot sink deeper, and our Text is in strict keeping with this declaration: "He that loveth his wife loveth himself." So you see the church is the wife of Emmanuel, the bride of the glorious and gracious Husband Jesus. Are you a member of this church? are you a member of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones? in short, are you the bride of the Lamb? Say you, "How can I know?" Only by the Lord's claiming you as His own. He claims the partner of His throne through floods of wrath and deep distress: He acknowledges her notwithstanding all her corruption, no matter what her imperfections and her infirmities may be. Yes! He loves her and will bless her; yea, He has blessed her, and He will rest in His love. Was there ever a time that He did not love her? No! He loved her before the foundation of the world; before the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy; before the mountains were settled and before the hills; before He made the earth, or the fields, or the highest part of the dust of the world; before He measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance; before He fixed all

things according to His eternal and unalterable mind. "For by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist:" and since all things were created by Him and for Him, so all things must obey and be subservient unto Him, and He will carry out His everlasting purposes. His portion is His people, yea, His Church is a part of Himself, and all things shall work together for the best to them that love God, to those who are His called, justified and glorified ones. It needs spiritual eyes to see this, but we endure as seeing Him who is invisible, whom having not seen we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. There is apparently a contradiction here, but it is not so really, and it shows most gloriously the state and standing of the church in Jesus. O! how blessed to be brought to believe to the saving of the soul, and to be enabled to come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of our Beloved and reclining upon His bosom of love.

"He that loveth his wife loveth himself." "Ah," says one, "if I did but know that I belonged to the Lord, if I were but assured that I comprised a portion of His body, I should be satisfied. I can say with Ruth, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God,' but whether Boaz will marry me I know not. It is the breathing desire of my soul that He will, but I often fear He will not." Ah! this is the suggestion of Satan: he tells you that you are not worthy of so great and glorious a Person: he reminds you of your depravity and of your lost and undone condition; and he says, Is it likely that the Lord of all lords, the framer and the upholder of all things, should regard such a stranger as you are? and, child of God, what are the effects of his accusations? Gloom and despondency. The enemy buffets, the world harasses, professors perplex, the flesh rises in *rebellion*, but the Lord will protect you and bring you through this dreary waste with honor, and there shall be no night above, no shades and shadows there. O! how blessed are you: how favored and privileged are you: and "He that loveth his wife loveth himself." Can this be really true? Yes! for she is part of Himself, she is one with Himself, and in His beauty she is seen. The thought, by power divine, is overwhelming: we say *by power divine* because we feel at times so cold and callous, so barren and empty, that we are more like a land of drought than like a land of fruitfulness, and indeed we are well assured that without our Beloved we can do nothing: nevertheless it is only for the Lord to manifest His power, and then in one moment we realise that He loves us, and that it is Himself in us

He loves. How glorious! we then taste that He is gracious, and we enjoy His goodness. By nature we are graceless and worthless, but, infinite mercy, our God is faithful: He waits to be gracious, and He hates to put away, and why? Because "He that loveth his wife loveth himself." We have a warrant from God's word to say that He cannot deny His Church, and the portion we have just quoted is in sweet analogy with our Text, "The Jehovah the God of Israel saith that He hateth putting away," and His church, His bride, is His own body, so that to put her away would be to put Himself away. He declares, "How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the host of nations? and I said, Thou shalt call me, My Father; and shalt not turn away from me." He cannot dismember you, beloved, for He has placed you within the family circle, and it is no mean thing to be one of the sons or daughters of the Lord Almighty, it is a joy unspeakable, inexpressible, and full of glory. What said one of old? "I was free born," but still he often felt bonds, and only from the time the Lord quickened him did he know what it was to be bound and fettered. We well remember when the Lord liberated and delivered us: we could then run over the pathway by which He had led us and see the track in which he had guided us, yea, we could go back to the time when the Lord called us, and before that time, and trace His wonder-working hand: He knew us in the land of great drought, and in the wilderness wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions: this desert within brought forth only thorns and briers, for the Rose of Sharon grew not there, the vine with the tender grapes flourished not there: these could only grow in God's fruitful field, in His church, in His sacred enclosure; and He says concerning His own garden, "I the Jehovah do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." His care is constant, it is perpetual: there can be no alteration in His keeping and protecting love, though there may be in His revealed love; there can be no change in His preserving care, though there may be in His manifested care. Ah! we love to realise and to enjoy His favor: we then feel happy and that all is well. We cry and sigh when He withholds His sensible presence and His shining power, but we are joyful when He makes us so, we weep to the praise of the mercy we have found when He comes: everything is right then; His providential leadings are right, crooked and perplexing things are right, dark dispensations appear as the sun at noon-day, the horizon is bright, we see nothing but love from first to last, and we blame ourselves for charging God foolishly. But do we ever charge God thus? O! yes: if we watched our actions but for one day we should see how guilty we are in this respect: and when is it we

charge Him foolishly? When we find fault with His ways, when we say, "Not so, my Father." He knows what is best for us, and it is but a manifestation of our folly when we dictate to Him: we then reflect upon His kind indulgent care: nevertheless, this is our infirmity, and it is a great one, but He forgiveth all our iniquities, He healeth all our diseases. Thus saith the Lord, "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you;" and His word is unto us the joy and the rejoicing of our heart. Not only do we realise the sweetness of His love and mercy, but He, the almighty and the uncreated Word, speaks Himself into our heart, and He speaks us into His heart. We thus have His Person, and in possessing Him we possess all His possessions, all His treasures, all His riches. O! to feel His cleansing power, His alluring power, His peace power, His presence power. He has cleansed us with the washing of water by the word: this is pure, living, crystal water: and all waters beside are full of the curse. Our sins are gone, our offences are nullified, and what is there now to condemn the church? Nothing: she is the perfection of beauty, of dignity and of glory in her Bridegroom, and she is exactly what He will ever admire, for "He that loveth his wife loveth himself." She "is all glorious within," and how glorious this is we cannot tell. We sometimes feel a little of the glory, a portion of the glory, a particle of the glory, a beam, a drop, thereof, but we know not the full extent: we are comely through His comeliness put upon us, and beautiful by His beauty communicated, imparted and revealed: we are without spot, wrinkle or any such thing: we are blemish void: every trace of the Adam-fall is swept away, and we are as glorious in our Lord's sight as we shall be when we shall get home to glory, though doubtless we shall then realise more glory and have more exultings of glory, more joys, rejoicings and delights.

"He that loveth his wife loveth himself." O! how grand: how glorious. *Himself!* how wondrous! Can it be possible? Yes! but had not the Holy Spirit have indited it we could hardly have believed it: it is so infinitely above our thoughts to imagine; but it is Himself He loves; thus we say, and scripturally too, that His love is confined to Himself. "He that loveth his wife loveth himself," and He loves Himself in His bride, in His members, in His children, in the sheep of His fold: hence it is Himself in Himself He loves, and all His manifestations, openings and unfoldings are confined to Himself. "What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God;" and it is exclusively because we belong to Him that He makes known to us "the deep things of God." This is the climax, the consummation, the glory, of all joy, of all union-oneness: the church is Himself, His body is a

portion of Himself. We could scarcely have believed it had not the Word of God have declared it, but there are many portions in the Scriptures, like so many rays from the sun, which convince us of this blest reality. Now let me ask you a question here, and it is an important one: Are you the bride of Jesus? are you his wife? Says one, "I am not certain upon this point." Well, I believe the Lord makes all His children honest at heart: they dread to be hypocrites, and they dare not claim Him as their Husband, as their Ishi, as their beloved Bridegroom, if it be not on tenable and lawful ground. If He do not seal them, and sign them, and make Himself known to them as their God, they cannot call Him their own Brother, their own Lord; but in His time He will constrain and compel each and all of them to say "Abba Father," and when He is pleased to call them His, then it is He enables them to claim Him in like manner. You in our presence who have realised adoption privileges can corroborate what we have advanced: you knew not that relationship existed between yourself and your glorious Christ until He acknowledged that blessed fact to your heart's comfort and soul's delight. Look back and trace the path you have trodden. "Ah," say you, "I prefer to look forward." Well, to look forward is most precious and mind-ennobling, but it is likewise very precious to look back. Yes! it is

"Sweet to look back to see my name
In life's fair book set down,"

to behold it indelibly written in the heart of my Beloved; and it is

"Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own."

Here we have both looking back and looking forward, and when the Lord enables us to look forward then it is we can look back: but when we cannot look forward then it is we cannot look back: we try to do so, but the way seems blocked up, and gloom and darkness are around us, but when the Lord again shines we can look upward and forward and backward, and with holy delight and inexpressible joy remember the last time He visited us and claimed us as His own, and we feel that we have the same joys and pleasures as then, and that they are mutual: we can likewise revert to other manifestations and overwhelmings of love, and then the mind is carried back to the vast councils of old, to the Lord's ancient purposes and covenant arrangements: we view Himself as the cause and the source of all we enjoy, all we now possess, and He is our possession, He is our inheritance. How many here can speak in these assured and confident terms? Says one, "Can you?" Yes! and I believe that there are others in my presence who can adopt

equally unqualified language, having been confirmed in the Lord's love and convinced by powerful persuasion, by the almighty constrainings of the eternal Spirit, that they are "saved in the Lord, for ever saved, and in life's bundle bound."

"He that loveth his wife loveth himself." Child of God, this is really and unalterably true whether you can realise it or not. O! to think that the Lord loves Himself in His members. How often are we exercised and tempest-tossed as we plod this dreary desert, as though everthing rested upon our shoulders and depended upon our wisdom; but how much better is it to drop into His hands, to feel units in creation, to be nothing in self, but to realise Christ all in all! O! to be absorbed in HIM: lost and swallowed up in love, blood and righteousness. O! to be clothed upon with our heavenly house, even with the Sun. O! to be arrayed in the robe of His righteousness, in our wedding dress; and thus to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. "Well," say you, "I am looking forward to that time." Ah! it is very blessed to have "a feast of fat things" *now*, to be regaled at the Lord's table, and to feed by precious faith upon the Son of God. Jesus says, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me," not he that *shall* eat, but he that *eateth*, showing that it is perpetual feeding: and when did we sit down at the marriage supper? When Love sweetly constrained us and compelled us to come in: when the Lord whispered, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved." And yet there is room for others as lost and as ruined as ourselves: there is room at Love's table for all Love's children. Rest assured not one shall be excluded from the festive board, not one shall be left to perish in the ruins of the fall. One sings that

"—thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come,"

but we do not believe this for one moment: there can be no starving in Love's house, for there is an abundant supply therein, and everything that is needful is found there in rich profusion: but those who do not belong to the Lord have not spiritual life, hence they neither hunger nor thirst. Living children only hunger for the bread of heaven and thirst for the water of eternal life—"Jesus only," and all these shall be satisfied with manna, honey and oil: nothing of an earthly nature can content them or regale them, but they shall eat the good old corn of the land and have a feast of wines on the lees of ancient covenant love well refined: and this will cause them to forget their poverty and to remember their misery no more. "He that loveth his wife loveth himself." O! could we but live in the fulness of the blessedness of what is here expressed from day

to day, what trouble and care, what anxiety and bewilderment it would save us. It would smoothen our path, it would enliven our life, it would cheer our spirits. O! to realise the fountain-fulness of these dear words: "He that loveth his wife loveth himself," as though the Lord would convey this idea to the mind, only in a glorious and in a spiritual sense. It is natural for man to love himself better than all beside, but in loving his wife he loves himself. Now in Christ loving his bride He loves Himself, thus in that point of view it is self-love, only it is in a high and grand sense. Our's too is self love. This may seem at first sight to be a contradiction, but it is not so. The Lord loves us, and in loving us He loves Himself; we love Him, and we love ourselves in Him. O! blessed jointure: indissoluble union: eternal ties of love and blood. We cannot express the depths of our subject, but we participate in them, and by and bye shall partake more gloriously and more fully of these precious things of the everlasting hills. Child of my God, go as a son and plead your right, go as His own bride, yea, go as Himself: tell Him that you are a part of Himself, since you are in oneness with Himself, a member of His body: tell Him you have a claim upon Him and a title to His vast possessions. This is holy intimacy, this is confidence inwrought by the Holy Ghost, and Love makes His children bold: they delight to rest in His embrace and to realise the sweetness of His word; they love to be enwrapt in glory and killed to earth. May the Lord manifest and reveal Himself to us more often: may we know Him as our Saviour, as our Ransom, as our blessed Emancipator, who has brought us up and brought us out and placed our feet on the Rock of Ages! He has whispered "Fear not," He has sealed us Himself, He has made Himself known to us as our Beloved, the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely, and nothing shall separate us from His love.

"Through the pains of death He sought us,
Paid in blood our ransom too."

This is a noble acknowledgment, this is a heart-confession. He endured our hell for the great love He bore to us; He tracked our steps and followed us where none beside would have ventured; and when He cheers us by light, life, love, and fire divine we can sing these lines feelingly. Ah! we like things belonging to the *home-department*: it is these truths which make

"Sov'reign mercy dear to us,
And Jesus all in all!"

It is true we are sailing through life's stormy sea, but our Husband is at the helm: the billows often roar and the waves toss us, but when our Pilot appears and speaks the tempest to a calm, we have all and abound: when He gives quietness, none can cause trouble: we realise our standing in our grace-Head, our completeness in our glory-Head, and we go on our way rejoicing.

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

SPIRITUAL MYSTERIES REALISED MERCIES.

VERY DEAR FRIEND IN THE LORD JEHOVAH IN WHOM IS EVERLASTING STRENGTH,—“Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord.” To know Him who is the brightness of the Father’s glory and the express image of His Person is life eternal: “And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.” We read, “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His;” but it is our unspeakable mercy to be assured that He is formed in our hearts the hope of glory, and “we know that the Son of God is come:” ah! come in the power of His Spirit, come in the almightiness of His love, come in the plentitude of His mercy, grace and glory. Most precious are the apostle’s words, “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all those also that love His appearing.” His appearing and communings by the way are beyond expression glorious: when our Bridegroom comes, Satan is compelled to fly; when our Beloved reveals Himself through the lattice, we “joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have *now* received the atonement” [thus it is a present tense blessing], and we exclaim, “Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us and not unto the world?” We have the reason assigned in the following words which flow from His heart of love, “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will shew them His covenant,” and the promise of the Father to Christ in the council-chamber of Eternity was, “I the Jehovah have called Thee in righteousness, and will hold Thine hand, and will keep Thee, and give Thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles.” Hence He is the covenant itself, and our Head and Husband likewise; and we “are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant.” O! to watch daily at His gates, to wait at the posts of His doors, to sit at His feet and listen to the gracious words which proceed out of His mouth. “I will hear,” said the Psalmist, “what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints; and when He gives quietness, none can cause trouble. O! it is worth dying daily to live eternally; it is worth being crucified hourly to exist everlast-

ingly. Creature-life and spiritual-life are totally opposed the one to the other, but the heart-expression of the living soul is, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

I thank you much for your very welcome epistle: every word seems big with meaning and fraught with blessedness. Indeed, "there are times," as you say, "when we feel no reluctance at the thought of eventually quitting the clay cottage for the gold mansion," and "there is a satisfactory uneasiness within to depart and be with Christ which is far better." O! how blessed is it when there appears to be but a step between us and full fruition, between us and the climax of all our hopes and aspirations; and how transporting is the thought that ere long our fondest wishes will be consummated, our most longing and glowing desires will be crowned! We shall enter into the joy of our Lord; we shall see Jesus; we shall be like Him; and amidst all the grandeur of God we shall place the crown of our salvation upon the Victor's brow and praise Him throughout an eternal day; "for there shall be no night there," and "There shall be no more curse." It is written, "His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads."

"With beamings of pleasure we'll then strike our lyre,
And join with the blood redeem'd glorified choir,
For ever and ever adoring that grace
Which sought us and brought us within its embrace;"

and even now when the Lord drowns us, as it were, in Himself, we lose sight of everything of a time-nature. It is most glorious, as you have frequently remarked, to be "*lost and found*:" lost to time and found in eternity; lost to earth and found in heaven; lost to self and found in Him. Ah! everything centres in that mighty, in that Almighty *Him*, who is our Brother born for adversity, our unchanging Friend, our near Kinsman. How great the privilege to be permitted to view Him as our Husband, and to regard Him as our Bridegroom beloved, our resurrection and our life, our God, our glory, yea, our All! but few seem to enter into the preciousness of rising from His blessings into His Person, from the streams which issue from the throne of God and of the Lamb into the ocean-fulness of His love and loveliness.

"His Person is more glorious far
Than mortal language can express;"

and very blessed is it to be brought to realise Christ all in all. He is our life, He is life's sustenance; He is our home, our habitation, our dwelling-place; He is our song and our strength; He is the

refuge of our heart and the lifter up of our head; yea, He is the health of our countenance, our God, our guide, our counsellor, and we are His portion, His inheritance. Wondrous depths are contained in that passage, "ye are the temple of the living God." Is it possible that we form the tabernacle, the rest of Him whom the heaven, yea, the heaven of heavens cannot contain; of Him before whom angels veil their faces, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" of Him who spake this mighty universe into being and who upholds all things by the word of His power? Yes! it is most blessedly true; and when we can feelingly dwell in Him by precious faith we realise a little of the sweetness of that union which nothing can dissolve and which nothing can interfere with.

"One with Christ, for ever one,
Debts are paid, and work is done;
Grace and glory both are giv'n,
We are on our way to heav'n."

I do delight in the theme of union: being one with the Lord before time we are brought to Him in time: hence the streams flowing from everlasting grace-partnership are manifested oneness and disclosed and unfolded relationship here below, and dazzling refugence above.

"On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free:
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally."

"There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God;" and when these healing, blissful, precious, life-sustaining as well as life-imparting waters overwhelm and inundate us, when they flow into the soul and run into the dry places like a mighty torrent, what joy and delight are experienced! what peaceful serenity and happy indifference to time-bubbles are felt! As you have many times said, "Out of time we glide," above the world we soar, and in the loved embrace of our eternal Ishi we dwell, at *home* and at *rest*. Heaven then seems begun, glory appears antedated.

"Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesu's feet,
What must it be to wear a crown
And sit with Jesus on His throne?"

Our finite minds cannot tell, though through faith's telescope we behold great and glorious things and gaze into an unseen world. Still to be enthroned with Him passes all understanding, and we cannot fully whilst in the vale compass the "weight of glory" yet to be revealed when, bursting from nature, we shall once and for ever enter the portals of bliss and blessedness.

O come, dear Lord, on wings of love,
And call me to my home above,
No more to wander from Thy side,
But ever in Thee to abide.

We want daily unfoldings, daily communications; we want to feel more frequently pinioned on love, and ready to bound out of time into eternity. It is most blessed to ascend and fly away for a season from this sublunary world, but it is most uncongenial to our spiritual minds, and most contrary to our heaven-born longings to be compelled to descend into the valley: we would ever bask beneath His meridian beam and realise Him to be our true Sabbath, our little Sanctuary; we would continually gaze on the King in His beauty and range the lengths and breaths of Emmanuel's land; and when thus "caught up into paradise" we are constrained to say,

"How we should like to stay
On this high mount of gloire,
And feel the burning ray
Of Christ for evermore:
But day and night must interchange
Till we the realms of glory range."

darkness follows light, summer is superseded by winter; but although

"Wint'ry blasts may check our blooming,"

yet our God is in one mind, and none can turn Him. It is true, when He hides His face we are troubled, and we know something of the fulness of those words, "The days of darkness shall be many." Sometimes neither sun, nor moon, nor stars appear for a lengthened period of time: like Jonah we go down to the bottoms of the mountains; the waters compass us about, the reeds are wrapped about our head, and deep calls unto deep at the noise of His water-spouts, and then the plaintive cry ascends from the burdened and stricken heart, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favorable no more? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? Doth His promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" No! this were impossible. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" Thus faith reasons, though sight and sense would take the tempter's part, and judging at times according to one's own feelings it seems impossible that anything could again elicit a song of triumph and produce an anthem of praise. Nevertheless, as David expresses it, "This is mine infirmity:" one drop of the Lord's love poured into the soul, one bright beam of light, one ray, from the Sun of Righteousness, would have the desired effect, but we find in living experience that He must open up communion before nearness, freedom and liberty can be enjoyed. O! to trust Him where we cannot trace Him.

"E'en crosses, in His sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

This is not the language of nature, and very often the words of one of old are far more in accordance with my feelings, "Not so, my Father." It is hard work to think that all His dealings are in love, and that all His righteous dispensations are but manifestations of His affection: still this must be the case, because "All things—however apparently contrary and complicated—work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Time-arms are taken away in order that we may lean exclusively upon the everlasting arms of the eternal God our refuge, and O! the blessedness, as Hawker says, of living "above creature enjoyments upon Creator fulness." My dear Friend, amidst all we are the subjects of what a mercy is it to be necessitated to live wholly upon the Lord! Surely we can raise an Ebenezer stone and say hitherto He has helped us;

"And can He have taught us to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought us to put us to shame?"

Impossible! it is certainly easier to praise Him for all that is past than to trust Him for all that is to come; still there are times and seasons when,

"Set free from present sorrow,
We joyfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,"

well knowing that

"It can bring with it nothing
.But He will bear us through."

Our treasure is above, our heart is there also, and when the Lord reveals Himself, our meditation of Him is sweet; our conversation is in heaven; when He causes the well of living water to spring up, out of the heart's abundance the mouth speaks. Says Christ, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." This having life *more abundantly* is what we love to realise: for though it is quite true that the life is more than meat, yet we need spiritual food day by day—spiritual manna and spiritual water; we want to partake of the old corn of the land and to have draughts of the wine of the kingdom; we want to feed on the Paschal Lamb, though it be with bitter herbs, and to drink of that spiritual Rock which follows us, that Rock being Christ. He is our fountain fulness, our sea of pleasures, our river of delights, our Arbor of rest, our Bower of repose: and "Truly our fellowship—our partnership—is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." Yes! our hearts still beat in unison, and centre in one

object, even in the glorious Person of our most glorious Lord, and we are quite willing that He should ever reign the highest in our affections. What a blessed meeting-place is Jesus!

"O! sweet Pavilion, there I hide,
Blest Refuge, there I flee,
And shelter in His bleeding side
To all eternity."

May He often read His assurances of love in our individual souls, and grant us a realisation of His presence! When He opens up to us His power and His glory, the fleeting things of time recede from view and wilderness cares are forgotten: when He beckons us away from earth, mists, clouds, shades and shadows are beneath us: looking unto Him, our full-orbed Sun, we are lightened; beholding Him, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory; and thus we prove the fulfilment of that dear promise. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

I have been reading Erskine's "sonnets" with great pleasure, and I have especially enjoyed, "The believer's jointure," and a piece entitled, "The song of heaven desired by saints on earth." Do you know this latter poem? I cannot forbear quoting four lines:

"Happy the company that's gone
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne;
How loud they sing upon the shore,
To which they *sail'd in heart* before!"

How precious was he led to speak of that communion with the Lord, that intimate intercourse which is the life of true religion; and how earnestly did he long and pant for Bethel-visits and Peniel visitations! Not many in our day can reciprocate his warm expressions and heavenly breathings, but I well know that they find a response—an echo—in your soul, and what is mere *form* without *power*? what is *profession* without *possession*? A blank: a void. Present realisation and eternal fruition are precious verities, manifested oneness and everlasting possession are glorious realities; and when we can feelingly enter into our grace-relation to Jesus, and realise our grace-interest in Jesus, and grace-union with Jesus, we see at once that we were blessed in Him with *all* spiritual blessings—how comprehensive!—in heavenly places before the foundation of the world, and that we are "accepted in the Beloved." "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." I think there seems to be more enwrapment in that word *redemption* than there does in *salvation*, because it signifies an anterior, a prior possession. Here we have covenant relationship; and because of Love's indissoluble ties Jesus became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross: hence,

as one has expressed it, He is our "redemption home." "Old things are passed away: behold all things are become new." "Wherefore," says Paul, "henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more." This is a most wonderful portion: it so completely takes one away from earth and from everything of a tangible nature, and it so clearly demonstrates that we are now raised up together and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. How great the grace! How sweet the song,

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity!"

Yea, the "fulness of Him that filleth all in all:" "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones!" Verily, when contemplating these truths, under the ministration of the Holy Ghost, "Our thoughts are lost, our members fail," and we can only exclaim,

"All hail! redeeming love, all hail!"

I hope, dear Friend, the Lord will constrain you to send me a few lines a little oftener: it seemed very long since I had heard from you. I remember your telling me I might *claim* some letters, but they are so few and far between. That cluster of promises which you have named (Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2) belongs to me, but is that mine more than are others in God's Word? Well, in one sense, but not in another, because "All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen:" still I never read this passage or hear it mentioned but it recalls the moment in my little eventful life when the Lord sealed it home with almighty power, and almost immediately afterwards whispered, "I will come again, and receive *you* unto myself, that where *I* am, there *ye* may be also."

"O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be."

I did not purpose writing so much, but my pen as run on, and I am surprised to find how long my letter really is.

With our united kindest remembrances to you and to Mrs. Wilcockson,

Believe me, ever to remain,
Very affectionately your's,

E. L. THORNTON.

Hartley Villa,
Plymouth,

October. 26th, 1868.

HOUSEHOLD GREETINGS.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED DAUGHTER IN THE FAITH, AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy and peace be with you.

Times and again have I purposed in my mind writing to you of the uncommon "common salvation," but have hitherto, by a variety of causes, been hindered, but do not construe my silence to lack of love and real spiritual affection, for if I were to write to you as frequently as I bear you in remembrance, you would often get a warm epistle from a hot heart. You are one of the *few* that I ever hold *dear*, because you are *near* in love and blood ties, and in death I do not believe that we shall be divided. You are one of the very few who have acted toward me in strict keeping with their profession. In a word: your love has abounded. The Lord go on to bless and to keep you the whole of your journey here, and when you shall have done with the things of time, may He grant you an abundant entrance into His glory-kingdom! The earnest of this blest estate you have received by the ministration of the Holy Ghost, I well know, and I do not think that you will consider me wide of the mark if I say that it took place when He extended peace to you like a river. Was it not a memorable time? Did you not experience it as a real pledge of eternal love? Was it not to your soul a blest antepast of eternal fruition? Had you not at that glorious time the firstfruits of the upper harvest? Can you forget the joy, the happiness, and the holy delight that you experienced at that hallowed time? Could you not call it Peniel? Did you not then see God face-to-face in the face of Jesus Christ? Oh could you not at that blest time sing sweetly, delightfully, gloriously,

" Oh sweet repast of living bread !
In Thine embraces, Lord, I said,
I'm sick of love and faint to see
Thy banner thus spread over me."

But who were you, and what had you done that you should be so indulged, so highly favored, when thousands and tens of thousands live and die in profound ignorance of these blest realities and glorious verities? Your only reply to such an interrogation must be, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

" 'Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, or frames ;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's."

Beloved, the Lord has shown you many times that love is unchangeable, uncoolable, and unconditional ; that grace is sovereign, discriminating, unswerving, rich, full and free. Though you have never merited a drop of love, you possess a vast ocean of heart-love, God-love, Christ-love, and Spirit-love. Al-

though you never deserved one ray of spiritual light, yet you inherit a glorious and eternal fount of light in the Person of Him who is your everlasting Light, your God and your glory. Though you never were worthy of the least of all His favors, the smallest of all His mercies, the tiniest of all His blessings, yet you can feelingly, joyfully, delightfully say, from the very heart of your inmost soul; "I have all and abound:" sometimes, it is true, you have to walk in darkness and dejection, but in such a path you are not at home. The presence of your best Friend and only Beloved is what you sincerely crave. The lines of Toplady, at such seasons, are most appropriate wherein he says,

"The sense of Thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow, for Thee alone,
My All in All, I pray.

Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself Thou canst not give,
And I can crave no more."

How wonderful, beloved, that He should bestow Himself upon us, and take us into union with His own most glorious Self! Had He have redeemed us and saved us, and given us grace and glory, these had been small, very small, blessings compared with giving Himself to us and taking us to Himself. Do we thus speak lightly of His blessings? Indeed we would not, for we well know that anything short of hell is a blessing that we never deserved, a favor that we never merited; but we would say to our Beloved,

"Thy Person is more glorious far
Than mortal language can express;
Indeed, dear Lord, Thy beauties are
Too great for me I must confess."

Union with Christ, oneness with Jesus, and communion with our Beloved, are great and grand realities. Union secures communion, and communion opens and unfolds union. Had there have been no union, there could not have possibly been any communication. Had not Eve have been a rib in Adam, the Lord never would have brought her to Adam when He had built her into a woman. She was first in the man, then taken out of the man, and afterwards brought to the man; and the Lord did it all. This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church. The Church is now "bone of His bone," "joined to the Lord and one Spirit." You and I, beloved, form a portion of this "Church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all;" and we can join Hawker in his precious hymn,

"Yes, we are one, she cries,
'Midst all my leprous state,
And no man ever yet
Was known his flesh to hate:
And I'm His flesh, our oneness proves,
In loving me, Himself He loves."

Is it possible? Can it indeed be true? Is it really and truly a blest reality? Am I one with Jesus? Am I united to the Lord of life and glory? Am I in union -oneness with my unchanging Beloved? Am I bound in the bundle of life with Christ who is my life? Am I cemented to Him by love-joints and blood-bands? Am I knit to Him in one grand framework of love? Am I built up in Him a holy temple? Is it possible that I can be so united to Him, so one with Him, so incorporated in Him, that we can be seen in glorious and unalterable union by the Mighty God of Jacob? Indeed, we are no more twain but one flesh. And, O, mercy of mercies, wonder of wonders, "This honor have all the saints!" Ah! beloved, and this unspeakable honor have you. You belong to the people of whom the Word of the Lord emphatically says, "A people near unto Him!" So near, that no foul air of hell, or sin, or world, or flesh, or devil, can come between. Oh, sacred deep of love-union! Oh, holy mystery of blood relationship! Oh, mighty mercy of grace and glory-oneness! Who can express with creature tongue, who can relate by human words, who can utter in mortal language, the glory, the blessedness, the preciousness, the sweetness, of grace relationship with the Lord of lords, the King of kings, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? Who can speak His worth? Who can set forth a millionth part of his peerless glory?

"Language is lame, and very far
Short of expression; something like a star
Compar'd with that great orb of day, the sun."

But, beloved, we must stay our pen; for what can we say of "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write?" The world indeed could not hold the books that might be written of Him; so that He would have to build a larger world to form a depository to contain a record of His matchless Person, peerless glories, transcendent beauties, mighty works, glorious conquests, and wondrous mercies. And yet He is a root out of the dry ground of His Church, there being neither form nor comeliness in Him to the natural mind; but to us, being in us, He is the altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand. He is "the plant of renown" in our affections, "the root of the matter" in our hearts, and "the hope of the gospel" in our souls. We are nothing without Him, we are all in Him, for He constitutes our all. We live in Him, we dwell with Him, we rest upon Him: He lives in us our life, He dwells in us our love, He rests upon us our peace. "We live the life He lives in us." "The body without the Spirit is dead." "Now the Lord is that Spirit; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" to say from the very bottom of the

heart of our soul, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me." He says, "Thy desire shall be to thy Husband, and He shall rule over thee;" for "Thy Maker is thy Husband;" and "Thou shalt be for me, and so will I be for thee;" for "Thou becamest mine" when I became thine. And "ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear" that you have no part nor lot in my matchless Person and mighty works, "but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father:" and you well know that "If children then, heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." Surely we must exclaim in contemplating these blest and glorious realities,

"Oh love of unexamp'l'd kind
Which leaves all thoughts so far behind!"

Beloved, my heart is warmed in writing to you, one of the Lord's loved and blood-bought children; and my desire is that you may catch the flame of inward and holy delight whilst reading this testimony of Him, who is to both of us All in All. When we are enabled, by the ministering power of the blest Spirit, to write of Him, read of Him, or speak of Him, who is the express image of the Father's Person, and the delight of our eyes, and the desire of our heart, we feel light in the Lord, love in the Lord, joy in the Lord, and peace in the Lord. Time-shadows then recede, creature-themes and meaner-things are left far behind and far below. We then get upon the mountains that are round about Jerusalem, and He makes all His mountains of love, of peace, of blood, of grace and of glory a WAY, and His Highway (Christ) is exalted; for He shall be exalted, extolled, and set very high: and He must reign till He hath put all enemies beneath His feet. Oh, blessed and glorious Conqueror! Oh, mighty and matchless Victor! Oh, triumphant and transcendent Captain of our salvation! Oh, all over and altogether precious Beloved! What can we say of Thee and to Thee? Thou art infinitely and eternally too great, grand and glorious for mortal pen, human tongue, or creature language to set forth. Thine excellence defies description; Thy beauty infinitely exceeds the powers of created intelligence to portray. Thou art more glorious than the mountains of prey. Thou art more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir. None can know Thee but Thyself, and none can describe Thee save Thyself. Our knowledge of Thee, O our precious Beloved, is very limited. One drop of Thine ocean-fulness is enough to inundate our souls. But one ray of Thine uncreated and immortal light is enough to light up the dark dungeon of our heart, and turn our mud-cottage into a crystal palace of holy and divine light. But one spark of Thine almighty fire is sufficient to kindle a vehement flame of purest love in our

soul. But just a streamlet from the ever-full and ever-flowing fountain of Thy precious blood suffices to turn away ungodliness from Jacob, and sweep into the land of forgetfulness the whole of our Adam pollution and creature defilement. But a single word from Thine all-gracious, all-glorious, all-precious lips of truth, and love, and light, and wisdom, and knowledge, dropped into our heart, assures us in a moment that we are Thine, that Thou art our's, and that where Thou art, there it is Thy delight, and Thy will, and Thy pleasure that we should be also. O, precious, precious Christ !

"Th' heav'n to dwell in Thine embrace,
And no where else but there."

What can we say more of Thee, and for Thee, and to Thee ? Thou knowest, and Thou alone, the heart of Thy servant. Thou hast said, O glorious Beloved, in the whispers of Thy love, in the still-small voice of Thine affection, "Blessed art thou, Simon-Barjona ; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven : " and Thou hast further said, O my Beloved, "Thou shalt see greater things than these ! " Bless and praise Thy gracious name, Thou wilt be as good as Thy word upon which Thou hast caused me to hope ; and a little while, and the veil of mortality will be thrown aside : mortality shall then be swallowed up of life : my disembodied soul shall fly to Thine immediate presence, and my ransomed spirit shall bask under Thy brilliant sun-beams to an eternal day. Oh, how I will gaze upon Thee in ecstatic wonder ! Oh, how I will warble forth Thy matchless praises ! How my hands of light and love will sweep the golden harp to the praise of the glory of Thy grace which hath made me accepted in Thee, my Beloved. Even now, dear and ever precious Jesus, I love to praise Thee, to speak of the glory of Thine inner and secret kingdom, and talk of Thy revealed power. But Thou knowest, precious Lord, how many drawbacks I am the subject of here ; and if I do not constantly praise Thee, it is in my heart to do so ; and Thou also very well knowest, dearest Lord, that Thou canst stoop low enough to take the *will* of Thy child. It is the heart that Thou art pleased to judge me by, and thou art well aware, dear Jesus, that my heart is right ; for it is Thy gift and Thy dwelling. At this moment I can feel Thee there, and love Thee there, and bless and praise Thee there. Indeed I can experience Thee as mine own eternal and unalterable Beloved. Thy love to me is wonderful, passing the love of women. And what can I say more at this time, dearest Jesus ? for I feel that if I had a thousand tongues and a million pens I could employ each and all to bless Thee, and to praise Thee, and even then

"All would be mean to speak Thy worth,
Too poor to set Thy glories forth."

Most dearly beloved, I must stay my pen. Bless the Lord for the treat I have had at this time. I would not mind writing to you every day, could I have such soul-enjoyment as that which I now experience. The Lord alone be praised. Let everything that hath breath praise the name of the Lord. Amen. Hallelujah.

How are you all getting on? The Lord bless you and keep you. Our united very best love.

Believe me to remain,

Very affectionately your's,

A. WILCOCKSON.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GLEANER.

MUCH BELOVED FRIEND,—My heart rejoices that the glorious Testifier has been again taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them unto you; for it is in His days that the righteous flourish; and as He is exalted in the soul, self is abased.

I confess that some things that you mentioned in your letter I had not before seen in the same way. My soul longs more than ever for an increase of this spiritual knowledge of Him. Thorns within and thorns without I keenly feel; but in Him is found such rest and refreshing as to make one sing even while feeling the smart.

May we cleave unto Him with full purpose of heart, that it may be with us as it was with Paul: "I live, yet not I; but Christ liveth in me." Thus, too, will it come to pass that we shall not seek our own things, but the things which are Jesus Christ's, and whether we live, we shall live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we shall die unto the Lord; so that whether living or dying, we are the Lord's.

Truly, my dear Friend, we should be learning more and more how completely He has saved us in Himself, and how constantly He delights in us with all His heart, so that we have no need to seek for anything in ourselves to make us more entirely accepted or more beloved. He cannot love us more, nor will He love us less; for in loving her, His Church, His Bride, He loves Himself. The experience of this union releases the soul from a host of cares and anxious thoughts. Living in His love, that same love flows back to His own dear Person, and being satisfied with Him and His goodness, the heart has "leisure from itself" to seek His glory.

The things which I taste and handle declare I unto you, my beloved; and most ardently do I long to grow in willingness to be poor in self, that I may learn experimentally more of His unsearch-

able riches who will be all or nothing. When He is *all*, there is no complaining in our spiritual streets: much of our complaining shows a desire to be something, which desire He will never gratify; but viewing us in Himself, He ever says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee:" and the response of faith and love is, "Thou art all fair, my Beloved;" "Thou art fairer than the children of men."

You will see where I am, just delighting in the same dear object; yea, I think that I am more absorbed in Him than ever, with a growing desire to be still more so. When I hear anyone speak against so much preaching and talking of Christ, I can only think—Well, if this is to be vile, I must be yet more vile, and will be base in my own eyes that He may be more and more exalted. I do not wish to conceal this, for it is the truth, and I would always be honest. Moreover, to His praise I must confess, that the more I am taken up with Him, the more blessedly do I realise His grace to be sufficient for me, and that amidst many trials and temptations, and through all the plague of indwelling sin. This I find is more subdued by looking at Him, because our Father hath laid all our help upon this mighty One. I humbly conceive, too, that much heart burning would be enjoyed, if pilgrims were to meet to search for Him in all the Scriptures, and to ask for the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him.

You will remember what a blessing I had in tracing His sorrowful footprints in the pain of unanswered prayer in Psalm xxii. It is rather singular that my own steppings since have been in the same path, and thus He sometimes says, "Follow me." But He has given sweet encouraging words, and He is a precious sympathising companion in tribulation. Yet little did I think, when telling you of my Good Friday feast, that I was going to follow the Lamb in the sharp exercise of unanswered petition, and *that* when thinking I had the promise of an answer. I believe that all is for the abasing of self, and for the lifting up of my precious Jesus on high. How true is that word, "I will lead the blind by a way that they knew not."

I want also to tell you how I have been enjoying those words, "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar: it shall never go out." You know that I have often enjoyed them in an experimental sense—the fire of love burning on the altar of our heart, and kept alive by Him who kindled it. Now, the ever-burning fire on the Jewish altar seemed to set forth the unsatisfactory nature of those sacrifices; for, though thousands of goats, of bullocks, of rams, and of lambs were consumed, still the fire burnt on, crying, as it were, "Give, give!" And as that flame was kindled from heaven, how did it show that sin remained unatoned for, the law unfulfilled, justice un-

satisfied: and that in all the multiplied offerings the Divine Law-giver had found no pleasure. They were only like promises of payment; and the unextinguished fire seemed like that word, "In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." And, O! what a glorious contrast: "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him!" because every stroke brought payment of the debt. He did find pleasure in that sacrifice, because it brought honor to His Divine attributes, and salvation to His people. Thenceforward the altar fire burns not again; the fire of justice has gone out as regards the Church, for the blood of the Lamb has quenched and extinguished it. And "this is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Oh, what fathomless depths of grace and love are in these words! The sins were remembered against Him, but they shall not be remembered against them: for them awaits no unquenchable fire. When their Surety said, "It is finished," justice said, "It is enough." He quenched His Father's flaming sword in His own vital blood.

I know not whether you will get any of the savor of His sacrifice through my weak words; but my endless, blissful theme is ever new, and it is a feeling one—Jesus and salvation will never wear out. Oh, what will it be to see Him face to face if foretastes are so blissful! "In whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

I remain, your tenderly affectionate

RUTH.

HOUSEHOLD PRIVILEGES.

When I can unburden my mind,
Tell Jesus my grief and my care,
I then can most feelingly find
The sweetness of spiritual prayer.
I own it a privilege divine,
A favour most signally given,
To come to the banquet of wine,
Partake of the kingdom of heaven.
When thousands around me are dead,
And love not the truths of my God;
I'm feeding on spiritual bread, [blood.
And drinking sweet draughts of His
His love, how amazingly grand!
And more, how surprisingly deep!
That pluck'd me from hell as a brand,
And caus'd me to joyfully weep:

To weep to the praise of His grace,
And sing to the love of His heart,
To dwell in His blessed embrace,
Find distance and darkness depart,
Are mercies I cannot express,
Rich blessings exceeding all thought,
And yet He can love me no less,
Though I praise Him not as I ought.
His love was not fix'd upon me,
His blessings were never bestow'd,
Because that I worthy should be,
Whilst travelling this wilderness road;
For Jesus was very well sure,
Astray I should go from the womb,
Remain in the flesh quite impure,
E'en right away down to the tomb.

Yes, yes, I am certain of this,
He lov'd me although I was mean,
By th' conquest of mercy I'm His,
Though in self not fit to be seen.

He calls me His dove and His bride,
Pronounces me free from a spot,
Nor from His fair flesh can He hide,
Or see the least blemish or blot.

A wonder to many am I,
Despis'd by professors at large,
And yet I can joyfully cry,
There's naught can be laid to my charge;

For Jesus, my Lord and my God,
My faithful, unchangeable Friend,
This desert, so dreary, once trod,
Sin, death, and destruction to end :

His soul He pour'd out unto death,
The life of all lives He resign'd,
In agony breath'd His last breath,
And this was the reason assign'd :

His love was so fervent and free,
My union to Him was so real,
Determin'd for ever was He
All wrath and damnation to feel,

That I, a poor worm of the earth,
So distant by nature from God,
Most vile and ignoble by birth,
Might be nearer than angels by blood.

What love everlasting was this !
What mercy divine, to be sure !
He's made me eternally His,
And wash'd a vile sinner so pure,

That th' eye of Omniscience must fail
To see the least trace of my sin,
And enemies on me may rail,
But charges can ne'er be brought in.

Astonish'd, I fall at His feet,
Amazed at mercy so great !
His love so exceedingly sweet,
For ever my soul would relate.

In regions of love and of light,
In th' presence of Jesus my God,
I'll sing with extatic delight,
How sweet are the Lamb and His blood !

Ah ! sweeter than honey by far,
More precious than rubies in gold,
His glories, I'm free to say, are
Too brilliant to ever be told.

No language that's human I know,
Can compass the love of His heart,
Though words should eternally flow,
They'd fail to express but a part.

To speak of His goodness divine,
To mention a tith of His love,
The pleasure of calling Him mine,
In language, becoming His dove,

Is taught in the school of free grace,
By th' Spirit of Him I adore,
Whose arms will for ever embrace
A sinner He cannot love more.

A sinner so signally blest,
A creature so favor'd as I,
Has cause everlasting to rest
On Jesus Jehovah, Most High ;

To praise Him each day of my life,
To crown Him the Lord of my heart,
To love Him becoming His wife,
From self and from folly depart :

But I cannot do as I would,
Of this He is very well sure ;
For when I'm inclined to good,
The world, sin, and Satan allure.

The bondage of soul I then feel,
No language can ever express ;
My heart is as cold as the steel,
My spirit is fill'd with distress :

My foes and my fears then annoy,
I tremble and shake like a leaf ;
My peace and my spiritual joy
Are exchang'd for sorrow and grief.

Then I look for th' light of the sun,
And wish from my heart it were day,
And think it's for something I've done,
That Jesus has hasten'd away.

I mourn in my soul His return,
But fear that His time is not yet,
For Christ, my Beloved, I yearn
While th' enemy makes me to fret.

Anon there's a break in the sky,
The day-star, so welcome, appears,
My vision can faintly descry, {fears,
Through th' mist of my doubts and my

The joyful forerunner of day,
The harbinger, brilliant and bright,
Dispersing and chasing away
The gloomy remains of the night.

Then, bursting through clouds of despair,
The sun's bright refulgence is seen,
Dispelling the gloom of dull-care,
Most sweetly transforming the scene.

Up, up on the wings of the day,
I rise to the fountain of light,
And warble my spiritual lay
Whilst taking my aerial flight.

High, high 'bove the wilderness clod,
Remote from the desert of sin,
I soar to the presence of God,
With Jesus I'm ever shut in.

There, there my Beloved with me
In the midst of the grandeur of gloire,
Delighted each other to see,
Shall live and rejoice evermore

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. XI.

APRIL, 1869.

No. 127.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Because as He is, so are we in this world."—1 John iv. 17.

This truth seems almost too grand and too glorious for us to touch upon, but it is a blessed reality, it is a precious mercy, and the Lord means every word that is here expressed in its fullest latitude, to its greatest extent.

"As He is, so are we in this world." Now, child of God, if we can realise one millionth part of this dear portion, we shall praise the Lord with our hearts full of love, and our souls lit up with heavenly fire, we shall speak of the glory of His kingdom, and talk of His power; we shall rehearse His righteous acts, and go on our way rejoicing. There is an almighty deep couching beneath these words, and we cannot dive into their fathomless depths, we cannot range their lengths, scan their heights or explore their breaths; indeed their free-grace fulness it is impossible to utter forth: but if the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Spirit of our risen and glorified Jesus, be in our midst, if He indite the good matter in the speaker's heart, and reveal what shall be spoken to the hearer, we shall be mutually refreshed. However clearly God's truth may be expressed and set forth, without His sovereign power displayed, it is impossible to realise any blessedness or to enjoy any sweetness. The Minister of the New Testament alone can convey savour, dew and unction: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." It is life we want, it is light we pant for, it is power we crave and long to realise. O! to have life, and to "have it more abundantly." O! to have it more blessedly, more gloriously, more refulgently. May the Holy Spirit take of the things of Christ and show them unto us: may He grant us a blessed entering into the vast and boundless deeps here enwrap! May He reveal unto us the abundance of

peace and truth: may our preaching be in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: and may your faith not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God! We shall then say it is good to be here, and we shall sing with the poet—

“ My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.”

A little of His love manifested makes us forget time and time-sorrow; and when the Lord reveals His mercy blessedly, and opens up His goodness precious, we think none were ever so blessed and favored before: we then magnify Him for what Love has executed, and for what Love has unfolded: we rise into the pure atmosphere of love; we feel Jesus to be in our midst; we catch rays of light, of life, of glory, from Him; and we enjoy His blessed life-giving presence. Yes, we have realised great and glorious things, and we adore our Beloved for what He has told us and shown us, but He has said, “Thou shalt see greater things than these;” hence, though we have many times been filled with His fulness, and satisfied with favor, we are ever on the look out for further developments. How blessed is it to be raised above the beggarly elements of this time-state, and above all corroding cares! How sweet to feel that this world and transitory things are shut out, and that we are resting in the embrace of our Ishi! When His whispers of love are heard, and His blest presence is enjoyed, we glide into our eternal Sabbath, and we realise something of the blessedness of that rest which remaineth to the people of God: and although we know our everlasting safety, and are assured that our union-oneness with the Lord cannot be altered, and that our grace-relationship with the Son of the Father's love cannot be interfered with or undergo the least variation, yet we love to hear our Shepherd's voice, to feel His presence, to enjoy His companionship, and to experience that peace which passeth all understanding. Child of God, you cannot contradict this, though you may say that your frames and feelings are not your life, which is perfectly true: you live upon your faithful covenant God, upon your blessed and unchanging Jehovah Jesus, who is your sea of life, your river of pleasures, your fountain of bliss, your sun of righteousness; and you rest upon His covenant character, upon His immutability, upon His unchanging nature, His oath, His promise: but notwithstanding this—and it is most blessed to be brought to realise and to enter into this *feelingly*—do you not delight in the intimations of His love, in the manifestations of His mercy, in the openings and the unfoldings of His beauties and His matchless glories? O! I say, do you not love

these enjoyments, these glorious mountain-top revelations? Do you not prize communion and fellowship with the King of kings and Lord of lords, and do you not like to be ravished with His goodness and transported with His looks of love? O! to realise more and more that we are not members of this world. O! to lose all relation to Adam the first, and from ties of the creature to joyfully burst. O! to forget time, self, circumstances and all natural connections, and so to enter into our spiritual oneness with Christ; that we may feel more continually that we are on the living side of death, and that we live in eternity, in resurrection-blessedness with the Lord. "Ah," say you, "I know that this is all true, and I have realised not His *written* love but His *revealed, manifested, inspired* love, and I have been constrained to say, Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto me, and not unto the world? but I often feel the reverse of liveliness in the ways of the Lord. Perhaps when listening to His glorious gospel being preached, and the precious things of the lasting hills being dilated on, or when reading the eternal truths contained in His sacred Word, which none shall be able to gainsay, or when dwelling on that covenant ordered in all things and sure, and on that love which took its rise in eternity and had its source, its origin, in the mind of Jehovah, ten thousand creature-things have engrossed my attention: I have longed to shake them off and to fly above them, for they have exercised and perplexed me beyond measure, but I have not been able to do so." Ah! we perfectly understand you, and many times have we stood up to preach when the mind has been carried away with the things of time and sense. "But," say you, "can this be possible?" Yes, often have I been discoursing on the sovereignty of God, and speaking of the blessings which are treasured up in the fulness of Christ on behalf of the church, when my thoughts have been diverted, and I have been pondering over other things: my eyes have been like the fool's in the ends of the earth, and I felt tempest-tossed and comfortless. The children of God may have thought that liberty and freedom have been experienced, whereas neither have been enjoyed: this may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, and the family circle know that it is just the same in hearing. Perhaps nearly all the time their attention may have been engrossed with sublunary matters, and almost at the close of the service the Lord has granted them a sip of the brook by the way, an intimation of His heart love, but this has made up for all. O! yes: He can communicate in one moment what He sometimes takes ten minutes to convey; and when the peace of Jesus is realised, when His favor is enjoyed, when His dateless, changeless, unquenchable, unvarying, uncoolable love is shed abroad in the heart the soul rebounds with delight and the eyes overflow with tears of gratitude:

But to our Text. "Because as He is, so are we in this world." Previous to this semi-sentence the Holy Ghost by John shows of whom this is spoken. He says, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him:" and then he goes on to declare, "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world." Thus it is a joint-dwelling; and as though the Lord would not only show us that we dwell in God, and that He dwells in us, by the power of His own Spirit, but rising higher He conveys to us an infinitely more glorious truth, telling us that "As He is, so are we in this world," on account of oneness, by virtue of union. "O!" say some, "we think we shall be as He is eventually, by and bye, when we shall leave the stage of time and bound into His presence once and for ever, but to realise that as He is, so are we *now* seems beyond all thought." But our text is written in the present tense; and when we behold Jesus, our risen and eternal Head, our Resurrection and our Life, our God and our Glory, we rise *in* Him and *with* Him; when we gaze on His uncreated glories, we tread the world beneath our feet and all this earth calls good and great.

"As He is, so are we in this world." If an angel came down from the high court of heaven and attempted to explain this declaration he must fail, for Godhead only can discover its fullness, Deity alone can preach out its grandeur and its blessedness. Explore it or range it we cannot, but if the power of this portion shall pass through our mind, by the ministration of the holy Comforter, and if the Lord shall permit us to enjoy something of the sweetness of what is here penned, we shall have a glorious and a blessed time of refreshing from His presence: if He shall show to us the glories of union-oneness, and give us to participate in that close relationship which exists between Jesus and His people, we shall realise that we are partakers of the divine nature, and we shall sing to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He has made us "accepted in the Beloved." How blessed is it to feel this knitting of love, this union of love, this bond of love, and to be brought into all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ! Comprehend this vast subject we cannot, for it is a mighty and an inexplicable deep, a complicated mystery, and none by searching can find out God, but we enjoy it by power divine; and when we can enter into our spiritual oneness with the Lamb of God, we have as much as heart can hold or soul desire. How great the grace, how sweet the song,

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity!"

One in the tomb, one when He rose,
 One when He triumph'd o'er His foes,
 One when in heav'n He took His seat,
 Whilst seraphs sang all hell's defeat."

O! to call Jesus our Beloved is beyond all expression glorious. I would rather claim Him as *my* Lord and *my* God than possess the Indies. I want not the world; its pleasures I do not desire, its vanities I do not covet, but the knowledge of my interest in Jesus makes me triumph in the Lord; and when He reminds me of His mercies and of His faithfulness, I feel pinioned on love and full with His blessing. When He appears, I appear with Him and like Him, and I realise that as He is, so am I in this world. What do we understand by this? Why, "with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory:" and, like Jacob of old, we see God face to face. Nothing short of this revelation, by the powerful ministration of the Holy Ghost; nothing short of this manifestation of mercy, this opening of God's will, will content me; but I cannot fully enter into the beauties of my Beloved, or explore His glories and His dignity. Indeed, His everlasting perfections and His eternal excellencies are so grand and glorious that words fail to express a tithe, language cannot show forth a millionth part. Deity cannot be searched out by man, and no finite mind can speak out the beauties of our eternal Bridegroom. His dignity and grandeur cannot be told, but all that He is and all that He has belong to us. Is He glorious? So are we. Is He beautiful and comely? So are we. Is He exalted far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion? So are we. "As He is, so are we in this world." Blessed, vital, living truth! "The King's daughter is all-glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold." All-glorious! how comprehensive! This takes in and includes all glory, and there is no glory that the church possesses not. This is not to us a dead sentiment, an empty name, a bare statement, but in heart-realisation and spirit-apprehension we enjoy the blessedness which is enwrapped in these words, and the Lord moreover says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." In all their bearings and in all their latitude He means these words, for His people stand in His unsullied perfection, in His everlasting holiness, in His eternal beauty, in His dignity and glory. Child of God, can you realise that you are all-fair? Well may we say to you as did Jesus to Martha of old, "Believest thou this?" It seems almost too glorious, but it is blessedly true, and we are pure and spotless by reason of grace imparted, beauty communicated, the perfection of Jesus put upon us. Christ is all-glorious, and the church is equally glorious in oneness with Him: she is pure even as He is pure, comely as He is comely; yea, "As He is, so are we in this:

world." Christ is formed in the heart of His individual members, and He is the incorruptible seed which it was declared should bruise the serpent's head. He is the object of the Father's love. He is the subject of the Father's choice. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell:" and in Scripture language the Bride is called "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." Jesus is all-fulness; and she is in union with all-fulness, in oneness with all-fulness; she dwells in Him who is all-fulness, and the continual desire of our heart is to be filled with all the fulness of God, even with Christ. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" and though His people are all-emptiness in themselves considered, yet in Him they are complete. "The body without the Spirit is dead," and it is right that the individual members thereof should feel their emptiness personally and experimentally, for when they are quite empty, and have no strength shut up or left, they are sweetly adapted for all-fulness; but until they are brought to this point, all-fulness does not dwell in them, that is, to their heart's joy, to their soul's delight. How wondrous it is that the church should be spoken of as the fulness and the glory of Christ, but it is because He, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, dwells in her that she is thus called. He constitutes her fulness: He forms her glory: she is everlastingly one with Him—joined to the Lord, allied to the mighty God of Jacob. No description can equal the grandeur of this relationship, no similitude can set it forth, but it is a glorious fact, a blessed reality, and our text is in strict analogy with the portion just quoted.

"As He is, so are we in this world." This is infinitely beyond being like the angels or the flaming intelligences round the throne. What, can it be possible that we are united to Godhead? Yes, it is an inexplicable deep, but it is a precious truth. "I was set up," saith Wisdom, "from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was," but He includes His body here; and He likewise says, "My delights were with the sons of men." How was this? Because they comprised His members, His substance. Thus saith the Lord, "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect: and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them," that is, in actual existence; and He will cause those that love Him to inherit substance, and He will fill their treasures. Not only shall they inherit substance, but they shall take possession thereof; and what is this but to inherit and feed upon Christ, who is our substance, and who is reality and vitality itself! He is the glorious invisible Jehovah made visible, and when He verifies this new-covenant promise in our experience, we honor the Lord with our substance and with the firstfruits of all our increase. This is not knowing

Him by any effort of the creature, neither is it by virtue, or rectitude, or goodness of our own. No! no! There is only one way in which we can honor Him, and that is with His own gifts. Nothing but real, vital substance will avail, the shadow is worthless: and how blessed is it at all times to magnify and extol the Man of the Father's right hand, to rehearse His righteous acts, and to recount the wonders love has done! Christ in His matchless Person is the substance We possess, and we are the substance He possesses; He is our dwelling-place, we are His; He is our inheritance, we are His. We should never have thought it possible that we could be so dignified had not the Lord have stated it thus plainly and blessedly, but He has founded us upon Himself and we are raised up together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: we are one with Him, closely allied to Him, and He cannot be named without our being included. This is the union I love, this is the relationship I delight to speak of. Some contemplate Christ as one object and the Church as another, but when He is referred to His members are comprehended: they are no more twain, but one flesh: and when bone comes to his bone, the exclamation flows forth, "Lord, who is like unto Thee!" When He cheers us with His love, and leads us to pastures green and waters clear, we have all and abound; yea, our cups run over. "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister spouse," saith the Bridegroom of our souls, or "Thou hast stolen my affections." How sweet are His words! how glorious His accents! O! to identify ourselves with our Kinsman-Redeemer. This is beyond all expression, beyond all human powers to describe. How many here have enjoyed this union in ever so small a measure? How many have realised the companionship of the eternal God our Refuge? How many have tasted that the Lord is gracious? How many have had a revelation of Christ to their immortal mind?

"As He is, so are we in this world." As He is in His meridian glory, in His uncreated and effulgent light, so are we by virtue of being members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. Some may call this arrogance and presumption, but the Word of God declares it, and we realise and enjoy it; and although many think that these subjects are too transcendently glorious to dwell upon, yet be it our's to know more and more of Christ and of the perfection of the church, the glory of the Bride of the Lamb. These are heart-warming themes; and how blessedly did John dilate upon her beauty, and what a glowing description did he give of her comeliness! He says, "There appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun." How many in our presence are clothed thus? Let me tell you, and truthfully too, if you be not thus arrayed, your's is but a creature covering and will not avail. All our righteousnesses are

as filthy rags, but O! how blissful to be clothed with that fount of light and heat, that orb of day, which shines in God's spiritual heavens. And is it true that every individual member of the redeemed church is clothed thus, and is "beautified as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem?" Yes, this was not an imaginary vision which John saw, but it was a glorious and blest reality: the church is clothed with Christ her heavenly mansion, clothed with His refulgence, clothed in His uncreated brilliance. Beloved, this is gloriously real, this is precious true: the Lord says, "Bring forth the best robe," or the robe of state, the robe of dignity, the robe of Godhead, the robe of Jesus, and in this robe alone can we appear and sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb; but if clothed in purity, we cannot be condemned; if attired in the righteousness of Christ, we cannot be cast out. O! I say, have you realised this wondrous garb? Has the Lord shown you that as He is, so are you? Has the light of the Sun of Righteousness beamed upon you and shone upon your pathway? Have you enjoyed pardon and peace? and have you been enabled by precious faith to rise into the pure atmosphere of love, to behold the Sun, to identify yourself with the Lord, and to see that He is your purity and your beauty? Christ is the completeness, the perfection, and the acceptance of His entire mystic frame, and "As He is, so are we in this world." Paul was more deeply led into the union which exists between the Head and the members, between the Bridegroom and the bride, the Shepherd and the sheep, than either of the other apostles, but John rose equally as high when writing these words. He saw that they were so one and so joined, that no air could come between; so entire, that they were not viewed as twain. Blessed consideration! The Church is the body of Christ, and we are members in particular: as He is, so are we. How many here can really, truly, vitally enter into the preciousness of this oneness, and realise that the beauty of Jesus and the glory of Emmanuel are placed to their account and viewed by God as their's? What said Christ to His righteous Father? "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." He has not withheld one blessing from them, He has not denied them one favor: His delights were ever with them. Yes, His bride is all His soul's desire: she is the darling of His loving heart, the apple of His eye: He will guide her skillfully, He will guide her with His counsel; and when her days on earth shall have run out, He will grant her an abundant entrance into His glory-kingdom. Child of God, we shall drop the clay tent, and be eternally absent from the body, and present with the Lord. "O!" say you, "I dread that time." But why should you, since Christ has swallowed up death in victory? We love sometimes to anticipate the blessed

moment when our Beloved shall take us home, and beckon us into His immediate presence. Christ our life lives, and because He lives we must live also. "Ah," say you, "gloom o'erspreads the horizon of my mind when I contemplate my departure from the stage of time. Sometimes I bring matters into a small compass, and think perhaps in a few months or in a few weeks the Lord will call me hence." Well, child of God, and then what? Ponder over our text for one moment: "As He is, so are we in this world." Suppose this night the Lord should send us the welcome summons from the high court of heaven, "Come up higher:" suppose He should graciously and lovingly see fit, according to His eternal purpose, to take us home to-night: suppose to each one in our presence, who is founded upon the Rock of Ages and "accepted in the Beloved," He should say, "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord," what reason would there be for alarm? I would combat your fears and meet your dread. O! I say, why should you doubt and tremble if you possess a good hope through grace, and have the full assurance that you belong to the Lord? There is nothing like rising once and for ever into the pure element of love, getting home, turning the back upon the changing scenes of life, and flying away: ah! soaring upward and heavenward, bidding an eternal adieu, an everlasting farewell, to time, shaking off the clay tent, dropping the earthly house of this tabernacle, and getting into the embrace of our best Beloved. How blissful! how glorious! Says the ransomed soul, My Bridegroom calls me, and beckons me home: He tells me I have gone to the length of my tether: He tells me the sands of life have nearly run out: He says, "Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die and not live;" and yet I know I shall live more gloriously, live more refulgently, live more blessedly, and be in His immediate presence for ever. It is true, beloved, when feeling wretched in mind, dark and shut up in soul, you may not anticipate the hour of dissolution: death may seem to convey only terrors to you: but let the Lord shine again, let Him communicate His favor, and shed abroad His love in your heart, let Him draw you up and draw you away from self and sin to be entirely lost in Him, in Christ your God above, and then what? you will long to depart and to be with Him which is far better than abiding here. Yes, when raised to the mountain-top, when holding communion and fellowship with the Lord of life and glory, and enjoying intimacy with Him, you think not of death, for you realise that death is swallowed up in victory, and that mortality is swallowed up of life. Satan is a wily foe, and he watches his opportunity to tease and to perplex the minds of the Lord's children: he knows their weak points; but he is well assured that his insinuations will not be believed when their God is manifestly present: it is useless for him to shoot his arrows at such times, for

they then realise that they are protected and guarded by the liquid shield of blood. How often does he paint gloomy pictures before us, and we think the coloring is correct, and when low in a low place we believe his accusations are truthful; but may the Lord enable us to see that the scenery of the landscape is wholly out of order, for Satan is both an enemy to us and to our Beloved. When the Lord is not with us *feelingly* and *experimentally* he comes in like a flood and insinuates that we are wholly out of God's secret, but when our Bridegroom communes with us from above the mercy seat, when He grants us a drop of His love, a taste of His mercy, we are so strengthened and invigorated, and so lost in the contemplation of what our Ishi is, that we forget ourselves and earthly connections, creature ties and the death of nature, and long for full fruition, for everlasting glory. Death—or natural dissolution—is a covenant blessing to the covenant children; and, when looking forward to this event, do not anticipate great affliction and much temptation, but may the Holy Ghost brighten the picture, and give you to see that it will only be a short journey, that you will depart from time and wake up in the likeness of your glorious Christ, that your soul will be disembodied, but that you will be *still* present with the Lord. Ah! when He shall speak you into the presence-chamber once and for ever you will see Him face to face above in an infinitely shorter space of time than we can utter this sentence. Why should you be cast down? Why should you be dispirited and dejected? The Lord will be unto you an everlasting light, and your God your glory. May He raise you above yourself, may He remove all bewilderment and all confusion, and may He give you to feel that as He is, so are you in this world! He has explored death's territories, He has plucked the sting thence, and He has destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. O! cheer up: in all His beauty, in all His glory, in all His dignity, and in all His splendour, you shall eternally shine; and when the moment of your departure shall come, He will grant you His cheering presence; you shall recline on His bosom of love, you shall rest in His embrace, and exclaim

"Say, O my soul, can this be death?"

O! no: it is the harbinger of life, the messenger from my Lord to tell me that in another moment I shall be in the presence of Jesus, that in another instant I shall join the general assembly and church of the Firstborn, take my harp, and sing with them, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

QUIET RESTING PLACES, No. 4.

"Thy God reigneth."—Isaiah lii. 7.

To quickened, enquiring souls how welcome is this precious testimony! To Zion's mourners this is a most comforting message. But is it not a sorrowful truth, that the vast majority of preachers, even in the professedly Evangelical section of the church, leave the weary pilgrims, to the celestial city, faint and languishing, ministering not the sweet cordial contained in that glorious declaration, "Thy God reigneth?"

The modern "daubers," the "Evangelical shufflers," do but lead the souls of God's tried and tempted ones into deeper depths of soul trouble and perplexity. They promise peace, but cause fightings and fears. They "offer" rest; but produce uneasiness and disappointment. Man's dignity, sounded out by means of that ominous word responsibility, and not Jehovah's sovereignty, is the theme of the day. O, ye whippers and drivers of the poor and needy, the helpless and heavy laden, how little do you know that you are doing the devil's drudgery! Man responsible! For what? For his salvation? Then man is surely damned. With a feeling of pity we sigh, "O that many who are near and dear to us by nature's fondest ties knew this!" How eagerly would they welcome the consoling truth, that covenant love, reigning grace, triumphant mercy, had removed all responsibility from the people of Jehovah's love and choice to their "God-Father," the Lord Jesus Christ. He, as their Sponsor, holds Himself responsible for their salvation and presentation before His Father's throne in glory.

Antinomianism! Such is the cry from the pious responsible tribe of which not one in a hundred knows the meaning of the word which flows so glibly from their tongues, and which they fling at God's truth and people with frantic zeal.

Is the child of God against law? Ay, dead against it, so far as it works in regard to his obedience is concerned. "The law worketh wrath" (Rom. iv. 1). As given by Moses, curses, denunciations, alone appear; but seen in Jesus it is holy, just and good. In Jesus the living member of His mystical body, who enjoys the freedom of the gospel, delights in it after the inward man (Rom. vii). In the hands of Jesus it is honoured, magnified, satisfied. Every precept in Him is obeyed, every jot and tittle fulfilled, every requirement met and answered, every debt paid, and every transgression put away. Its loud thunders are hushed. It exacts nothing, because all its exactions were fully met on Cavalry's hill. It can have nothing against the children of the promise, and when seen in the person and work of Jesus, the children of the promise have nothing against it. "Do we then make void the law through faith? God

forbid : yea, we establish the law " (Rom. iii. 30). " Is the law then against the promises of God ? God forbid " (Gal. iii. 21).

When this is seen and understood, by the grace and operation of God the Holy Ghost, sweet liberty is experienced, and joy and rejoicing are heard in the tabernacles of the righteous. The children of Zion are joyful in their King.

Jehovah Jesus reigns. Over all flesh He has all power. Infinite space is His empire. All things in seas and skies, in earth and heaven and hell move at His sovereign behest, working together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose (Rom. viii, 28).

Dear child of God, sin is a burden and grief to thee ; but thy Jesus gives thee to see that He dealt with the thick cloud of thy transgressions, as the dust of His feet (Isaiah xlv. 22 ; Nahum i. 3). On Calvary's heights He scattered them, never to appear in the court of heaven against thee. Does Satan's incessant worry distress thee ? " He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh : the Lord shall have them in derision " (Psalm ii. 4). Do trials, thick as darkest night, perplex thee ? They are all ordered at the proper time by our glorious King who sitteth upon the flood, even by Jehovah, who sitteth a King for ever (Psalm xxix. 10). He will give strength unto thee ; yea, He will bless thee with peace.

Does Jesus reign ? The shout of jubilation from adoring hearts in realms of bliss proclaims this truth. Over the most minute, and what may seem to thee, trifling circumstance of thy life He reigns. Infinite wisdom will be seen in every step of our wanderings in the desert land when we get home. Amid the thickening throng of hell's dark host, worldly cares, and fleshly lusts, the right arm of Omnipotence will defend thee. Failures and falls, to which the worldling is a stranger, will oft annoy thee ; but an everwatchful eye will surely guide thee. Doubts and fears will many times assail thee ; but love, unchanging love, will never leave thee.

Poor trembling soul, thou wilt never be forgotten of thy God (Isa. xlv. 21), thou shalt never be disappointed in Him

" Whose promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

Neither men, nor devils can pluck thee from His loved embrace. When sighing, He will hear thee ; when burdened, He will help thee ; when fainting, He will sustain thee. Hast thou grace ? Thou shalt have glory, and no good thing will ever be withholden from thee. Canst thou not rejoice ? See ! All things are thine. Ay, all things. Those very things through which the devil sought thy overthrow shall bring about his defeat, thy triumph, and the glory of King Emmanuel.

Oh what love and affection dwell in the bosom of Jesus !

"On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free ;
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me ?
Hallelujah !
Grace shall reign eternally."

Love caused Him not to "abhor the virgin's womb." He thus became partaker of flesh and blood, was made like unto His brethren, obeyed the law, endured its curse, spoiled the powers of hell, made an end for ever of all His people's sin, and opened the vast treasury of never failing grace to meet all the necessities of the Bride of His heart.

Sweet thought,

"As man He fills the throne of God."

Blessed, precious truth ! The King, the Man, reigns (Isaiah xxxii. 1, 2). Poor weary pilgrim, cast down with care and sorrow, Jesus sympathizes with thee in thy distress, He woos and wins thee by His Spirit, causing thee to cast all thy care upon Him, and making thee to know that He careth for thee. The King brings thee into His chambers, and by the force of His exceeding beauty charms away thy fears.

"Silently and swiftly the wheels of time roll on," and the dread realities of eternity will soon be revealed. The King will come out of His chambers to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity.

"Then we'll hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
Then we'll hear them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink :
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe."

Then shall all haters of His sovereign authority and sway be dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel, whilst those who have bowed at His gracious throne, and have kissed the sceptre of His love, shall hear His kingly voice, in love's sweet accents, saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" (Matt. xxv. 34). Then, from adoring saints, the long loud Hallelujah song shall rise, and palms of victory wave, as heaven's high glories are revealed in the dazzling brightness of Jesus' person.

"In her bridal attire and her festal array,
The Bride shall appear in that glorious day ;
For the King shall conduct her to mansions of bliss,
Escorted by angels, whose song shall be this.
All the blessing, and honour, and glory, and power,
We yield as Thine own, worthy Lamb, evermore."

THOMAS BRADBURY.

Barrow Hill, Stavely,
Chesterfield.

THE ONE BODY.

"Union with Christ, the Lord,
O! how divinely sweet:
All consolation's here enjoyed,
And here all blessings meet."

From this point, as from a glorious centre, appear to burst forth rays of glory; and who can utter the blessedness of oneness with Jehovah Jesus! It is written, "He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit," and the desire of our glorious Head concerning His people still is the same as it was just before He died the just for the unjust, "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." It is

"One glorious Head, one body there,
Which shall at last one glory share."

Looking at our subject, first, respecting past achievements, was not the love of Jehovah towards the people of His choice the source—the fountain—of all that these favored ones enjoy and shall enjoy eternally? The Father blessed them with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ before the foundation of the world, and whom He did then foreknow, He also did predestinate conformed to the image of His Son; He chose them then, He beheld them perfect in Christ then; they were His children in His eternal purpose, and though they fell in union to Adam earthly, yet that interfered not with their relationship to the Lord, that altered not their sonship: Jesus, their elder Brother, undertook to redeem them, He became their Surety, their responsible Head, and has He accomplished that which He covenanted to fulfil? Yes! in the fulness of time He came down to this lower earth, and made an end of sin; He made reconciliation for iniquity, He magnified the law and made it honorable, and He brought in everlasting righteousness: the right of redemption was His, and He has for ever emancipated those who are called in Scripture His "purchased possession," His "jewels," His "peculiar treasure;" and upon the ground of being heirs of God, and joint—or fellow—heirs with Jesus Christ, God sends forth the Spirit of His Son into their hearts, crying "Abba, Father:" because they are sons, and not to make them sons, they are brought in time to desire those things which were treasured up for them in Christ in the eternity of God's purpose. The promise to Christ is, "All Thy children shall be taught of the Lord," and the Spirit of wisdom and revelation alone can take of His and shew unto them.

But, secondly, what are some of the effects of union with Jesus, with respect to present enjoyment? John writes, "The anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things," and again, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One." Should we know anything of communion with the Lord, fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, if it were not for eternal union, if we were not baptized into one body, and made to drink into one Spirit? Jesus says, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches," and Paul, in addressing the Church at Corinth, says, "Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular." "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ." O! wondrous thought, Christ and His Church are viewed as one. "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones," and it is because of eternal-life relationship that He now communes with us from above the mercy-seat, and permits us sometimes to sit under His shadow with great delight; it is because we ever were in His hand that He causes us to hear His still small voice, and to receive of His words; it is because His thoughts of peace flowed toward us from everlasting that He has given us the earnest of His Spirit and raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Now we walk by faith, now we know but in part, now we only have transient glimpses of the King in His beauty, but droppings of the full ocean, but sips of the brook by the way, and thought is lost in the contemplation of future anticipations, future bliss. We know not what the "eternal weight of glory" will be, but it will be consummated happiness to be with Christ, and like Christ. All the blessedness we shall enjoy in union with Him, for whom have we in heaven, but Himself, who upon earth but His all-glorious Person? He is all in all to us now, He will be all in all to us then; and what will it be to gaze upon Him in the unclouded light of eternal day? what will it be to behold the Lamb in the midst of the throne in the realms above? Full fruition, everlasting glory. We shall unite in songs of praise with Him that hath loved us, we shall crown His worthy brow, we shall magnify His wondrous grace. Yes!

"Then we shall loudest anthems sing,
In heav'n's high court, to heav'n's great King,"

and throughout "the ages to come" we shall dwell with Him in whose presence is fulness of joy and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings, and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners—there."

MIRIAM.

UNITARIANISM REFUTED.

(Continued from page 104.)

Ques.—Did Christ know that He and His Father were one Being when He said to the Jews (John viii. 17, 18), "It is also written in your law, that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me?"

A.—*Al Alehim*, Jehovah, the Christ, well knew that He and His Father were one in the unity of Godhead, and the following testimony of Jesus cannot be understood aright, only as it proves the oneness or unity of essence. "I and my Father are One" (John x. 30). If we examine the context of the question, we shall find ample proof of unity, and distinct personality: "Jesus answered and said unto them, Though I bear record of myself, my record is true; for I know whence I came (see John xvi. 25), and whither I go [this proves He was not ignorant]; for I am not alone [no separation of Godhead], but I and the Father that sent me." This is very plain on the point of unity, and also of distinct personality, as it is written, "The Lord of Hosts sent the Lord of Hosts" (Zech. ii. 5—9). Now, these truths are as great a stumbling block to the Unitarians as they were to the Jews, when Christ declared His Godhead, saying that God was His Father, making Himself equal with God, they said unto Him, "Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil?" Jesus saith to all that thus despise Him, "I said therefore unto you that ye shall die in your sins. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I Am" (John viii. 58). This is "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." This is the only centre for faith and hope, and from whence we Trinitarians expect immortality and eternal life. The glorious mystery of the Holy Ones, our *Alehim*, in covenant, is the only source of blessedness on earth and glory hereafter: every thing short of this eternal truth is full of uncertainty, and is like building a house upon the sand; but our *Jah*, Jesus, "Emmanuel, God with us," saith, "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. xvi. 18). Therefore those who treat with scorn the revelation the Lord hath made of Himself, are decided antichrists. "Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son: whosoever denieth the Son, hath not the Father" (1 John ii. 22, 23): and Christ saith, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 35). And to shew forth the distinction between believers and unbelievers, the words of our Lord are very plain: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven

and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered to me of my Father, and no man knoweth who the Son is, but the Father; and who the Father is, but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him" (Luke x. 21, 22). Then follows, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9). Therefore, "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded" (Rom. xi. 7).

Q.—If that saying of Christ, "I and my Father are One," prove Christ and His Father to be but One Being, will not the other saying of His also prove His Father, Himself, and His disciples, to be but One Being, where He prays to His Father (John xvii. 11, 12, 23), "That they all may be one, as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in One?"

A.—Part of this question has already been answered; but the further we proceed, the more it opens of the darkness and enmity of the mind of my questioner against the revelation Jehovah hath made of Himself in His word: had, however, the plain letter of the text in this question have been consulted, it would have shewn the emptiness and fallacy of the Unitarian creed, for it clearly proves the doctrine of the Trinity, as there is much importance implied by the plural words WE and US, as Christ is speaking of Himself and the Father; and although the personality of the Son is wanted to be destroyed, nothing can be more to the point to prove my questioner to be "a liar and his speech nothing worth" (Job. xxiv. 25). Christ, speaking of the Church that the Father gave Him before the foundation of the world, saith, "That they all may be one [see 1 Cor. xii. 12], as thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us;" and, "Thou hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world" (John xvii. 21, 24). There is no attempt in these words to separate unity or destroy personality, but both are fully set forth; and also the Father's love to Christ, the Head, and His members, the Church, is firmly established. We, therefore, have, in this blessed statement, the Father loving the Son and His body, the Church, in Him, and the Father personally choosing the church (Ephes. i. 4), and the Son receiving them (John xvii. 6, 9, 12; Rom. xv. 7), and it is declared to be before the foundation of the world: this also proves that there is no destroying the personality by unity, in the Father and in the Son; neither is the personality of believers destroyed by their union with Christ in God: *that they may be one in us* (not with). There is a very prominent feature of truth in this statement that Unitarians are aware of, that they cannot destroy the personalities in the Godhead, though they attempt to confound them, and thus endeavour to compound the Creator and the

creature into one Being, but in this they make a complete failure ; for though the members of the church are chosen in Christ, and are said to be "one in Us," yet they were never consociated with Godhead so as to be one Being with Jehovah. The truth still rests on the sure foundation, "There are Three that bear record in heaven, *Alehim* the Holy Ones, *Aleh*, *Al* and *Ruach*" [Father, Son, and Holy Ghost], and this truth shines clearly in the word. The church was chosen by the Father, redeemed from all iniquity by the Son, *Al Gibbor*, and quickened, led and guided into all truth by the Spirit [*Ruach*], and they are perfect, one body in the Holy One, and Jesus is the Lord our righteousness.

Q.—Did Christ know that He was God, when He said to the Jews (John. viii. 40), "Ye seek to kill me, a Man that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God?"

A.—Christ certainly knew that He was God, and He was daily manifesting it in the miracles He performed, and also testifying of the same in His teachings, and this the Jews well knew, but they believed Him not, because they were not His sheep (John x. 25). Again, Jesus said unto them, "If God were your Father, ye would love Me; for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of Myself, but He sent me: why do ye not understand my speech? Even because ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil, and the lust of your father ye will do." Therefore, though they heard the word of Jesus, and His Godhead was so conspicuously made manifest, they did not understand, but sought to kill Him, said He was mad and had a devil: they could not believe, for Satan, their father, "the god of this world, had blinded their mind, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. iv. 4). And the scripture must be fulfilled, "But the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand" (Dan. xii. 10). Therefore Jesus did not intend that the children of the devil should understand that He was God: though they were convinced, as far as the natural mind could go, that He was God, yet they had not faith to embrace it in the heart. Their father, the devil, appears to have had more honesty than they had, to declare His Godhead: "And behold they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God, art thou come to torment us before the time" (Matt. viii. 29)? "I know thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God" (Mark i. 24). Paul is very bold on this truth, saying, "But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom [Christ the wisdom of God or God of wisdom, 1 Cor. i. 24] which God ordained before the world unto our glory, which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known Him, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory" (1 Cor. ii. 7, 8).

And this Lord of Glory is God and Man, the Christ Jesus, whom they slew and hanged on a tree, according to the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God (Acts ii. 23). We have in these truths demonstrated the unalterable sovereignty of the Lord relative to His wrath and mercy—"vessels of wrath, fitted for destruction, and vessels of mercy, afore prepared unto glory" (Rom. ix. 22, 23). Again, "yet I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau;" and they are the people against whom I have indignation forever (Mal. i. 2—4). Esauites are the hated of God to the present day, and they hate *Alehim*, and the revelation He hath made of Himself as the Holy Ones, "Therefore they could not believe, because that Esaias said, He hath blinded their eyes," &c (John xii. 39, 40). "But as many as were ordained to eternal life believed" (Acts xiii. 48). These are the truths the Man Christ Jesus told them, which He heard of God; this did not Abraham (John viii. 40), yet they did not and could not understand them, which are the same truths that Unitarians cannot understand. "How that He being a man maketh Himself equal with God." "But those things which God before had shewed, by the mouth of all His prophets, that Christ should suffer, He hath so fulfilled" (Acts iii. 13—18).

Q.—Does not the doctrine of the Deity or Godhead of Christ involve the scriptures in absurdity, and do away with all the piety and obedience of Jesus to His heavenly Father, and cast unjust reflections on the character of Him who came to bear witness to the truth, and in whose mouth was found no guile, but whose veracity may be fairly questioned if this doctrine be true?

A.—That the doctrine that Christ preached and taught is unfairly spoken of is very plain from this question, yet it is not altered by this crafty question, neither does the Godhead of Christ involve the scriptures in absurdity, but, on the contrary, Christ, as God, is the very glory, light and blessedness of them, and this is known and felt by the election of grace, in and by the Personal ministry of the Holy Ghost, according to the promise of Jesus (John xvi. 13, 15). The Spirit of truth says to the Church concerning Jesus Jehovah, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The Sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the Moon give light unto thee; but the Lord (or Jehovah) shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God (or *Al Alehim*) thy glory" (Isa. lx. 7, 19): and in ver. 16, the prophet speaks by the Spirit in the Person of Christ to the Church, "And thou shalt know that I, the Lord (or Jehovah), am thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob." These things are very far from involving the scriptures in absurdity; but, on the contrary, prove their blessedness, and that Christ, herein set forth, gives them their validity, and it is on this Mighty One,

Jehovah, the Saviour and Redeemer, hangs all the fulfilment of them, in time and to all eternity. If it were possible to take out the Person and Godhead of Christ from the scriptures, their foundation, life and glory, together with all the blessedness of the Church, would be no better than a blank; but, blessed be the Lord God of Israel, "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His" (2 Tim. ii. 19). "In Him was life; and the life was the light of man" (John i. 4). David saith of Him, "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory" (Psa. lxxxiv. 11); and the promise of God the Father concerning Him confirms the same mercy: "But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in His wings" (Mal. iv. 2). This is the tenor of the scriptures concerning Christ as God, and we rejoice in the belief of those things, and, by the Holy *Ruach*, we are taught to know the only true *Aleh* and *Al* His Son, the true Messiah, *Jah*, Jesus Christ, whom He sent, neither does this do away with the obedience of Jesus Christ to His Father; but it is His Godhead that stamps eternal glory upon it, as God and Man in fulfilling the law and making it honourable (Isa. xlii. 21), and so He is to us "Christ the end of the law for righteousness" (Rom. x. 4). His obedience is imputed to us for righteousness (Rom. v. 19), and by the obedience, death, and resurrection of Christ, we are justified from all things, from which we could not be by the law of Moses (Acts xiii. 38, 39); and "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1). These truths prove the glory, honour and majesty of Christ, instead of casting unjust reflections upon Him who came to bear witness of the truth. If you mean by the piety of Christ that He was holy, harmless, and undefiled, I agree with you; but I do not read in my Bible anything about the "piety" of Christ; therefore, instead of these statements (where they are known in the heart) leading men to question His veracity, they are the only mercies that bring them to rely on it by faith, knowing Him to be the Eternal God, and a refuge in times of trouble (Psalm x. 9), "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end" (John xiii. 1). And as we real Trinitarians are the travail of His soul (Isa. liii. 11), "bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh" (Eph. v. 30), so we triumphantly rejoice, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ" (Rom. viii. 32)? and these truths were made known and were preached by Him in whose mouth there was no guile; and so we know the doctrine to be true, without confusion or contradiction, "plain to him that understandeth," (Prov. viii. 9), and "no man shall stop me of this boasting" (2 Cor. xi. 10), that "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit, and these Three are One" (1 John v. 7).

Q.—It may be said that the doctrine is a mystery, to be believed, though not to be understood, but may not the same be said with equal reason of the popish doctrine of transubstantiation?

A.—As far as the reason of my questioner goes, no doubt the popish doctrine of transubstantiation is more palatable to him than the mysteries of the Bible, and because he cannot comprehend them he feels a pleasure in denying them; yet, nevertheless, those whose bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost find they are to be understood, though not comprehended, as to their height and depth, for if they could, they would cease to be a mystery, and be no longer precious. It is not only said that the doctrine is a mystery, but so it is believed: every creature is a mystery and far beyond the comprehension of corrupt reason: the whole creation of God, whether the heaven or the earth, or the things in them, is a complete mystery, and “touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out” (Job xxvii. 33). Relative to the mysteries revealed in the Bible, I shall briefly notice them; first, the mystery of the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Jehovah hath revealed Himself to be One and His Name One (Zech. xiv. 2): this declares Unity: He hath also declared His name to be Jehovah Himself, alone Most High over all the earth (Psa. lxxxiii, 18). By this we behold Him the self-existent Jehovah, to whom and with whom there is no past or future, but “one eternal now,” and “known unto *Alehim* are all His works” (Acts xv. 15), yet the Lord God of Israel hath made a revelation of Himself in a Trinity of Persons, as each of the Holy Ones are hypostatically defined by proper names. David saith of the Father, “I will also praise thee with psalter, even thy truth, O my *Aleh*, unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel” (Psa. lxxi. 22). The prophet, speaking of the Son, saith, “I will not return to destroy Ephraim, for I am *Al* and not Man, the Holy One of Israel” (Hos. xi. 2); and, of the Spirit, David saith, “Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy *Ruach* (thy Holy One) from me” (Psa. li. 11). This is a plain testimony of the Holy Three in One, and I do not know what Unitarians can do with the following scripture, wherein shines so gloriously the doctrine of the Trinity: “And Joshua said unto the people, Ye can not serve Jehovah, *Alehim Kedshim* (the Holy Ones), *Evah* (the unchangeable eternal one). *Al Kannoah*, *Evah* shall not forgive your sins” (Josh. xxiv. 19). *Al*, is God; *Kannoah*, seal or Jealous; so, then, Jehovah is *Al*, *Kannoah*, *Al Shaddai*, the Almighty, Jesus Christ in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Thus a few scriptures among many testify plainly of the Persons in the *Alehim*, Head, the *Aleh*, *Al* and *Ruach*, and each of the Persons are called Jehovah, and the Holy One, yet it is never found in the Bible that the *Aleh*, the Father, is called *Al*, the Son;

or the Son called *Aleh*; or either Father or Son called *Ruach*. The birth of Jesus is a mystery (see Matt. i. 11—23; Luke i. 26—38). This subject is far beyond the comprehension of reason or finite minds, yet thus it reads, "Great is the mystery of godliness (*Al Alehim*), God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16). "They shall call His name Emmanuel, which is, God with us" (Matt. i. 23). "Unto us a child (*Gibbor*) is born, unto us a Son (*Al*) is given" (Isa. ix. 6). And this is that glorious person, God and Man, God in our flesh and blood (Heb. ii. 14), "Who, by His one offering, hath perfected forever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14). And this is a great mystery, perfect God, complete Man, one Person, the Son of God, the Son of Man, two natures, the Eternal Word, *Al*, Jehovah, taking flesh and blood, or the body of His flesh, into union with Godhead, and this is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." These truths are clearly revealed in the Bible, and believed by all the Church of God. The indwelling of the Holy *Ruach* is a mystery. "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. vi. 19)? "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit; if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you: now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Rom. viii. 9). These truths are only known by those that are spiritually minded, and they expose the fleshly system of the Unitarian.

A FEW FAMILY SECRETS.

"But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." This is the testimony of the Holy Ghost, and the revelation of Jesus Christ who came down from heaven, even of the Son of Man who is in heaven. This the revelation of Jehovah—Father, Word and Spirit—in the heart of a believer; for it is the Spirit that quickeneth; and the Word that Christ speaks in the heart of the children, is spirit and life; yea, it is made manifest in our heart as the word which came down from heaven, to give life unto the world; which world the Lord Jesus spake of when He said to Nicodemus, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life: and this life is in His Son; "for He that hath the Son, hath life; and He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life," but is of the spirit of antichrist, whereof we have heard that they should come, and even now are there many antichrists in the world. And yet, with all these glorious revelations made manifest in the heart; and the divine assurance that Jehovah, who is thine everlasting light, thy God, and thy glory

will go with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, thou art fearing that thou shalt one day perish by the hand of Saul. Yes, I say, with these strong pillars whose height reaches to the clouds, and whose foundation is on the mountains, and which are encircled from the foundation to the summit with wreaths and knobs and open work, all glorious promises of our glorious Christ, which promises drop from His most sweet mouth like honey from the rock, what cause have the inhabitants of the Rock to sing and to shout from the tops of the mountains! The names of the sons and daughters of Zion are all inscribed upon the heart and sealed upon the arm of Him who was made manifest in these last times for us who by Him do believe in God who raised Him from the dead and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God. Seeing, then, that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses—witnesses of His oath, of His truth, of His faithfulness, and of His loving kindness—let us lay aside every weight, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, but putting off the sins of the flesh, by the circumcision of Christ, and putting on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness. But, beloved in the Lord, from the day that the Lord made Himself known to me, everything in the flesh, and everything in the world, has been turned upside down; for instead of walking orderly, and of making a fair shew in the flesh, all has been out of order, and the flesh has been put into the dust again and again. The paths that I once delighted to walk in are now all covered with thorns and briars, the old man who once dwelt at peace is now my greatest enemy, all the superstructures that I had built upon the old law-foundation have been demolished, and I am become as a beacon on the top of a hill, and yet His Word is still with me, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" turn not to the right hand or the left. I dwell in a house which is my sepulchre, and yet I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and I dwell in God, and soon shall I realise more of this divine mystery when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. My days pass away like a shadow, and I am withered like grass, but the Lord shall endure for ever. He has also prepared His seat for judgment, and judgment shall dwell in the wilderness and righteousness in the fruitful field, and the work of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance for ever. Yes, my friends, there is this glorious assurance in the heart, in the midst of everything that is opposed to it: and although the waves of trouble roar and toss themselves mountains high, yet they shall not prevail; for "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain," neither shall they pass the decree of our Jehovah. His word is true from everlasting, and thus it runs, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Thus the

children learn to cast all their care upon Him, knowing that He careth for them: and we, with all our care, cannot make one hair white or black. Then why should we take thought for the rest? and yet the disciples of this great Jehovah, who is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, and doing wonders, are hanging down their heads, mourning their vileness and insufficiency, instead of rejoicing with joy unspeakable that He hath counted them worthy to suffer shame for His namesake. "Can the children of the bridechamber fast when the Bridegroom is with them? but the days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast in those days." Then they go mourning without the sun: for the Bridegroom that should relieve their souls is far from them. They then forget the day of prosperity when the candle of the Lord shone upon them, and when, by His light, they walked through darkness. But the shadows flee when the sun ariseth, the clouds disperse in showers upon the mown grass, and then they sing, "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord."

The apostle James has put it on record; and yet not James, but the Spirit of the living God has said, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," "knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing." "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, when they shall separate you from their company, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake." Rejoice when they hate you, and shout for joy when they persecute you; for they persecute Him whom Jehovah has stricken; and we suffer with Him our Immanuel and for His sake. Who would wish to go behind when the Captain of our salvation would put us in the front of the battle, that we may war a good warfare, not entangling ourselves with the affairs of this life, but choosing rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt.

Beloved, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given," that I should bear witness unto the truth, and He that searcheth the hearts, and trieth the reins, is with me, and all the dear elect children who walk with Him in the fire. The fire will burn all around, but it cannot consume one hair of our heads; for our Beloved walks with us in the fire, and carries us through the flood; and with such company I would walk through the severest furnace and would outride the most terrible tempest. The Lord who ever lives is continually with me, and He will give strength unto His people and exalt the Son of His right hand. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

CHARLES FARMER.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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SPIRITUAL RESPONSES.

VERY DEAR FRIEND IN OUR ALL-GLORIOUS JESUS, OUR RISEN, LIVING, AND UNCHANGING BRIDEGROOM,—Much pleased was I to see your handwriting this morning, and most sincerely do I thank you for sending me such a speedy response to my last. Well may I say with David, “Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?” How gracious of Him to let fall such handfuls of purpose for me! May He abundantly reward you for writing me such glowing and precious epistles, and copiously pour into your happy spirit full draughts of the wine of the kingdom—His own everlasting love! We cannot tell its heights and depths: we cannot range its lengths and breadths: it is immeasurable; it is boundless; it passes knowledge. What, can human language utter forth its wondrous deeps, its many folds? can mortal tongue express its fervency, its warmth?

“No! His love’s beyond recounting,
Flowing in sweet mercy’s streams,
From that ever open fountain,
Sparkling under sunny beams;
Still reflecting
Glory to eternal schemes.”

It is spoken of as “His great love wherewith He loved us:” ah! loved us long ere Adam’s dust was formed; loved us long before the mountains were settled and before the hills; loved us long before He fixed the starry heavens and gave the planets their appointed orbits; for His language is, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love;” and Jesus expressly declared to His God and Father, “Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me,” and “Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.” O! this is a heart-warming, a mind-enlivening, a soul-entrancing theme; and indeed there is

“No theme like this to raise the soul,
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll.”

Again, it is quenchless love. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." It is, moreover, changeless, unabating, undying, love. The Lord Jehovah is in one mind, and none can turn Him, and Jesus "having loved His own [O! the blessedness of that word *own*; viz: the people whom He formed for Himself and who shall shew forth His praise; His jewels; His crown of glory; His royal children; His choicest treasure] which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

"Long before creation's dawn,
He embrac'd them as His own;
Time revolving ne'er shall prove
When His saints He'll cease to love.

'Tis a deep unfathom'd sea,
Rising in the Deity;
From eternity it came,
To eternity the same."

Hence His love, and not our's, is the procuring cause of all bliss and blessedness. We often mourn on account of our little love, but our love is but as a drop of the ocean compared with His, the vast expanse: it is but the effect of His. We read, "Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." "We love Him, because He first loved us;" and when He grants us a realisation of His divine and matchless love, how easy and blissful is it to love Him with His own love! At such times we feel all love, all animation, and, like Mary of old, we wash His feet with tears. Yes!

"His presense makes His children weep"—

tears of love, tears of gratitude; and verily as the next line expresses it—

His absence makes them sigh."

Without Him, that is, without His manifestive-power displayed, without His almighty strength imparted, how dead and dark, how lifeless and inactive we feel! we cannot raise our drooping spirits: we cannot enliven our downcast souls. Our harps are on the willows, and our Beloved alone can enable us to string them anew to the praise of the glory of His grace: we are low and in a low place, and our eternal Ishi exclusively can beckon us to the mountain-top, to the height of Zion, and shine us into His own ineffable sunshine. Nevertheless, however depressed and oppressed we may be; however much bewildered and harassed, one word from His loving lips, one smile from His radiant face, one look from His bright piercing eye, has the desired effect, and enkindles a flame of love within, causing us to sing in our high places, and with joy to draw water out of the wells of salvation. It is but for Him to breathe into our souls the assurance of His unalterable affection, and a song of triumph must flow forth: it is but for Him to attune the heart, and an anthem of praise must ascend. Says the Holy Ghost by Paul, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the body

of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread;" and thus saith our glorious Christ: "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." By this we see that by feeding upon Him by precious faith, we become incorporated with Him; by His Word communicated and revealed we are partakers of the divine nature; and thus seeing in His life we live, and not our own, we grow up into Him in all things which is the Head, even Christ. Yes! He is the living Bread which came down from heaven; He is the spiritual Rock that follows us and that is in us; and when He whispers, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," we partake of the good old corn of the land, and of the crystal stream which proceeds out of the throne of God and of the Lamb; and this we find to be soul-satisfying food: we forget our poverty in union to Adam earthy, and remember our misery no more as strangers and foreigners here below. Indeed Jesus then becomes to us, *feelingly* and *experimentally*, all in all—all our salvation and all our desire, the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely: we are satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and wherewith is added no sorrow. He feeds His children by what instrumentality He pleases; yea, He feeds them Himself, whether it be by coming to them in the power of His Spirit and regaling them with the precious things of the lasting hills, when literally alone and away from the outward means of grace, or by speaking to them through His sent and anointed servants in the assemblies of His saints: and how blessed is the consideration that though all created streams may be dried up, and all earthly props may be removed, His fulness remains the same! He opens, and none can shut; He shuts, and none can open: and we know by living and heart-felt experience that He alone can command a blessing, even life for evermore. Oftentimes the enemy tempts us to murmur and repine, and call His love in question in His dealings and dealings toward us: oftentimes he insinuates that God has forgotten to be gracious, and that He will be favorable no more: but may the Lord, our unchanging Friend, enable us to remember that He rests in His love; and that though His path be in the great waters, His ways are higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts. Eternal blessings on His name! He has said: "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end;" and when His love-thoughts, His mercy-thoughts, His grace-thoughts, His glory-thoughts, roll into the mind by power divine, surrounding circumstances are lost

sight of, and everything of a time-nature is eclipsed. We at once forget ourselves and creature ties, and heavenly realities steal away our affections, and rivet our attention. Christ, the Lamb in the midst of the throne, is our bright orb of day, our brilliant Luminary, our centre of attraction; and to be *with Him* is the climax of our desires, to be *like Him* is the consummation of our most ardent wishes. He is an all-engrossing, an all-absorbing, theme: and how sweet is it when our conversation is in heaven, where we well know our treasure is, and where our hearts are likewise! Most precious have I felt that part of your letter to be where you speak of the Lord being exalted in His own strength, Say you,

"The Lord is exalted; but it is He Himself who exalts Himself! He is exalted for us, He is exalted in us, and we are exalted in union-life, and grace-oneness with Him."

How grand and glorious! and how clearly does this show the work of Christ, not only *for* His Church, but *in* His Church, by His Spirit's powerful ministry! but, indeed, however much His beauties and glories may be discovered to us, by the Holy Ghost, and however much His excellencies may be revealed to our immortal minds under the unctuous ministration of the Remembrancer, who is the glorifier of Jesus and the infallible Teacher in the one Church, when we shall see Him face-to-face in the upper realms of bliss and blessedness, we shall say, The one half was not told us, nay, the millionth part was not mentioned.

"Thoughts upon thoughts will fill the soul,
Keep rolling in, yet not the whole;
Eternity will fail to prove
The vast immensity of love."

but we shall unceasingly receive of His fulness and eternally drink of the river of His pleasures. Thrice blessed thought! we shall enter *His* joy, enjoy *His* peace, share *His* throne, untiringly gaze on *Him*, and realise that dear portion in all its greatness and grandeur, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: for the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." The expectation of such joy, the anticipation of such sacred delight, fills the soul with holy longings to be away once and for ever from this dreary, dusky stage of time, and to be swimming in the ocean of His bottomless love, and basking beneath His meridian beam. What is there to bind us down to earth? what to make us wishful to tarry longer in the vale? Surely "There's nothing here deserves our joy!" Our spirits are fettered, our minds are encaged; and we want the door of our prison to be opened; so that, pinioned on love, we may fly away to be in the immediate presence of our Bride-

groom beloved, there to range those balmy heights and verdant plains where endless pleasures reign. Well, dear Friend,

"Though in a foreign land
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come."

Soon will the silver cord be loosened and the golden bowl be broken, and gladly will we bid a long, long farewell to earth, and an eternal adieu to time-things. The Lord's voice will echo and re-echo in our inner heart, vibrate and re-vibrate in our inmost soul. "Child, come home," will strike on our ear in strains divine. "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away: ah! come up higher: come to me," will remove all gloomy thoughts respecting Jordan's narrow stream, and light up the valley of the shadow of death with heavenly brilliancy. What, shall we tremble when He bids us soar aloft and take full possession of that kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world? Shall we fear the last struggle since He has said, "Certainly I will be with thee?" O! no: He has passed through death's territories: the Breaker has gone up before us, and paved the way with love; and not only is the Tree of life on this side of the river and on that side thereof, but in the middle of the street of it also. He has promised us strength equal to our day, as well as an abundant entrance into His glory-kingdom, our glory home; our glory-rest; and looking forward to the blest prospect of everlastingly singing of His love and loveliness, in sweet anticipation of the joys that await us in yon blissful clime, can we not say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?"

"Haste on, fair time, and run your race,
That keeps us from our Lord's embrace."

Roll on days and weeks: speed on months and years. Ah! when He shows Himself behind the lattice work and beams upon us in His own uncreated glory, we long for mortality to be finally swallowed up of life; we long to wing our way home; we long to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

"With beamings of pleasure we'll then strike our lyre,
And join with the blood-redeem'd glorified choir,
For ever and ever adoring that grace
Which sought us and brought us within its embrace."

When He comes leaping upon the mountains and skipping upon the hills, we have all and abound: indeed for the time being we feel raised far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion; we feel as though we were treading the golden streets of the glory-world, and sitting together with Him in heavenly places.

Everything about us is hallowed: a holy calm is realised; a blessed serenity is experienced. Creation teems with blessedness; nature appears to wear a more than usual gay attire; and the distant notes of the ransomed throng now before the throne break on the listening ear, being wafted by the breeze of the eternal Spirit from the celestial shore.

"O what is so pleasing, O! what is so grand,
O! what so transporting can be,
As gliding from time into glory's fair land,
Exchanging the river for sea?"

But these Bethel seasons are not of daily occurrence; and as you have many times said, we should be wholly unfitted for our daily avocations were we continually enjoying the Lord's manifested presence, and were His banner of love perpetually floating over our favored heads. Indeed we could not bear much of the "weight of glory" which is reserved whilst in the lowlands; nature would sink under it: so overwhelming and overpowering are our Beloved's looks of love. Again and again have we been constrained to say,

"Enough, my gracious God."

Our Sun of Righteousness is too dazzling an object for us to behold continuously here: even a glimpse of Him kills us to sublunary things, and obscures earthly baubles. It is recorded that when John saw Him, he fell at His feet as dead, and that when Daniel was equally favored to behold Him there remained no strength in him, and how often have we, like Paul and Silas when in prison, rejoiced in the Lord and triumphed in the mighty God of Jacob when perhaps outward circumstances have been most contrary and all around has appeared in confusion! I was much struck yesterday morning with a remark of Hawker's which is just in point: he says, "Jesus, for the most part, brings His people into the wilderness in order to speak comfortably to them there: but whilst in the wilderness, we are at a loss to trace the footsteps of His love." Are these wilderness-dispensations proofs of His love, manifestations of His favor? Yes! "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

"All the brightest and richest displays
Of His grace, love, and mercy we meet
Always come on those dark, solemn days
When the clouds are the dust of His feet."

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." He maketh the clouds His chariot: He walketh upon the wings of the wind: yea, "the darkness and the light are both alike to Him," and He gathers the wind in His eternal fists. All power is His in heaven and in earth:

"He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?"

But I must conclude. "Truly our fellowship—our partnership—is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ;" and

"As gold from the flame, He'll bring us at last,
To praise Him for *all* through which we have pass'd;
Then love everlasting our griefs shall repay,
And God, from our eyes, wipe all sorrows away."

With our united kindest remembrances,

Believe me to remain,

Ever your's in our altogether lovely Lord,

MIRIAM.

Deut: 33u, 29.

"THE QUEEN TRAVELS OFTEN BY NIGHT."

"How dark it is to night! Come, take my arm, old friend. If one of us stumble, the other will be a little support."

"You are right. We need friendly helps by the way in this dark world of sin and uncertainty."

"Do you know, Her Majesty will pass through the station early in the morning, on her way to Balmoral? The Queen travels often by night."

The above words formed part of a conversation held between two friends in the Lord, one evening, a few years ago, as they traversed the path through the meadows which lie between Earlestown and Newton Bridge, Lancashire.

It is a noted fact that Her Majesty the Queen, whom may Jehovah long preserve to us, generally performs her journey to the north by night.

What a host of associations spring into the mind at the remembrance of this fact! Another Queen—the Royal Bride of King Emmanuel—the spouse ordained by the Father before all worlds to share the throne of Heaven's own anointed One, is brought to mind. Free, sovereign, electing choice is thus revealed. The blessed Spirit communicates the soul enrapturing truth, that

"Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, His own Beloved One,
Jesus, now seated at His side,
Hath claim'd His Church—His own—His Bride."

Christ is the Husband and Head of the Church. Yes! The Church ever lives in His affections. He gave Himself to and for her. He sweetly allures her to Himself.

In covenant transaction, "before the day-star knew its place," Jesus, the Head and Representative of grace, received from the hands of His Father an innumerable multitude of Adam's sons and daughters, which formed His Church, His Body. This He betrothed to Himself in faithfulness, and loving kindness, and tender mercy: yea, He betrothed her unto Himself for ever, and she became His (Hosea ii. 19, 20). One with Him she sits, His own anointed Queen. Once His, His for ever! His love is irreversibly fixed. Sin, sorrow, death, hell, nor the devil can break or dissolve this glorious union.

"Break forth in joyful praises :
Dwell on His wondrous story ;
Emmanuel's name
Aid love proclaim—
The King who reigns in glory.

See on the throne beside Him,
O'er all her foes victorious,
His Royal Bride,
For whom He died,
Like Him for ever glorious!"

Jesus, the heavenly Bridegroom, knew full well that in the course of time the Bride would fall, but not from Him. In primeval beauty and glory He took her to Himself before an individual member had an actual existence. But He foresaw her guilt, and sin, and shame. Love triumphed over everything. Joined to a precious Christ, however weak, or sinful, or depraved she may become, He never leaves her, nor forsakes her. Is she lost? He seeks and saves her. Is she filthy and depraved? He cleanses her from all sin in His atoning blood. Is she naked? He clothes her in His robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation. Is she hungry? From heaven's own table He feeds her with royal dainties. Is she thirsty? He gives her to drink of the pure crystal water of eternal love. Is she fainting by the way? He revives her with the rich cordial of covenant affection. Has she fallen? He restores her by the sweet application to her heart of His unchanging promises.

Many are the thorns and briers—the kicks and cuffs—the trials and perplexities she has to encounter while passing through the wilderness.

"The Queen travels often by night." Look at her history as she appears in union with the first man Adam. Fallen, sinful and ruined she appears. A deceitful, treacherous, and adulterous heart beats in her bosom. Her affections, purposes, imaginations and desires are all estranged from Him "whose love can never end." In nature's wild waste she wanders, in sin's dark night she rambles, in the cloudy and dark day, scattered upon the dark mountains of disobedience, she wends her way. Ignorance envelops the mind, gross darkness ensbrouds the understanding, enmity against God, His truth, His people, manifests itself in every thought, word and work. She is spiritually dead, and though proud nature may kick and rebel against the humiliating fact, the truth must be told: she

is not only dead, but corrupt and loathsome. "Sin hath reigned unto death." Fast bound in Satan's slavish chains, and with the feet of the proud usurper on her neck, the poor Bride lies. But can she thus continue? Nay. The glorious Bridegroom, to whom, in Jehovah's gracious purpose, she is bound by the most endearing ties, watches over her for good. At the set time of favour, in the day of His resistless power, He passes by. The time of love has come. He speaks. She lives! Oh wondrous love! Oh pure, uninfluenced affection; Her light has come. The glory of the Lord has risen upon her. She sees and feels her lost condition. In the grey dawn of the morning of regeneration, while the mists yet cover the green fair fields of grace, she cries,

"Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Lord, thy inward light impart,
Cheering my benighted heart."

"The Queen travels often by night." Quickened into spiritual life, her onward journey is begun. The dark depths of conviction must be experienced. The land of bondage must be discovered, and its dreary paths explored. The light which shines brighter than the sun at noonday, pierces the gloom of sin and death which has reigned so long within. Poor nature's boasted vision is now obscured, and low in the dust of self abasement the awakened spirit lies. Led here, led there, it seeks relief; but nay, all efforts fail. In darkness, and in the shadow of death, the heart, brought down with labour, finds that there is none to help (Psalm cvii. 10—14). The soul would plead, but words fail, the mouth is stopped, and the confession bursts forth, "I cannot order my speech by reason of the darkness" (Job xxxvii. 19). The thunders of a broken law are heard, and peace, sweet peace, is longed for, but not found. Out of the depths the cry is heard, "I have sinned against heaven, and the thick cloud of my innumerable transgressions hide the face of Mercy from me. I look forward, and gloomy death is ready to receive me. I start back, and justice with the flaming sword hastens to cut me down. My downcast eyes behold a yawning and devouring hell awaiting me. Above me frowns an angry God. Around me the fierce fires of eternal vengeance flash from the impenetrable gloom. Within, my heart is desolate, and the accusations of an evil conscience continually distract. I am oppressed! Lord, undertake for me."

Ye merit mongers, who whip and scourge God's Israel, what would you here? You would but add more fuel to the fire which rages in the soul of such a tempest tossed one as this.

But see! One like unto the sons of men appears; at His approach the dark clouds vanish, the loud thunders cease their pealing, and the storm is hushed. It is Jesus, "glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength, speaking in righteousness, mighty to save." He is the true Light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; He is their Guide into the way of peace" (Isaiah lxiii. 1; Luke i. 79). Upon the beaten path of tribulation, the Bride, the spiritual Rebekah, hastens through the wilderness.

"As when, of old, Rebekah trod
The desert long and drear,
While Abraham's wealth, and Isaac's love
Rang in her gladden'd ear:

So traverse we this wilderness,
While our blest Guide makes known
The Father's house, the Son's rich love,
And all He has, our own."

The Bride is in safe keeping. Each step of her journey home is sure indeed. How rich is the sweet experience of the love and affection of Jesus, through the grace and energy of God the ever-blessed Comforter. Oh the peace, the joy, the blessedness, of Jesus' company! How blessed indeed to know, or to have the slightest intimation, that *for me* He left His home above, to sorrow, bleed and die! But such highly favoured seasons as these last not long. The day hastens to a close, and the shades of evening gather fast. Darkness steals on, and the presence of Him whom the soul loves is no longer enjoyed. The heart which beat so late with gladness is now the seat of mourning and anxiety.

"The Queen travels often in the night." Deserted now, she longs for Him, the Bridegroom of her heart. Earnestly she looks, and looks again, but all is vain. She rises from her bed, she issues forth, and in the streets and broad ways she prosecutes her search, but finds not the joy of her heart. It is night indeed. This darkness is felt. No mortal happiness can compensate the want of communion and intercourse with Jesus. The Sun of righteousness has disappeared, and the cold chilling vapours ascend. The dews of night hang in her straying locks, and through the mists and fogs of doubt and perplexity she plaintively enquires, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" She meets with those who profess to know Him well; to these she continues her enquiry. Where is their boasted ability to produce Him at will? Dumb dogs they are, they cannot bark. They know Him not. They speak, but to annoy. They direct, but to mislead. How very few indeed are there, in these days of boasted gospel light, who can comfort the weary mourners in Zion!

"The Queen travels often by night." Yes. This saying will hold good until "all the ransomed church of God be saved to sin no more." Through the thick dark night of affliction she must plod

her weary way. Out of the dust afflictions arise not. Each one is of the Father's own appointing.

"Your nights of trial, then,
Are all ordain'd by Heaven :
If He appoint the number *ten*,
You ne'er shall have *eleven*."

See how the apostle endeavoured to comfort the Thessalonian Church with this precious truth, "That no man should be moved by these afflictions; for yourselves know that we were appointed thereto" (1 Thess. iii. 3). If the comforts of the gospel are to be enjoyed by us, it must be after God's method and not man's. What pains Paul takes to make this clear, and yet how hard it is to be understood. "As the sufferings of Christ abound in us; so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ" (2 Cor. i. 5). Our prayers, if in harmony with those who trod this vale of tears before us, are offered in this spirit. "Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil" (Psalm xc. 15). Affliction we must experience, evil we must see, if we are spiritually one with that adorable Being, who was in all points tempted as His suffering members, yet without sin, that He might succour all them that are tempted.

"The Queen travels often by night." The night of death is a testing indeed to many of the children of God's family. The chilling flood fills their souls with dread, and little faith fears to tread the unknown path. Through fear of death poor weaklings are subject to bondage; but, blessed be God, His covenant arrangements work well. Jesus, the Restorer of the preserved of Israel, appears! To the poor prisoners He cries, "Go forth." To them that sit in darkness, "Show yourselves."

"In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun,
He is my soul's bright Morning Star,
And He my Rising Sun."

Before the brightness of His rising all the vain shadows of earth flee away. Doubts, fears, perplexities, anxious cares, all depart. Death's destroyer has rendered ineffectual all the designs of Satan against the church, the Bride; the powers of darkness are all overthrown, death is abolished, hell's dark legions are confounded, and the longing soul passes from "these narrow scenes of night," to join the glorified throng, in the land of light and joy eternal, where the beams of love, from Jesus' face, form our everlasting day. The Queen has completed all her travels, the wilderness journey is past and gone; no more nights of sin, sorrow, trial and death; "her Sun shall no more go down; neither shall her moon withdraw itself; for

the LORD is her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning are ended" (Isaiah lx. 20).

Down here we must wait awhile. The night will soon be over, but the consolation we enjoy is in the realization of the glorious fact, that all seasons are in the hands of Him who makes every sorrow work for good, and gives songs in the night to His tried and tempted ones.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine."

T.B.

Barrow Hill, Stavely,
Chesterfield.

ALL HIS DEALINGS RIGHT.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Many thanks for your very kind letter and for your expressions of sympathy toward me in my affliction.* The Lord has been very gracious and His consolations have neither been few nor small.

I have long been praying for deliverance from certain things in matters temporal, and have had great liberty in pouring out my complaint before the Lord, but no answer has been given. Indeed, things have seemed to run the more contrary, and my unbelieving nature has been ready to cry out, "All these things are against me;" and when this affliction came upon me, I thought it was worse than all, but I was soon enabled to say, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." It is by terrible things in righteousness the Lord is pleased to answer His people. O, my dear brother, I often think when we are praying, even under the dictation of the Spirit, that if we knew the way the Lord would take in answering us, we should stop short in our prayers. Our God works very mysteriously in His dealings with His people. Job tells us that he works on the left hand; that is, it appears so enigmatical and cross handed to sense and reason. But

"All God's ways are wise and good,
Uniform, though various,
Though they seem, by reason view'd,
Cross and quite contrarious."

We are oftentimes on the mount in pleading with the Lord, and we have great freedom in pouring our sighs and groans into the very bosom of our precious Lord Jesus, but we have to be brought down into the valley to be answered; we have to pass under the rod of His love, wade through some deep waters, go through some fiery furnace, and endure some painful cross. Not an ivory one to wear about the neck. Oh, no, but one the Lord is pleased to choose for us and lay on us,

*Our friend and brother was thrown out of his trap and had his leg broken.—Ed.

and one which faith alone is enabled to bear and glory in, and to count it all joy that we are counted worthy to suffer for His sake. It is when we are brought into this state of experience the dear Lord opens His heart of love, displays the riches of His grace, endears Himself unto us as the "Brother born for adversity" and one that loveth at all times. Yes, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. My flesh shrinks from affliction as much as any one's, but it is worth going into the furnace to have the fond caresses and loving smiles of a dear Redeemer. It is here he is pleased to kiss us with the kisses of His mouth, and whisper to the heart some gracious token of His eternal, unchangeable love. It is here we are enabled to say with one of old, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "He knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

"As gold from the flame He'll bring thee at last,
To praise him for all through which thou hast pass'd,
Then Love everlasting thy griefs shall repay,
And God from thine eyes wipe all sorrows away."

I am happy to inform you that I am, through mercy, progressing very favourably. The wound is healed, and I have my leg in plaster of Paris bandages: the bones are knitting together, but it is rather painful. It is so spiritually; we have to pass through a painful ordeal when bone comes to His bone, and when that union which existed between Christ and our souls from eternity becomes developed in us and realised by us through precious faith we then are enabled to go on our way leaping and walking and praising God. This portion has been very precious to me in my affliction. "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Oh, how Jesus identifies Himself with His beloved people! He is one with them not only in joy, but in sorrow; not only in prosperity, but in adversity; not only in health, but in affliction; not only in life, but in death; not only in time, but through a never ending eternity.

"Hail, sacred union, firm and strong,
How great the grace, how sweet the song,
That worms of earth should ever be,
One with Incarnate Deity!"

I often think if the minds of those who profess to be the Lord's people were led more into this precious truth, we should not hear so much twaddle as we are in the habit of hearing. May the Lord the Spirit richly anoint you to preach it, and give to those of His people whom he has quickened into life grace to receive the same.

So prays

Your's affectionately for the truth's sake,

H.P.

London, March 1860.

FROM A BROTHER BELOVED.

MY BROTHER BELOVED OF THE LORD,—“Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ” in whom we live, move, and have our being, and with whom we shall ever dwell in His love, in His glory, be like Him, and see Him as He is, “Emmanuel, God with us.” John says that we shall see Him as He is, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning, and the ending, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. What a mercy, my brother, to see and know Him in the fulness of His Person, the great mystery of godliness! The Holy Ghost saith by Paul, “And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in [not by] the world, received up into glory.” John, the forerunner of Jesus, gives a most precious account of His person: “The word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.” “We see Jesus [saith Paul] who was made a little lower than the angels, for the sufferings of death, crowned with glory and honour, that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.” Yes, glory to His name, He hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, and as an eternal conqueror over Satan, sin, death and hell, He is gone up with a shout of victory. David saw Him in triumph over all his and our enemies: “Thou hast ascended up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also [how precious the words, rebellious also], that the Lord God might dwell among them.” He is not only gone up with the shout of victory, but He has entered into the Holy place, and how did He enter? Not by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood. He entered into the Holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. The Lord was very gracious to me on the day I saw you at Plymouth, in bringing me into communion and fellowship with Himself, my God and Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, by the unction of the Spirit, to know that the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth from all sin; and to see Him, as John saw Him, clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and His name is called the Word of God: and He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords (Rev. xix). “This is life eternal [saith Jesus] that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” What a mercy, then, to know Him, our own Brother, in our own flesh and blood, yet without sin; for He is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; yet, by God our Father, He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we sinners might

be made the righteousness of God in Him. We not only know Him our Brother, but we know Him our God, and our Redeemer, "Emmanuel, God with us." Job had a precious revelation of the person of "Emmanuel, God with us." "I know [saith Job] that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another: though my reins be consumed within me." "Behold the day is come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth, [not upon, but in His earthen vessels of mercy, which He had afore prepared unto glory]: in His days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely, and this is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our righteousness." What a mercy to know Him as our righteousness, and to have our God and Father's pleasure made known in our hearts; for He hath said I am well pleased with you, for His righteousness sake. But Jesus has been a stumbling stone and a rock of offence in all ages to them that believe not; and as it was in the beginning, so it is now, and ever shall be, our Jesus, in the fulness of His Person, is the stumbling stone of professors. They do not like Him, and they despise Him, and say, "We will not have this man to reign over us." They do not like Him, nor what He has done for His family in accomplishing their complete redemption. "The archers," saith the Holy Ghost, "have sorely grieved Him, and shot at Him, and hated Him, but His bow abode in strength, and the arms of His hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob: from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel" (Gen xlix. 23, 24). Again, "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious ["unto you therefore which believe He is precious"] corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste." (Isa. xxvii. 16). The Lord will take good care that His children, that are under His guidance and teaching, shall not overrun the course; for He, the Lord, will keep the feet of His saints. Our dear Jesus came into our world for the express purpose, "through the tender mercy of our God whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us. To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." The Holy Ghost says, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." What a most precious view the Holy Ghost gives of our God and Father's tender mercy and care manifested to His family whilst travelling through this wilderness of sin and death. He chose David [Jesus our spiritual David] also His servant, and took Him from the sheepfolds, from following the ewes great with

young. He brought Him to feed Jacob His people, and Israel His inheritance; so He fed them according to the integrity of His heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of His hand. Our dear Jesus says, for the comfort of His brethren, "No man is able to pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." As our dear Lord Jesus has redeemed us from death, He having swallowed up death in victory; and purified and cleansed us from all sin, pollution, and filthiness, in and with His own blood, and clothed us with Himself, the Lord our Righteousness, He saith to His Father, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." Again, Jesus saith to His Father, "And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world [God's elect] may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." How precious! we love Him because He first loved us. In a few days we shall go home, see Him as He is and be like Him.

JACOB TARRING.

PUBLICANS AND HARLOTS SAVED.

To those who are loved by God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, and quickened into life by God the Holy Ghost, we would now write a spiritual epistle, well knowing that none but these living sons and daughters can prize and appreciate the truth as it is in Jesus. All other professors are dead in trespasses and in sins and therefore they know not anything of a spiritual nature. They have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. The deep things of God they have no interest in and no right to, and hence they know not the way to the city of Mount Zion which God has blest, the new Jerusalem which cometh down from heaven, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. Without the family love-enclosure are dogs, which go round about the city, but cannot scale her walls or enter her gates. This blood-enclosure is deeper than hell and higher than heaven, and it is an hedge that the serpent could never break through. Those who are within are chosen and faithful, and they shall walk with Him in white, for they are worthy in the worthiness of their beloved Lord. All who are favored to enter the door into this sheepfold have their names indelibly written in the Lamb's book of life, and they shall never come into condemnation. It matters not what their former conduct may have been, what paths of sin they originally pursued, what

sinks of iniquity they may have hitherto revelled in, or what kinds of Satanic service they may have formerly been employed in, since grace has been effectual in plucking them as brands from the burning.

"Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying thief and Abraham too;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same."

The Lord said in the days of His flesh that publicans and harlots entered the kingdom of heaven before the pious Pharisee, and this He wonderfully exemplified in the case of Mary in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Mary was noted for her sinfulness, and spurned by the respectable for her vile conduct. So deeply dyed was she in sin and corruption as to elicit from the Holy Ghost the following emphatic language: "And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner!" Simon knew her to be a sinner, the Lord knew her to be a sinner, and she knew herself to be a sinner of the deepest dye, of the blackest hue; but her sin was no barrier to Christ's blood, no impediment to covenant love, no obstruction to sovereign grace. Christ was not ashamed of being in her company, and was perfectly indifferent as to what opinions men might have concerning it. So disgusted was Simon with her conduct, and so offended was he at the Lord for countenancing the base wretch, that he held it as proof infallible that Christ was an impostor: hence said Simon: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him: for she is a sinner:" that is, we understand, an harlot. Well, Simon, and are you better than Mary? "In no wise;" for, in common with all Adam's children, he had sinned and come short of the glory of God. But Simon thought himself more pure than Mary, and yet he had never been washed from his filthiness. But whether better than Mary or not, he was not thought so much of by Christ. He was too good for Christ to regard, too righteous for the man of Sorrows to take any notice of. Pardon, though a sinner, and a notable one, Mary received at the hand of her Lord, but Simon's sin remained. She was forgiven much and she loved much. She was just the character that Christ came to seek and to save, and just the same kind the Lord is pleased to save now. It is a humiliating portion for flesh and blood to read which says, "Publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom before you" self-righteous Pharisees. We even read that "Rahab the harlot perished not with them that believed not." Her sisters in crime, also, the Samaritan sinner, Mary Magdalene, and the woman taken in the very act of adultery, perished not with them that believed not when they realised the blood of sprinkling and the peace of God which passeth all understanding. How many professors in our day would love to mingle

with Rahab, Mary, the woman of Samaria, and that notable elect vessel of mercy the woman taken in adultery? In what church book could they get their names written? At whose communion table would such base wretches be allowed to sit down? What religious family would invite them to be on visiting terms with them? The Lord says, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean." If God receive a sinner, that sinner is thought by the Majesty of heaven fit company for Himself; and if the Lord smile, why should we frown upon such an one. If He receive, upon what ground can we reject? Are we holier than God, and therefore shun the company that He keeps? Are we better than the base wretch which Christ is pleased to lovingly wash in His fountain? Is not His fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness? Does not the Lord think more of one deep-dyed sinner whom He has brought to repentance than of ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance? Is He any respecter of persons? Are not heaven's blood-trophies made up of the offscouring of all things? Have not the Saviour's jewels been gathered from among the basest of the base of Adam's fallen offspring? Are not love's pearls brought up from the deep of the Adam corruption? For our part, we believe that the Lord thinks more highly of Rahab the harlot, Mary the harlot, the Samaritan harlot, and the woman taken in adultery, than He does of ten millions of the pious professors of the day. How is this? "That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God:" and "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and **BASE THINGS** of the world, and things which are **DESPISED** hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh [however pious and dignified] should glory in His presence." "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded." The pride of man is so great [and Heaven knows that he has nothing to be proud of] that the language of his pious heart to those beneath him in the grade of society is, "Come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." Holier than thou indeed! A fair illustration of this kind of piety and pride the Lord has given us in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican. Both Pharisee and Publican have their representatives in our day, and all religious professors may be classed under these two heads. The Pharisee represents the pious but false church, whilst the Publican represents the true and spiritual church. The Pharisee was not contented with parading his goodness and his religion before the Lord, but he must fire off a little of his fleshly ammunition against the poor Publican. He might have left the poor wretch alone. Well, but he knew the Publican to be a sinner, and therefore his pious heart could not quite pass it over.

Sinner, indeed ! And what was he ? Why, righteous, to be sure ! In his own eyes, but not in Heaven's. However, the sequel proved that his goodness could not bridge the gulph fixed by God between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent. His goodness could not form a ladder long enough to enable him to scale the battlements of heaven, whilst, on the other hand, the Publican had not badness enough to keep him out of heaven, he was not too gross a sinner for the blood of Christ to cleanse, he was not too deeply dyed in sin and guilt to cause the Saviour to shun him, although he was too bad for the Pharisee's company. Well, wisdom is justified of all her children, and this venerable and loving mother justifies all her own offspring. We do not like good people. We never have done so since our God spoke the atonement into our heart, the blood of sprinkling into our conscience, and the peace that passeth all understanding into our sin-wounded and serpent-bitten soul. The BASE things, and the things that are DESPISED, are Heaven's favorites, and why should they not be our's ? We see no reason. If God receive them, if Christ embrace them, if the Holy dwell in them, why should we treat them with contempt ? God forbid that we should. Religious professors of our day, who shun the company of the poor and needy, will, no doubt, expect to have their select circle when they reach heaven. We have no doubt they will *when* they reach the climes of the glorified, but if the Word of God be true, though they get so high here, they will be low enough hereafter. Take Dives and Lazarus to wit. The latter was comforted in the warm bosom of covenant love, whilst the former was tormented in hell's scorching flames. Why this eternal difference ? "Even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in thy sight." Paul said, "By the grace of God I am what I am," therefore the great Apostle of the Gentiles had not a stone to cast at the most profligate and abandoned wretch under the canopy of heaven. "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God," is a far more seemly and becoming expression for a professed child of God, than "God I thank thee that I am not as other men are." Kent, speaking of the Publican, says,

"No God I thank thee fouls his tongue,
A sink of sin his heart appears."

Jesus the great Jehovah said in the days of His flesh, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ;" therefore,

"Christ is the sinner's friend,
The righteous know Him not :
He will be faithful to the end,
To His own little flock."

Peter's sheet exemplified most fully the depraved and vile characters that are found amongst heaven's favorites, the Lamb's trophies, Immanuel's jewels, and the Holy Ghost's "vessels of mercy afore pre-

pared unto glory." There was not a clean beast to be found in the sheet, and there is not a soul taught of God, instructed by the blessed Spirit, but that will acknowledge, with the church, "We are all as an unclean thing." Sooner or later all the elect children of God will be brought to see and feel that they have merited God's wrath by their own personal sin, that they have incurred His divine vengeance by their individual transgression, and that though they may not have been allowed to revel in sin as have some, yet they have not a stone to throw at the vilest of the vile, the basest of the base. Indeed they will assuredly be brought to sing,

"Tis all of sovereign grace that we
Do not as others do."

With Paul they will each and all be brought to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." The seed of every evil there is no doubt lies in the heart of every sinner, and if each and all of them do not germinate, blossom and bear their evil fruit, there is no thanks due to that son of Adam, to that heir of corruption. "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded." No flesh shall find room to boast or glory in the Lord's presence. We are well aware that the dignified moralist can find it in his heart of deceitfulness to vaunt over the poor and unfortunate wretch who has been steeped to the very eyes in almost every phase of sin and degradation; but why should he? Is he, with all his uprightness and integrity, with all his self-righteous piety, better than the poor, despised sin-slave? "In no wise." Humanly speaking, he stands on vantage ground, holds a more honorable position in society, but if he be not a subject of grace, a temple of the Holy Ghost, he is not so near the kingdom of heaven as the object of his proud scorn and pious contempt. The very scum and offscouring of all things are brought, by sovereign grace, by discriminating favor, by the power of the Holy Ghost, with weeping and with supplication, to look upon Him whom they have pierced, and to realise pardoning love, atoning blood, and imputed righteousness, whilst thousands, who shine as angels of light, and who appear blemish void before man, are as far from God as the poles. Hart says,

"A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost has made him so."

Sinners Christ loves. It was for the ungodly that He died. He Himself says, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick."

"Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Physician's care."

We believe that the fifty pence debtors are much in the minority of the five hundred pence debtors. But there is no real reason for the fifty pence debtor to think that he shall not realise pardoning love and atoning blood because he is not so deeply involved in debt

as the five hundred pence debtor; and there is no solid cause for the five hundred pence debtor to despair of mercy because his debt is so amazingly great; for we read, and it is Christ's own language, "And when they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them both."

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,"

is a most sweet stanza for both of them, but there is no doubt that the sinner who is forgiven most will love the Lord most and sing the Hallelujah chorus loudest and sweetest.

EDITOR.

A SURE FOUNDATION.

We are well assured that the Lord knew and loved His people from eternity, and they are secure, because the eternal Godhead of Christ is the basis upon which this foundation rests: and it is "a sure foundation." "Upon this rock," saith our glorious Christ, "I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Child of God! though you may doubt and fear, and often tremble, you cannot sink. Has not the Lord helped you in every difficulty; succoured you in every dark day of adversity; and been to you a very present help in trouble? You may have thought that He would surely send you to hell instead of receiving you to heaven, but still it is a *sure* foundation, it is a *solid* rock, and you, who have been enabled to build upon it, know that "Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it:" and

"Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal cov'nant stands."

At all times united to the foundation! and if you have a good hope through grace, it will be a secret something that will always bear you up.

He will support you, and uphold you with His powerful arm, child of God! and "He who hath brought you hitherto, will guide you all your journey through." Satan may vex and harass you, and try to cast you down, by telling you that you have neither part nor lot in the matter, but it is only for the Lord to drop His word with living power in your heart, and you will again rejoice in His salvation, and as an inhabitant of the rock you will sing, and shout from the top of the mountains; and you will say, I know He will never leave me nor forsake me. What is the foundation? Christ—who is also the foundation of the Church, and having this foundation, not one member can ever sink. Resting on this basis, nothing shall alter your security, and Jesus has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed: we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Every member of His Church was betrothed in love before time

began—built upon this foundation; and the living family of God, in all ages, have found it a secure resting place. You may forget the way the Lord has led you; you may forget the love you have realized in days gone by; you may not be continually tasting that the Lord is gracious, but He changes not; and He told His disciples that the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father would send in His name, would bring all things to their remembrance, whatsoever He had said unto them. He may keep you waiting for a long time, but He will restore to you the joys of His salvation, seeing you have the root of the matter in you. "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry;" and when He is pleased again to manifest Himself to you, you will sit down under His shadow with great delight, and find His fruit sweet to your taste: and you will say, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love." God hath set the day of prosperity over against the day of adversity to the end that man should find nothing after him. "This Man—the Man Christ Jesus—shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." How blessed to be led to choose this Rock because He *first* chose us! Glorious place to stand—on Christ the Eternal Rock of Ages! and He is "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever."

There may be some here who know not the preciousness of Christ, who have never realized salvation-blessings, but "Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious," and it matters not how low a child of God may sink in feeling, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Salvation does not depend upon the creature. We read (Ps. lxxviii. 18) that Jehovah "received gifts for men,—or as it might be read, *in the Man*, even in Emmanuel, our Head, our great and glorious Lord—even for the rebellions also." Surely we can come in here! We cannot boast of our purity, our meekness, or our piety, but we bless Him these gifts are for the rebellious also, and I believe rebellion is only truly known by the children of God; rebellion even against the Lord, and against His righteous dispensation. How often have we said, "Not so, my Father," and again, "All these things are against me," but he does not exclude the rebellions. Cheer up! child of God, you may fear you know not Him, "Whom to know is life eternal," and you may fear He knows you not; but, if you have a living desire in your heart to know Him, He loves you, and knows you, and has blessed you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, and where He is, you shall surely be in His own time, and you shall eternally sing praises round the throne. His arms encircle you, and, in His embrace, how secure are you at all times! and when the Lord is pleased to shed His love abroad in your heart, you will glory in His *sure foundation*, go on your way rejoicing, and even in Jordan's stream be enabled to sing

"Sweet's the peace that's sealed by blood."

"The lame take the prey." "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, He increaseth strength." "For the Lord shall repent Himself for His servants, when He seeth that their power is gone, and there is none shut up or left."

He is a sure foundation! we need no other: we desire no other; and the child of God who is brought to build upon this foundation is not carried about with every wind of doctrine. How is it you are growing up into Him in all things, who is the Head, but because you were predestinated to be a living stone in this temple from all Eternity! The Lord rears His own superstructure on this foundation, and He also is the Top-Stone: these living stones are built up in time "a spiritual house," under the tuition of the Eternal Spirit, and each of them declares it is a sure foundation. Go and ask a dying child of God, who is nearing the portals of bliss and blessedness, what is his hope; and listen to his reply—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Ask him if he dare enter the dark valley with this hope, and with his eyes flashing fire, and beaming with glory, he instantly answers, Yes! in the article of death, I shall sing, It is a sure foundation, and I shall die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

"His goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." He knew and loved His people in eternity, What does our glorious Christ say to His God and Father? "Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved me and Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." "All mine are Thine, and thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them." How blessed is it to trace His hand in everything! (and He hath "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted the heavens with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,") and how sweet it is to remember that "The Lord has made bare His holy arm," and put gladness into our hearts, so that, like Hannah, we can rejoice in the Lord, and praise the name of our glorious Jehovah Jesus!

Child of God! Is it not a sure foundation? Have you ever enjoyed His presence! Have you ever been "satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord?" (We read, "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.") If so, you are a vessel afore prepared unto glory—sanctified and meet for the Master's use; and when He fills you with His fulness, do you not bless His dear name, and rejoice that you shall never go down into death, or reach the confines of despair? You may oft-times be tempest-tossed, and the sun may be clouded for a season, but He will revive His work; He will come again and say, "Rise

up, my love, my fair one, and come away." What says the dying saint when the outward man is perishing? Ask him, are you afraid to cross the Jordan—afraid to launch into that narrow stream? Do you fear the moment of dissolution, when your soul shall be disembodied? "Afraid," he says, "O no! Christ has swallowed up death in victory: He is my Rock, and I rejoice to sing, "Jehovah is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? Jehovah is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? The light will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; soon will it be clear as the sun at noonday, and I shall sing His praises for ever." "Ah," says a child of God, "I fear it will not be light then; I fear my evidences will then be gone, and that I shall be in darkness of soul." The Lord will be better to you than all your doubts and fears, and, like Paul, you shall say, "To depart and be with Christ is far better"—to be "absent from the body and present with the Lord." May the Lord say to you in the power of His own Spirit, "It shall be well with you. At evening time it shall be light!" Your fears will then be instantly gone, your doubts banished, and you will long to get home to crown your precious Jesus Lord of All. I believe many of the Lord's children fear the buffetings of Satan; they fear the last conflict; but, why fear? When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him, and though he may come with re-doubled energy, yet the good hope the Lord has given you shall never be uprooted. You know ever since the Lord has begun His work in your soul, this hope has never left you; He has often rejoiced your heart, and He will never leave you nor forsake you. "As thy days so shall thy strength be." He changeth not!

"And can He have taught you to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought you to put you to shame?"

Impossible! Ah! child of God, all things are ordered for the best: nothing can sweep you from the rock; no enemy, no clouds, no darkness can harm you; you are environed about by God; at all times you are safe!

He is "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever," and "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." "Yea, He loved the people: all His saints are in Thy hand." Secure dwelling-place! glorious foundation! When the Lord says, "Spring up, O well," nothing can stop it: it is only for Him to speak, and it is done. And "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." May He banish all doubts from your mind, and say unto you, "Fear not!" May the Eternal Spirit witness with your spirit that you are the children of God; and may He enable you to leave all time-things and time-trials at the foot of the mount; and to rise in communion and fellowship with your Father and your God!

A.W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"That ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light."—1 Peter ii. 9.

All those who were loved and chosen and elected of God before the foundation of the world, all those who were saved in Christ, with an everlasting salvation, in the eternity of God's purpose, are made willing in the day of His power, and are called out of darkness into His marvellous light in the fulness of time, at the fixed and settled moment; and we may well call it marvellous light. No light can be compared to it: it is a light above the brightness of the sun, and it had such a wondrous effect on Paul's natural vision, that he declares he could not see for the glory of that light. Yes, so transcendently glorious are the beamings of God's light to the eye of faith, that God's elect when favored to bask beneath its refulgence feel filled with glory: their faces are radiant with joy, their countenances beam with delight, and shine as did the face of Moses when, in the cleft of the rock, he beheld the glory of the Lord; and at such times they can enter into some of the blessedness which the three disciples experienced when, on the mount, Jesus was transfigured before them. "And I," saith our glorious Christ, "if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto Me;" not only literally, in the days of His flesh, when He was crucified, but ministerially now by the Spirit's attracting and drawing power. Without the powerful ministration of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, there can be no enlargement of heart, no expansion of mind, no going out of soul realised, no communion with our Beloved enjoyed. We depend wholly and solely upon the Lord the Spirit: if the word be not accompanied with His divine power, it must be ineffectual, there can be neither heart-realisation nor soul-enjoyment: and if the Minister of the New Testament be not in our midst, our meeting

together will be in vain. We cannot command a blessing from the high court of heaven, but O! if He shall say, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out," the response will ascend, "Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits." "I am come," says the Bridegroom, "into my garden, my sister spouse." "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of HIM that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace" is her reply. We must have the Lord's word with power, we must realise it in the dew and in the unction thereof, and we must enter into the fulness of those words—"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew.....because I will publish the name of the Lord." This is the office of the Holy Ghost, and it is His delight to magnify His office, and to publish not the mere bare name of the mighty God of Jacob, but to testify of Him in His covenant relations, in His public offices, and in His priestly character; to speak of Him in His doing, dying, rising, in His glorification, and in His presentation before His Father with all His members in living oneness, holy, unblameable and unreprouvable in His sight. I say again, the Spirit delights to magnify His office, but now, as formerly, many seem not to have heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. The work of the Spirit is rarely named, His offices and acts are scarcely hinted at or touched upon; and how is this? Because men do not feel their insufficiency and their own creature weakness; because they are not under divine culture, not tutored by the Spirit of all truth, not instructed in the grace-school of Christ; for all taught of God well know that without Christ and without His almighty power developed and manifested they are nothing and they can do nothing. "All flesh is as grass [and nothing is more tender than is grass: grass cannot perform any feats; the least wind moves it, and it is very easily trodden down under foot and crushed] and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth; and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the Word which by the gospel is preached unto you." We have not to ascend into heaven, that is, to bring Christ down from above; neither have we to descend into the deep, that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead, but the Word is nigh us, even in our mouth, and in our heart, that is, the word of faith which we preach, or as it is expressed by Paul in another place, it is "Christ in you, the hope of glory; whom we preach." Here we have the word personified, and Christ is both the Word of faith and the faithful Word. O! child of God, be it your's and mine to stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief, but, like Abraham of old, may we be strong in faith, giving glory to God, being fully persuaded that what He has promised He is able also to perform;

and as our Text says, may we shew forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light! We understand by this that had not the Lord have called us, we should have been in darkness until now; that had He not have illuminated us, we should have been in gross ignorance to the present moment; that had it not have been for a divine and sovereign act of clemency, we should still have been pursuing the broad road to destruction. O! infinite mercy to be plucked as brands from the burning. We shall have an eternity in which to bless and to praise the Lord for His goodness to us, and in which to extol Him for the riches of His grace.

"That ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." Now we have no doubt that there are some in our presence who have not been called out of nature's darkness, and these will not understand the meaning of our text, neither will they delight in those things of which we may be led to speak; and how is this? Because they have no interest in them: they are satisfied with ten thousand things, and are captivated with the baubles around them, but the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills afford them no pleasure. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." The natural mind is opposed to the spirit of the word, and to the Scriptures, that is, in their dew and unction: the mere professor repudiates inspiration, revelation, and manifestation, but it is not so with those who are called with an high and an holy calling: these know that if the gospel come unto them in word only, and not in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, it will avail them nothing: they cannot rest in bare doctrinal statements, but they must realise the word from the heart of their Beloved, under the anointing of the Holy One; and unless the Lord clothe His word with power and seal it home, satisfaction and contentment will not ensue. How blessed is it not only to have lamps, but to have oil in our vessels! Concerning profession and possession Jesus was pleased to speak in the days of His flesh in a figure. He says, "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps." What do we understand by this? That the foolish virgins had a name to live, but that they were dead in trespasses and in sins, that they were in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, that they had a lamp of profession, but that they possessed not the oil of grace, the oil of possession: they re-

alised not the power of the Scriptures in their heart, neither did they enjoy the love of God shed abroad in their own soul. "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." Then the virgins arose and trimmed their lamps, and the foolish said unto the wise, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." But they answered, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you." God's people are told to buy the truth and to sell it not; they possess the pearl of great price, the root of the matter, an incorruptible and an unfading inheritance; and having an inward treasure, a secret hidden portion, the oil of grace, the oil of joy, they are ready at any moment to go in with their Lord to the marriage, and to enter into His joy. All mere profession is unhallowed flame and will go out in death, but it is an unspeakable mercy to be persuaded by power divine that we have oil in our vessels, for this oil shall never be extinguished. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man," said Jesus, "and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Many of His disciples when they heard this said, "This is an hard saying; who can hear it?" None can but those who have spiritual ears: nevertheless, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." The Lord's children exclusively have spiritual ears, spiritual eyes, and a circumcised heart: these alone have spiritual faculties: these alone have spiritual perceptions: these alone comprise the household of faith, the family circle: and none but those who are called out of darkness into God's marvellous light, called by divine power, can shew forth His praises. The Lord has promised to give His people a new heart; and He has said that they shall return unto Him with their whole heart. This is not that old heart, that corrupt heart, which they possess in union to Adam earthy, and which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, a cage of unclean birds, a fountain of corruption; but this is God's new-covenant gift. It is written, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God;" and unless you have this heart of flesh, you cannot see God either in a time-state or in a glory-state, and you cannot worship Him in the beauties of holiness. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Spiritual worshippers are sought out by God the Father and made such by the Holy Ghost, and none but those of the heart-circumcision can worship Him in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh. We have nothing in which to glory in and of ourselves; by the grace of God we are what we are: and with Toplady we can sing—

Grace hath plac'd us in the number
Of the Saviour's family."

We love to magnify Him, and those of God's people in our presence who have been quickened into life will bear us witness that it is the joy of the heart of His children to sing unto Him who hath done such great things on their behalf when He puts a new song into their mouth, that it is a source of delight to shew forth His praise when He causes a live coal from off the altar to touch their lips. "Praise is comely for the upright," and "The upright love Thee." "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly;" and those who walk thus, walk surely; they dwell in the land of uprightness, in the land of Emmanuel, which flows with milk and honey, and which is the glory—or the envy—of all lands. They are called desolate and forsaken, it is true, but the Lord has taken them into oneness with Himself, and they are everlastingly joined to Him and one Spirit.

"That ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." Here we have the first principles of the doctrine of Christ set forth, the first steps in the divine pathway laid down: and how very important is it to know whether we have started rightly on our heavenly journey! Thousands in our day of blazing profession build not upon the foundation-stone, even Christ, but upon the sandbank of their creature performances; but all God's people are taught to found their edifice on the Rock of Ages. O! it is well to make sure that we have a solid basis, for however grand the fabric may appear, it will not stand the stormy wind and tempest unless the foundation be firm; but if we be built upon Christ, though the storm may come and the rain may descend, we shall not be moved simply because we are founded on an immutable basis. "He is the Rock; His work is perfect." "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Child of God, is it not in your heart this morning to show forth the praises of your glorious Lord? Is it not in your mind to testify of what He has done for you? You are assured that you have passed from death to life; you know that the Holy Ghost has been your Teacher, your Instructor and your Guide; and that as He has called you out of darkness, you can never get into darkness again, and never come into condemnation. His having called you is a proof that He has justified you and glorified you, "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate conformed to the image of His Son. . . . Moreover whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified." In the first place all the members of Christ's mystic body are called, justified and glorified in the Son of the Father's love, by virtue of oneness with their Head, and being thus viewed in Him and pro-

nounced free from blame, in the fulness of time every elect vessel of mercy, every individual member, is personally called, and instructed, and led by the Holy Ghost, and each one is individually justified, and shall be eventually glorified. These precious truths must be realised and enjoyed by power divine: and without the display of the Lord's sovereignty, there can be no entering into heavenly blessings, no participating in eternal favors. Now let us ask you a few questions here. Has the Lord called you? Have you the satisfaction in your heart that you have passed from death to life? Has Christ the Sun of Righteousness beamed upon you? Some when dilating on the doctrine of election and when speaking of the new birth exhort those of their hearers who know not whether they be elected or not to ask the Lord to elect them, when election is an eternal act; and to pray to the mighty God, when real spiritual prayer is the breathing of the quickened soul. What, can dead men perform living actions? No: and we read that the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord. As it was with Lazarus literally, so it is with every child of God spiritually, the all-powerful voice of the Lord must be heard; and Jesus says, and we dare not reject His words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." Power accompanies His word: power is communicated with His accents sweet; and hearing His voice, saying "live," and being quickened into life are simultaneous acts. "A word is a work with our covenant God." When He speaks, the thing is accomplished. He speaks the sinner out of death into life, out of darkness into light. It is "Not by might, nor by power (that is human), but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth (in his own creature strength), but of God that sheweth mercy:" and since, beloved, the Lord has called you by grace: since in your instance the new birth has taken place, according to what Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again," showing it was imperative: O! I say, since you are out of Satanic darkness and are brought into His marvellous light, why not shew forth His praises? why not magnify Him for what He has done for you? He has indeed been merciful and gracious: and what cause have you for gratitude and thankfulness! He has forgiven you all trespasses, and He says your sins and your iniquities He will remember no more.

"Eternity will fail to prove
The vast immensity of love."

Ah! when we shall get home to glory, when we shall be glorified before our Father's throne, we shall not be able to bless Him sufficiently for His acts of love, but He who has built the temple shall

bear the glory, and we will crown Him and laud His name to an eternal day. We are near to Him and dear to Him, and we are called upon to magnify Him. We read, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion:" and when His word flows forth, when His Spirit ministers in word and doctrine, it is the delight of the Lord's children to sing His song; but only the family circle, the "little flock," can exult in Him; only the election of grace, the purchased people, can shout from the top of the mountains. Think you that it is possible for a natural man to praise the Lord spiritually? I am sure it is not, for the dead know not anything; they know nothing really, truly, vitally, spiritually, in substance, being dead in trespasses and in sins: and in another sense God's people are dead; but how vast is the distinction between the two deaths! The apostle says, when writing to the church of God at Colosse, "Ye are dead, but your life is hid with Christ in God:" again he declares, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Hence if our life be hid with Christ in God, Christ exclusively must be our life; and it is by reason of this being communicated, or by virtue of Christ ruling and reigning within, that we shew forth His praises. But in what way do we shew forth His praises? Not always in singing His own song: speaking of the glory of His kingdom as established in our heart is shewing forth His praise: talking of His power as realised in our own soul is shewing forth His praise: declaring the goodness of a covenant God, how He has loved us with an unabating and a perpetual love, blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and saved us in Himself with an everlasting salvation, so that now there is no condemnation, and there never shall be any separation; rehearsing His righteous and mighty acts; and extolling His worthy and wondrous name: this is gloriously shewing forth His praise: and the Lord has said, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." O! when, by power communicated, the blessed Remembrancer brings all things to our remembrance, and when He enables us to tell of the wonders Love has done, it is easy to shew forth His praises. We have no goodness of our own in which to glory, and we cannot exult in the creature, but "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

"Boasting's by the cross excluded,
'Tis, and that for ever too."

Child of God, may we testify of Jesus, of His faithfulness, of His love, of His mercy, of His kindness! Ah! when by precious faith

we can lean on His arm and recline upon His bosom of love, this is shewing forth His praise: when we can feel that our God has always been faithful to His promise, to His oath, to His word, and that though the path may be intricate, and though our way may be hedged up and very perplexing, yet that His faithfulness will not fail, this is showing forth His praise. He has said He will deliver us in six troubles; yea, that in seven there shall no evil touch us: we have proved Him to be a covenant-keeping God at all times and under all circumstances, and to trust Him for the future is shewing forth His praise. "O!" say you, "this is the hardest task of all: this is the most difficult lesson." Well, the Lord says,—may He speak it home!—"Take no thought for the morrow: neither be ye of doubtful mind: for the very hairs of your head are all numbered." O! to have faith and confidence in Him, and to be enabled to say with David, "The Jehovah is my Shepherd: I shall not want." O! to realise experimentally that we dwell on high, that our place of defence ever shall be the munitions of rocks, that bread shall be given us, that our waters shall be sure. This is another way of shewing forth the Lord's praise, but our showing forth His praise depends upon His manifesting His power in us, and it is only as He works in us to will and to do of His good pleasure that we can give Him the praise and the glory due unto His name. O! what cause have we for thankfulness. He might have left us in darkness and have reserved us in everlasting chains unto the judgment of the great day, but He has brought us out of chaotic darkness into His marvellous light, and His vengeance will never come down upon us, His fury will never alight upon our heads, His anger will never be displayed toward us, but He has promised that He will receive us graciously and love us freely. His light has beamed upon our mind, and it will shine more and more to an everlasting day: and when we shall see Jesus as He is in His brilliant and uncreated glory above, we shall eternally realise Him to be our God and our Glory. May we be led on from strength to strength, and be instructed more deeply in the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge!" Well, may we crown our Jesus Lord of all, and sing unto Him with thanksgiving. It behoves us to praise Him, for He hath done great things for us. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy:" let them testify of what Jehovah has accomplished: let them speak of what the Lord in love and in mercy has performed: let them utter forth the memory of His great goodness, and tell of what He has revealed to their heart's joy and soul's rejoicing. We "joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement:" we enjoy His love now, we realise His favor now, and when

we shall get home to our Father's house, when we shall shake off this clay tent, drop this frail tabernacle, and burst through the bars of death, we shall exult in His redeeming love and cast our crowns before the throne throughout one long and never ending eternity. Sometimes we long for the moment: sometimes we anticipate the consummation: then shall we see our blessed Beloved face to face: then will our disembodied 'spirits be like a flame in His immediate presence: we shall behold Him in all His meridian glory, bow before our lovely Ishi, our precious Christ, and sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

A few words and we close. "Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." This light is indeed marvellous, and all God's people shall be brought into it in His time, but it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." It is not because we were more worthy or more deserving than were others that He chose us and set His love upon us: we have no meetness and no fitness in ourselves whatever, and we know that

"Tis all of sovereign grace that we
Do not as others do"

Our perfection, beauty, dignity and glory are wholly in another, and the language of our heart is, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake." The Lord brings all His children, either sooner or later, into the dust, and in humility of mind they are constrained to say with the publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." They have nothing of their own to plead before Him, and nothing in themselves about which to boast: sinner is their name, and at His footstool they lie, upon Him they hang, and to Him they look for help. "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe," is the breathing of their soul. Child of God, it is a glorious free-grace privilege to be brought by almighty power to the feet of Emmanuel, and there to acknowledge in brokenness of heart and in contrition of soul that without Christ we can do nothing: may we praise Him more and more for having called us out of darkness into His marvellous light; may we increase in the knowledge of Jesus; and grow up into Him, our living Head, in all things! The true light now shineth, and it will shine brighter and brighter until we shall open into Christ our eternal day. We are children of the day, not of the night: we are children of light, not of darkness: and "With open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." O! glorious, transforming, translating Spirit.

When we behold Jesus, we are like Him: His likeness we see is our's, His comeliness our's, His perfection our's, His beauty our's; and when He transports us to the mountain-top, we shew forth His praises, with joy and with delight. He alone is worthy to receive all blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, and to the description of His beauty and dignity as recorded in the Song we can fully respond, for our Beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, He is altogether lovely. Whom have we in heaven but Jesus? and there is none upon earth we desire beside our Christ. He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last: He is all our salvation and all our desire.

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

FAMILY DELINEATIONS.

VERY DEAR FRIEND IN CHRIST OUR LIVING HEAD,—“Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” This inheritance is reserved in heaven; and the Lord has graciously said, “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” “Behold, the kingdom of God is within you.” It is “Christ in you, the hope of glory,” who is the object of our love and the subject of our praise. O! glorious mystery: sacred union: He lives in us, we live in Him. “God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him;” and just before He suffered, Jesus declared to His Father and our's, “The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.”

I imagine that you are now engaged in what you used to term your favorite employment, viz:—preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, speaking of the glory of His kingdom and talking of His power. May the Master of assemblies be in your midst! may He anoint you with fresh oil, and grant you much liberty, so that, by precious faith, you may enter with Him into the Holiest of all! and may He likewise realise His love in my heart, so that I may write out of its abundance and magnify the riches of His grace!

“O for a bright celestial ray,
To bear our thoughts and souls away,
To glory's boundless, blissful scene,
And sing the Lamb that once was slain.”

If He blow breezes from the heavenly shore, our meditation will be sweet; if He command a blessing, it must be enjoyed; and we shall joyfully exclaim, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ;" and we shall further say,

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the Fountain be?"

O! to be constrained to adopt the language of John when in the Isle of Patmos—"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." O! to be privileged as was Stephen in the moment of natural dissolution, and to see as he did heaven opened and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. Time circumstances and wilderness cares are forgotten when we are lost in Him, and absorbed in His glorious Person. Yes, yes, we are fully assured that

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be *known* and *felt*."

To be "caught up into paradise" is more than a mere imagination with us: to sit beneath the Tree of life which grows in the midst of the street of the river and on either side thereof, and to partake of the precious fruits which grow thereon, are not visionary ideas, but blest realities and soul-transporting verities; and we long for more of our Beloved's resurrection-presence, anointing power, and unctuous teaching. The blessedness of singing in heavenly places in Him is beyond human description, and the sweetness of gazing on Him in His beauty and basking beneath His meridian beam defies mortal powers to portray; but it is in these chief things of the ancient mountains faith revels and delights to be engrossed; it is in these undying mercies the bird of heaven loves to be enwrapped. How blessed is it to be feelingly clothed upon with our heavenly house, even with the righteousness of Emmanuel, that robe of purest white, that spotless regal garment, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; and how sweet to feel mortality swallowed up of life! I like that expression "swallowed up." It is so triumphant and so full of meaning. Earth and time, creatures and circumstances, are out of sight when the Lord comes on the wings of the wind, when He bows the heavens and reveals Himself. We are instantly at home, at rest: we sink into our true nothingness, and "Jesus only" is exalted. His accents of love invigorate us; His soft but powerful whispers enliven us.

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss; ah! bliss complete.
Precious earnest
Of our long prepared seat."

Say we with the Church of old, "The voice of my Beloved! behold He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the

hills." He causes the mountains to flow down at His presence; He levels every hill of difficulty; He makes darkness light before us, and crooked things straight. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble:" and it is written, "A Man—even the Man Christ Jesus, the God-Man, the Glory-Man—shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"O sacred covert from the beams
That on the weary traveller beat,
How welcome are Thy shade and streams,
How bless'd, how sacred, and how sweet!"

"In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." These streams flow from the river of God's everlasting love and make glad His city, new Jerusalem, the mountain of His holiness; and Christ personally is unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. Afflictions in His hand are oftentimes channels of communication; trying providences are frequently inlets of love and light, of grace and glory. When is it we cry unto Him? When the heart is overwhelmed; yea, when heart and flesh fail. The breathing of the soul then is, "O Lord, I am oppressed: undertake for me." He brings down the heart with labor; we fall down, and there is neither strength nor power shut up or left; but He waits that He may be gracious. He has delivered, He doth deliver, and "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord." His arm is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy, that it cannot hear. But how hard is it at all times to say feelingly, "It is well!" We know theoretically that "He doeth *all* things well," but when cares press heavily on the mind, when sins rise like mountains on every hand, and when hope seems to be perished from the Lord, love to be extinguished, and faith to have fled, how difficult still in child-like confidence to utter these words! Nevertheless, it is

"Well when we see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God."

We love to see His face radiant with smiles, and to be on the Mount of Transfiguration where, beholding as in a glass His glory, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory; but we do not like the furnace and the flood, the valley and the tribulated path; but what a sweet consideration is it that "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose!" There are wheels within wheels here, and, like links in a chain, they all answer the end the Lord appointed

they should in His eternal purpose of love. When we can realise this, by the powerful ministration of the Holy Ghost, we cheerfully acquiesce, we approve all His dealings with us, and we trust Him where we cannot trace Him: we leave everything in His hands, knowing that He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind; and we say, "It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good." "Now, O Lord, Thou art our Father; we are the clay, and Thou our Potter." It is true, He often hedges up our way with thorns, and makes a wall that we cannot find our paths, but this is that we may be constrained to come unto Him. He cuts off *this* resource and deprives us of *that* prop, but why? That we may be necessitated to lean upon Him, and look to Him exclusively. He declares, "From all your idols, I will cleanse you." "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted," and in infinite love He stirs up our nests, and causes the thorns to prick us; thus teaching us the vanity of earthly things and of the perishable baubles of the time-state.

"Tis, if need be, He reproves us,
Lest we settle on our lees;
Yet He in the furnace loves us,
'Tis express'd in words like these:
I am with thee,
Israel, passing through the fire."

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." "Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise." "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." What gracious words, what precious promises, flowing from His covenant heart! Yes! He has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;" and He is not a man, that He should repent, "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" Faith grasps the promise which He has sealed home with power; faith credits His word,

"Laughs at impossibilities
And says, 'It shall be done'."

His sacred whispers produce assurance; and when He inspires trust, it is

"Sweet to lie passive in His hand
And know no will but His."

He is a King in authority, and He fastens His Word as a nail in a sure place. We value highly the written Word, but we value infi-

nitely higher the revealed Word: the former is a channel through which the Lord oftentimes conveys comfort to us, but it is not always by a portion spoken in our heart that He raises our drooping spirits, for how many times has He granted us consolation by causing dew and savour to rest upon the mind without a word applied, that is, in the letter thereof. Still we read that "the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the *word of the Lord*;" and this seems most blessedly to show that Christ is the substance of the Word, as though He would say, I give Myself in my Word. "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power," and as you have often remarked, "When the Lord comes to us in the power of His Spirit, we rise from the manifestation of His love and centre in the Person of Love who speaks." Hence said Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy Word (Christ) was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." This is tracing the stream to the fountain, the effect to the grand cause: and verily Christ is the fulness of every blessing we enjoy now or shall enjoy to an eternal day. O! to be continually looking from wilderness dispensations unto Him, forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before; as an old writer has expressed it, "leaping over to the end;" and thus anticipating glory and culling the first ripe fruits.

"Eschol's clusters we have eat,
Sweet their taste, their number few;
Lord, Thy visits oft repeat
While we pass the desert through."

We have but gleams of glory here, but these foretastes of fruition are highly prized, and they make us long to be away once and eternally in the immediate presence of our Beloved. Our sun shall then no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended. The night of adversity shall usher in a glorious and unclouded day, and time shall be superseded by a blest eternity. But it is through much tribulation we must enter the glory-kingdom: the saints above are said to have come out of great tribulation, and we are followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. "The Lord has His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet," He maketh the clouds His chariot, He walketh upon the wings of the wind, and He will try the faith of which He is the author; but though He may sift us like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth: "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her—the church—a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."

I thank you much for your quick reply to my last letter; it was unexpected, but not the less welcome. O! may the eternal Spirit

lead me more deeply into the truths which it contains. How stupendous is the thought that "from the death of Jesus sprang the life of His people, from the wounds of Christ arose the healing balsam of the Church!" Yes! the Father draws by the Spirit's power, but it is on the ground of the atonement; and, as you say, "there can be no communication of ocean-love but through atoning blood," which is peace-procuring blood and peace-speaking blood. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us;" and union is the key-stone, relationship is the foundation, upon which the building of mercy is raised. Hence

"What from Christ that soul shall sever
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th'eternal covenant stands."

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" "If God be for us, who can be against us?" In all things we are more than conquerors through Him; and "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

We both unite in very kind regards to you and to Mrs, W. and
Believe me to remain, dear Friend,
Ever your's affectionately in the Lord!

MIRIAM.

Isaiah lviii. 11.

UNITARIANISM REFUTED.

(Continued from page 166.)

The doctrines of the Bible are mysteries, but they are known and understood by the election of grace: such as the doctrines of election by *Aleh*, the Father; redemption by *Al*, the Son; and regeneration by *Ruach*, the Spirit; also the life of faith, peace with God, abounding in hope, by the power of the Holy Ghost. By these testimonies demonstrated in the heart, we live in the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ (Coll. ii. 2). Having thus proved that these things are believed and understood by the children of God, though not comprehended, I say concerning the Popish doctrine of transubstantiation, that it is a complete deception, and it is connected with the mystery of iniquity, for after the consecration, either of the bread or wafer, it is liable to get

mouldy, or to be eaten by vermin. Therefore all the efforts of my questioner, to bring into disrepute the truths of God, have failed, and an awful dying it will be for him and his brethren who are found fighting against God and His truth.

Q.—Did Peter know that Christ was God when he charged the multitude to hear his words and told them (Acts ii. 22—26) that “Jesus of Nazareth [was] a man approved of God among you by miracles . . . which God did by Him,” and after the Jews had crucified and slain Him, God raised Him from the dead, and that the same Jesus was made, by God, both Lord and Christ?

A.—It is very certain that Peter knew that Christ was God, having seen so many proofs of His eternal Godhead and power—His walking on the sea, saving Peter when he cried to Him as God, “Lord, save or I perish:” and it is plain that the other disciples were eye witnesses of this circumstance; for they came and worshipped Him, saying, “Of a truth Thou art the Son of God.” Again: on the mount His Godhead was manifested: “His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light.” The Father bore His testimony from the excellent glory to His Godhead, distinct personality, and Sonship, saying, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him.” Peter addressed Him as God: “Lord, it is good for us to be here” (Matt. xvii. 1—5; see 2 Peter i. 16—17). There are two demonstrative proofs that Peter knew Christ to be God: many more might be brought which prove the same truth, such as making the water wine, telling Peter where to go to get the tribute money, raising the dead, driving the buyers and sellers out of the temple, and declaring Himself to be “the resurrection and the life” (John xi. 25).

Therefore Peter, addressing the multitude in the way that he did, spake in no way derogatory to the Godhead of Christ, nor does it prove that he was ignorant of it. We never read of a crucified God; but it is clearly revealed in the Scriptures that He that was crucified was God and Man, “Emmanuel, God with us;” Jesus of Nazareth, a Man approved of God, though disallowed of men: and it is also written, “They crucified the Lord of glory” (1 Cor. ii. 8), “and killed the Prince of life” (Acts iii. 15); and although He was crucified and slain, yet God raised Him from the dead. This testifies of the glory of the Mediator, and fully proves that the manhood did not obey, suffer, die, or rise again, but in union with Godhead; therefore it is said: “Concerning His (God’s) Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh, and declared to be the Son of God, with (not by) power, [Christ is the power of God] according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead” (Rom. i.

3, 4): This is another testimony of the Persons in Godhead, and also of the eternal power and Godhead of Christ, as the resurrection and the life, who had power of His own, as God, to lay down His life for the sheep; and He had power to take it again" (John x. 17, 18).

The words of Peter do not eclipse His glory as God wherein he says that the same Jesus they had crucified was made by God both Lord and Christ; for He is Jehovah personally and essentially as I have already proved. Here we behold Him as the Father's Servant, Al Gibbor, having "Finished the transgression, made an end of sin, made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness" (Dan. ix. 54). The Father's promise concerning Him must be fulfilled: "I will make Him my first born, higher than the kings of the earth" (Psa. lxxxix. 27). Jesus is the first born from the dead (Coll. i. 18). This plainly declares that all judgment was committed to the Son; and it was not by an act of the Father that He was made Jehovah, for He was that before the world began, in the unity of existence, in the essence of Godhead, but he is made Lord or Governor; and this proves Him to be the same that the prophet testified of: "And the government shall be upon His shoulder" (Isa. ix. 6). And His thus being made both Lord and Christ are His glorious names: Lord, governor, or ruler, or king; and Christ, the anointed One. This is not making Him a person, but declaring what that person is, as "the Lamb in the midst of the Throne, having seven horns [which proves His universal dominion or Lordship], and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God" (Rev. v. 6).

Again: "The Father judgeth no man," for the Lord and Christ is judge both of the quick and dead (Acts x. 42). This is the same person of whom we read, "But Abraham stood yet before Jehovah: . . . shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" (Gen. xviii. 22—25). And this same Jesus, the Lord and Christ, will in the end swear by Him that liveth forever [and that is Himself; see Rev. i. 18; Heb vii. 25.] that time shall be no longer." Then all deniers of His godhead will stand in eternal shame and confusion before Him, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Jehovah Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power [yet this same Jesus of Nazareth, made both Lord and Christ], when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day (2 Thessa. i. 8—10). This will be the final display in time of His being Lord and Christ, and the grand decision between believers and unbelievers; and He saith, "But

the fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." But those that have part in the first resurrection, on such the second death hath no power (Rev. xx. 6).

Q.—If Christ be God, is He not Lord in and of Himself: there being in this case no one superior to Him, to make Him Lord; how is He then a made Lord, made by God, both Lord and Christ, and not to His own glory, but to the glory of God the Father?

A.—This question is a testimony of the ignorance of natural men, as touching the distinct personality of the Holy Ones, and also of their enmity against Jehovah's revelation of Himself in His word. As touching the Godhead of Christ, as the *Al Alehim*, there are none superior to Him; for He saith, "I and my Father are one" (John x. 30); but as the Mediator, God and Man, between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, the Father's Servant, He saith, "My Father is greater than I" (John xiv. 28). Then as Christ is the Mediator and Servant, He is not Lord of Himself, but is made so by God the Father: this openly testifies the glory of the everlasting covenant of redemption, between the Holy Ones, and it also sets forth the depth of the humiliation of the Son of God, "made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour" (Heb. ii. 9); and, as such, He saith, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do; and now, O Father, glorify Thou Me with thine ownself, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was" (John xvii. 3, 4). This is Jesus of Nazareth, made both Governor and Christ, and "To Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, that He is Lord, to (or in) the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 11): and it is also declared, "Who being the brightness of His (the Father's) glory" (Heb. i. 3), and "who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God" (Phil. ii. 6), and yet He took upon Him the form of a servant; and this proves Him to be "over all, blessed forever." The Man Christ Jesus, the Word that was and is God, took into union with Himself the body of His flesh, and is a friend that loveth at all times, a brother born for adversity" (Prov. xvii. 17); and so His glory, in unity with the Father, is great in our salvation (Psa. xxi. 5). Therefore His being made Lord and Christ, the governor and the anointed, these are His names, and they do not make Him anything more as to His Person than He was before, but prove the glory of Jesus as God and Man; having all power in heaven and in earth, and that in all things He hath the preeminence (Coll. i. 18).

Q.—Was it God, or a superangelic being, or a crucified Man who was made Lord and Christ?

A.—It has been fully set forth that He is God and Man, and the Word of God also clearly testifies that He is not superangelic: "For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham" (Heb. ii. 16). And this man nature He took in the virgin's womb, which was impregnated by the Holy Ghost and the power of the Highest (Luke i. 35); and this is the child born and the Son given, Al Gibbor, the Lord of Glory, whom the Jews crucified (1 Cor. ii. 8), "The Man [Mighty One] my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Zec. xiii. 7); and "this same Jesus is made both Lord and Christ."

Q.—Was He God or a superangelic being whom the Jews crucified, and whom God exalted to be a Prince (or leader) and a Saviour (Acts v. 30, 31; xiii. 23)?

A.—According to the Scriptures, He is God and not a superangelic being, and was crucified as Jesus of Nazareth, and "Him hath God exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31). "Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He (Christ) hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear" (Acts ii. 33). This truth is another blessed proof of the doctrine relative to the Holy Ones; the Father exalting, the Son exalted, and the Holy Ghost shed forth or given, which sat upon the Apostles, as cloven tongues of fire, and they spake as the Spirit gave them utterance; and these things prove the ignorance of Unitarians and the emptiness of their creed. Let the reader examine the plain text and he will find that the words "*to be*," are put in italics, and they are not in the original: then Christ exalted a *Prince and Saviour* proves that it made no alteration as to His Person, but that He "was, and is, and is to come, the Almighty." Therefore Christ is exalted a Prince, "The Prince of peace" (Isa. ix. 6), "He is our Peace" (Eph. ii. 14), "and hath made peace by the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20): and so "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). These truths no Unitarian knows. This is the same Person that Peter told the Jews that they had crucified: "But ye denied the Holy One and the Just [a Just God and Saviour], and desired a murderer to be granted unto you, and killed the Prince of life" (Acts iii. 14, 15). He is not only exalted a Prince, but a Saviour, and He is the author of eternal salvation (Heb. v. 9), in whom we have "Salvation, with eternal glory" (2 Tim. ii. 10). And this exalted One gives repentance. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 3). He also gives pardon or forgiveness of sins: "Who can forgive sins but God only" (Mark ii. 7)? Then it follows, "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered" (Psa. xxii. 1; Rom. iv. 7). These mercies all believers enjoy, and they must and will abundantly rejoice that their exalted Lord and

Christ is "A God ready to pardon" (Neh. ix. 17); and this also proves His eternal power and Godhead.

Q.—If He were a crucified man, does it not follow that Christ, the Saviour, was a man and not God?

A.—He that was crucified was God and Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself (Heb. ix. 27), and "He suffered the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18), "and He poured out His soul unto death, and He was numbered with the transgressors, and He bare the sins of many" (Isaiah liv. 12). Had He only have been man, He could only have suffered for His own sins, and to speak like this, would be making Him a sinner, which is contrary to the Word of God; for He was holy and without sin of His own; but as the Church's Surety, He bore their sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24), "In the body of His flesh, to present you holy and unblameable and un-reprovable in His sight" (Col. i. 22), and "that He might present it unto Himself a glorious church" (Ephs. v. 27). This proves the glory of the mystery of Christ (Ephs. iii. 4): it also testifies against all truth deniers, that the Christ of God, "our Redeemer, is God Jehovah of Hosts" (Isaiah xlvii. 4), the *Al Gibbor*, God and Man, one Person; "Emmanuel, God with us" (Matt. i. 23), "God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16). This is He "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth" (John i. 45). Therefore it does not follow that He is only man, because He was crucified; for it is declared, "They crucified the Lord of Glory" (1 Cor. ii. 8). And these truths will stand, concerning Jesus; when all Christ despisers will stand in shame and everlasting contempt, when this same Jesus will display His power, in burning up this world and all things in it, and say, "Time shall be no longer;" then "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psa. ix. 17), and the redeemed, by the blood of God, will enter into the joy of their Lord, and eternally shout and sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. i. 5) and again they cry, "Hallelujah; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth" (Rev. xix. 6). This is the same Jesus that was crucified, and He saith, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen. And have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i. 18).

Q.—Did the Apostle Paul understand Christ to be God when he said (1 Cor. xv. 21), "By man came (or cometh) the resurrection of the dead?" and (Acts xvii. 13), "God hath appointed a day in the which He shall judge the world, by that man He hath ordained and raised from the dead?" and (1 Cor. viii. 6), "To us there is but one God the Father?" and, again (Ephs. iv. 6), "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all?"

Ans. bro. J. H. Z. and bro. J. H. Z.

and, again (1 Tim. ii. 5), "There is one God, and one Mediator, between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus?" and again (1 Cor. xv. 24—28), "That Christ must deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, and be subject to Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in [or among] all," even that God whom Paul and the other apostles so frequently denominate the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ (2 Cor. ii. 31; Ephes. i. 8; 1 Peter i. 3)?

A.—The wisdom of the serpent and the ingenuity of my questioner are nicely blended together. Had he have quoted Scripture fairly, it would have been a death blow to his lying system, but with all the art and subtilty of a fallen creature, he endeavours to make the Word of God of no effect, by his tradition. It therefore can be said with truth, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel with words without knowledge" (Job xxxviii. 2)? That Paul knew and believed Jesus Christ to be God is plainly manifested, and none but the ungodly will ever attempt to deny it, and the apostle never deviated from it, after he had seen "that Just One" (Acts xxii. 14); and he addressed Him as such, "Lord (or Jehovah), what wilt thou have me to do? Who art thou, Lord? and the Lord said, I am Jesus" (Acts ix. 5, 6). Paul's testimony of Him as God is as follows, "Whose are the father's, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen" (Rom. ix. 5). This declaration is very decisive, relative to the two natures, the One Person, Christ. Again: "Who is the image of the Invisible God [flesh and blood however pure never could be that], the first born of every creature; for by Him [as God] were all things created, that are in heaven and that are in earth, and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist" (Coll. i. 15—17). This testifies of the power and Godhead of Christ as the Creator. Paul again declares that "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" (1 Coll. ii. 9); and he calls Him "The Great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus ii. 13). These few Scriptures, from amongst many, prove that Paul knew, believed, preached, and wrote in particular concerning Christ as God. Therefore his saying, "*by man came the resurrection,*" does not in the least militate against this unalterable truth that Christ is God, neither does it in any way favour the Unitarian creed; for as Godhead could not die, Christ, as God, took man's nature, or flesh and blood, and He was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit (1 Peter iii. 18); and this sets forth fully what is so craftily covered by the artifice of my questioner; that is, the fall of mankind in and by Adam, and the original state of sin and death in him, as it is written, "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead: the first man

was made a living soul; the last Adam a quickening Spirit: the first man was of the earth, earthy: the second Man the Lord from heaven" (1 Cor. xv. 21, 45, 47). This is plain to them that understand, and in this statement of Paul's there is a wonderful distinction kept up betwixt the two Adam's, the one of the earth, and the other of the Lord from heaven. One might think that this demonstration of facts would still the tongue of the enemy; but no, the way of truth shall be evil spoken of, and "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived" (2 Tim. iii. 13) yet nevertheless, the foregoing truths clearly testify of the glory of Christ, that "in all things He might have the preeminence" (Col. i. 18); and it also declares Him [the God and Man] to be "the resurrection and the life" (John xi. 25). And this is the man that God the Father appointed to judge the world. This is He of whom David wrote: "But the Lord shall endure forever; He hath prepared His throne for judgment; and He shall judge the world in righteousness; He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness" (Psa. ix. 7, 8). To Him the Father saith: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever, the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre" (Psa. xlv. 6); and the Holy Ghost by Paul puts this truth before us in all its plainness; "but unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever" (Heb. i. 8), and so all the church of the living God believe "Jehovah is our judge, Jehovah is our Lawgiver, Jehovah is our King, and He will save us" (Isa. xxxiii. 22): and this is the same Jesus who is the judge of quick and dead.

Now follows the next detached sentence of my questioner, who is endeavouring to make Him such an one as himself. The whole of the scripture reads thus: "But to us [the elect, sanctified in Christ Jesus, called saints; see 1 Cor. i. 2] there is but one God the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him" (1 Cor. viii. 6). If my Unitarian questioner had fairly quoted the Word, it would have destroyed the foundation of his baseless fabric. I give him credit for his ingenuity and the testimony of the enmity of the minds of all Unitarians against the truths of God; for nothing can more clearly prove than does the portion quoted the distinct personality of the Father and Son, and their co-equality in the Unity of Essence; and it is also a proof of the doctrine of the Trinity. I shall now examine the next quotation, with the context. Paul is blessedly writing of the personal acts of Alehim, the Holy Ones, in electing, blessing, and accepting the Church in Christ the Beloved, by God the Father; redemption and salvation by AL, the Son, and of Ruach, the Comforter, as the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him, and he saith, "you hath He quickened" (Ephs.

i. 3, 7, 17); ii. 1); and in connexion we have a full statement of the doctrine of the Trinity: "There is one body (the Church), one Spirit (Heb. Ruach), one Lord (Jesus Christ), one faith ('the gift of God,' 'the faith of God's elect'), One baptism (the baptism of the Spirit: see Matt. iii. 11; Acts i. 5:) this is essential baptism, not water), one God and Father of all" (Ephs. iv. 4, 6). This is a full declaration relative to the Three that bear record in heaven. The next part of the quotation takes nothing from Christ as God: "There is one God (*Aleh*), and one Mediator between *Aleh* and men, the (*Gibbor*) man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 5). "Now a mediator is not a mediator of one (nature, but two, God and man), but God is one" (Gall. iii. 20). *Alehim* the Holy Ones is one in nature, will, pleasure, power, wisdom, love and essence; then it will follow, that the work of this Mediator is of such a character, that man, however holy, could never have done it; but "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John iii. 8); and it also was to make peace; "And He is our peace" (Ephs. ii. 14), "Having made peace through the blood of His cross" (Coll. i. 20).

(To be continued.)

PURE BREATHINGS FROM A PURE HEART.

Let the mountains, Saviour, flow
At Thy presence: bid them fly;
Let the valley, now so low,
Tow'r beyond this earthly sky;
Bid the little hill rejoice,
Claim me, Jesus, as Thy choice.

Why should I go mourning here?
Why so long without the Sun?
Nothing earthly can me cheer,
Crown the work Thou hast begun:
Visit now my troubl'd breast,
Let me in Thee, Jesus, rest.

What are fleeting things of earth!
What the shadows flying by!
To a mind of noble birth,
Can these baubles satisfy!
Teasing, vexing, all must be,
When Thy face I cannot see.

Nature cleaves to creature things,
Flesh and blood to earth are tied;
Give me, Lord, but flaming wings,
Nothing then shall me divide
From the object of my love,
From my precious Christ above.

Thou art heav'n where'er I be,
Thou my Paradise alone:
Nothing have I without Thee,
Thou art, Lord, my Torrid Zone,
Centre of my soul's desire,
Heavenly light and burning fire.

Thou my Hope, my Joy, my All,
Thou the Sphere of all my bliss,
I am anxious for Thy call,
Waiting for the mutual kiss:
Canst Thou, Lord, my suit deny?
Art Thou deafen'd to my cry?

Thou alone could'st win my heart,
None but Thee my soul could fill;
Wilt Thou, then, my Better Part,
To Thy Bride be silent still?
Just a word, a look of love,
Satisfies Thy spotless dove.

Unveil now Thy lovely face,
Let thy beauties; Lord, appear,
Supersede with glory grace,
Draw me, Jesus, very near:
Melt my heart at Thy dear feet,
Glory then will be complete.

A. W.

OUTBURSTS OF JOY.

Uncoolable love and unquenchable fire
 Are themes of eternal delight,
 Most heartily sung by the blood-redeem'd choir
 Who live in the mansions of light.

Rejoicings of heart and enkindlings of soul
 They beget in the minds of the blest,
 And when like a torrent from th'ocean they roll,
 We glide to the Arbor of rest.

All wilderness cares and perplexing time-things
 Are sweetly eras'd from the mind,
 Whilst Jesus Jehovah, the King of all kings,
 Is to us most loving and kind.

Remote from the creature, we dwell in His sight,
 We gaze on His person divine ;
 The soul, it is happy ; the mind, it is right ;
 The heart, it is filled with wine.

Oh, what is so pleasing ! Oh, what is so grand !
 Oh, what so transporting can be !
 As gliding from time into glory's fair land,
 Exchanging the river for sea !

The earth, so receded, appears but a speck,
 The brightness of nature a shade ;
 The regions of darkness are left as a wreck,
 The glories of creatures all fade.

The voice of the Turtle, exceedingly sweet,
 The thrilling disclosures of love,
 The walls of the city, the gold of the street,
 Shall ravish our spirits above.

But far more delightful, oh will it not be,
 To gaze on the Lamb that was slain :
 To Jesus Jehovah, our God, ever see,
 And with Him, and in Him remain !

A. W.

UNION-PRIVILEGES.

Grace and glory I possess :
 If you ask the reason why,
 Christ is mine and I am His,
 In the strongest, closest tie :
 Death and hell cannot divide
 Th' Bridegroom and His fondest bride.

He is mine by bonds of love,
 I am His by blood and pow'r :
 Though He reigns my God above,
 Here He is my Eden Bow'r :
 High in love and deep in grace,
 Glory beams around His face.

In His heart of love I dwell,
 On His bosom, safe, recline,
 Far remote from death and hell,
 Feel I'm His and He is mine :
 Nothing can asunder part,
 Nothing move me from His heart.

Base and low, in self, I feel,
 Much unlike a blood-bought child,
 Heart as hard and cold as steel,
 Ev'ry act and thought defil'd :
 Not a word of pray'r or praise
 Have I pow'r within to raise :

Yet He cannot frown on me,
 Such is Goodness ; such is Grace,
 But delights to ever see,
 Free from gloom, my welcome face :
 Praise Him, O my soul, anew,
 Give Him all the glory due.

Nestle in His bleeding breast,
 Twine around His loving heart,
 Seek, my soul, no other rest,
 He alone's thy better part :
 In Him, with Him, sit and sing,
 Honour to Him ever bring. A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE ;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.

WE do not purpose preaching from these words in their connection, but shall speak as the Holy Ghost shall lead our mind. He constrains every member of the living body, and we delight to be constrained by Him in all our movements. His love alone can draw us ; and His love is as much manifested in the first quickenings, in the first dawnings of gospel light, in the first steps in the path God-ward, heaven-ward, and home-ward, as in after stages. The children of God when first under the leadings of His Spirit cannot apprehend this : doubts and fears arise, and they often think that their religion is in nature and not in grace ; but this alters not their blest position, this interferes not with their saved condition. Some may be ready to find fault with us and to say that the Lord's love does not constrain in the first awakening, but it must be His love that does, for love alone can. One sings, and truthfully too,

" Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

Now we know that in a certain sense God's children's heart is not of stone ; they possess by nature a heart of stone, but the Lord says, " I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh : " nevertheless, experimentally, they often feel with Hart—

" Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

Yes ! I repeat, this is in experience, in feeling, in apprehension : their heart seems as hard as a stone, and as cold as a stone : there appears no warmth in it at all : and they want the love of Christ to constrain them, to draw them, to lead them to the Rock that is higher than is their finite mind : in short, to raise them to the mountain's top. But

" Upon Israel's high mountain their fold it *must* be,
 To drink at the fountain they all *must* be free ;
 The dog and the lion I *must* keep at bay,
 Not a sheep in my fold shall waunder away."

How encouraging is this to every one who is constrained and brought in by love and power ! This fold surrounds and incloses the sheep : it is a wall of fire, a wall of life, of light, of blood, and the dog of hell shall never touch one who is thus enfolded. He goeth about seeking whom he may devour, but he shall never be permitted to harm one who is protected by love divine, shielded by omnipotent power, and watched over by this gracious and glorious Shepherd, by this blessed and precious Christ. Child of God,

" Who shall harm, or who molest thee,
 Or thy walls of fire break through ?
 Showers of genial rains shall bless thee,
 Morning suns and evening dews."

" Ah," say you, " I want to get into the inner chambers of His love to-night, and to feel that His heart is beating toward me in blest affection." Well, beloved, He ever shines upon you, and He is always gracious to you, though He is not continually appearing to you, and though you cannot at all times realise His graciousness. He rests in His love, and He hates to put away.

" As constant as the sun
 His love to you shall rise,
 The work He has begun
 He'll crown beyond the skies."

He will satisfy the desire of every living thing, and he will crown His own work. He will instruct all His people, and accomplish what He has eternally fixed upon ; He will feed them, and lead them to living fountains of waters, and wipe away all tears from their eyes : " And they shall not sorrow any more at all." " The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick, the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." And,

" If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
 Death hath no sting beside,
 The law gave sin its damning pow'r,
 But Christ, my Saviour, died."

" The love of Christ constraineth us." How many here know anything of this love ? This is a personal question, but we cannot speak too personally for the Lord's children. O ! let me ask you, Have you realised His love shed abroad in your heart ? You are well assured from the Word of God that if you live and die unacquainted with His love, that if you depart hence without in measure realising it, where God is you never can come. Something must be known of the overpowering, the drawing, and the constraining, of the love of Christ on this side of the Jordan : something must be felt of the meltings, the overwhelmings, the blessedness, the graciousness, the preciousness of the love of Jesus whilst dwelling in the lowlands of sin and sorrow. It is written, " Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," and doubtless if you be

living believers, He is precious to you, but He is only precious as He is made so by God to you. He is only precious as you get believing views of Him. The more glories we see in Him, the more precious does He become : and when He sheds abroad His love in the heart, we are dissolved before Him, and the spiritual mind is lost in His fulness. Ah !

" The more His glories strike the eye,
The lower in the dust we lie."

It is His love which constrains Him to manifest Himself, and it is He who constrains us to give Him the glory due unto His name, and to sing the anthem of redeeming love : " Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." O ! glorious song. " His own blood !" Yes ! the blood of His Person, the blood of the Lord of Host, the blood of the mighty God of Jacob, and " the God of the whole earth shall He be called." He would not be thus called were He not the God thereof, but this is His name, and He is called thus by His living children, by His blood-bought members, by the family circle, and the words of Thomas often arise in their mind, " My Lord and my God." What is the language of the Church ? " Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?" and He sweetly answers her to the joy of her heart, " There is none upon earth I desire beside thee." Thus the love betwixt the Bridegroom and the bride is mutual, it is reciprocal. He dwells in her heart, she dwells in His heart : He is her rest, she is His rest. It is the love of Christ in the head, and it is the love of Christ in the members ; and, as we said before, it is His love that constrains Him to reveal His love to His church, and it is His love developed in her that constrains her to show forth the praises of Him who hath called her out of darkness into His marvellous light. Thus it is the love of Christ in the Beloved, and it is the love of Christ in His love, in His bride, and

" Love was the great self-moving cause
From whence salvation came."

This wondrous ocean is the source, the rise, of all bliss and blessedness, and the everlasting cause of endless joy. The Lord loved us before time, He loves us through time, and He will love us to an eternal day. All His constrainings, meltings, overwhelms, and inundations flow from His eternal purpose of love, and we can only realise His blessing and enjoy His favour as He is pleased to draw us by His love. O ! blessed drawing. O ! sweet constraining of the love of Christ. You see the effect of our text being verified in the instance of the two disciples who journeyed to Emmaus. We read that they drew nigh unto the village whither they went, and Jesus made as though He would have gone further. " And they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them." It was with His own love that they constrained Him, and it is only with His own love that He can be constrained, hence those who are not the objects and the subjects thereof cannot enter into the blest emotions of those who realise its power and its vitality. When He visits us, it is His love that constrains Him, and when we feel

pinioned on love, it is His love in us that causes us to go forth in the dances of them that make merry, and

" Love all defects supplies,
Makes great obstructions small."

" Ah," says one, " I want to feel the love of Christ flow into my heart, I want to feel the life-blood glow through my spiritual veins, I want to feel a holy fire within, I want the Lord to fan the flame, and I want to taste once more that He is gracious. O! sacred flame of eternal desire. O! blest enkindling of love divine. I long to soar into this pure atmosphere. I long to feel love's constrainings and love's drawings. Often am I far off in feeling instead of enjoying nearness of access and closeness to my Beloved: often am I low in a low place instead of high on the mount of communion: often am I dark in mind instead of realising brightness of soul: deadness and barrenness are felt instead of liveliness, and contraction is experienced instead of enlargement." Child of God, may the love of Christ constrain you! Then you will feel expansion, and you will realise that you are "one with Jesus, by eternal union one." He did all and accomplished all for His bride. It was His love which constrained Him to perform all on her behalf in eternity, it is His love which constrains Him to take her through time, and it is His love which constrains Him to receive each member home. There cannot be a line drawn between the love of Christ and Christ Himself, and He will never forsake the darling of His loving heart, the apple of His eye. It is true, He is not continually manifesting His love, but nevertheless His love is unchanged and unchangeable. Literally, the sun is always shining; it is shining at night although we do not see it: its warming rays are then felt by those dwelling in the antipodes. Again, even in day-time we sometimes cannot behold it because a cloud eclipses it; the cloud comes between it and us and intercepts our vision; but still none would say that the sun has ceased to shine. O! no: it constantly and perpetually shines: and just so is it with regard to the love of Christ toward His people, toward His members. It is constant, and He rests therein. He cannot steel his heart against them or disinherit them. Say you, " I believe this, but I want to realise His love: I want to enjoy His love: I want Him to draw me with the soft cords thereof: I want to hear His gentle whispers: I want His still small voice to echo in my heart: I want the Lord to say, 'I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love.' " Yes! doubtless you do, and so does every living child of God. We would like Him to be continually telling us of His love, though we know He always does love us, and that His love cannot grow cold. It can never vary in its intensity, it is at all times alike. It is a holy fire that nothing can extinguish, and this flame shall never go out: but it is only as the Lord constrains us, and draws us, and melts us thereby, that we can rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. We love Him to bring us to His blest feet, and to give us another token for good, another confirmation, that we are interested in all His love, in the cause of love, in the ocean of love. What, are we interested in all His love? Yes! we are near to Him, and dear as

the apple of His eye. His glorious Person belongs to us, and "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." What a wondrous expression is this! What a mutual dwelling! What a blessed union-oneness! We dwell in God, and He dwells in us: we live in His heart, He lives in our's. "I want," say you, "to realise this feelingly and experimentally: my dwelling in Him in heart-felt realisation and soul-enjoyment depends upon His dwelling in me. When He claims me as His portion, then I can claim Him as my portion: when He inhabits me as His temple, His dwelling-place, His rest, then I can realise Him as my temple, my dwelling-place, my rest." Yes! we believe this most fully. Our claiming the Lord depends upon His claiming us. If He claim us, in a moment; yea, in the twinkling of an eye, the response flows forth, "The Jehovah is my portion, saith my soul." This is hidden, inward, secret language: and how blessed to join the Church and exclaim, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!" "When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee,—not my mouth said unto Thee,—Thy face, Lord, will I seek." I well remember when the Lord made these words spirit and life to my soul. Heart-language depends upon His communications: heart-utterances are the results of His causing His voice to be heard: and when He says, "Seek ye my face," the heart does seek, and "He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." This again is inward knocking, and arises wholly from Love's constrainings. As a King in authority He speaks, and "where the word of a King is, there is power." Ah, responds the living soul, this is what I want: this is the climax of my fondest desire, this is the consummation of my most earnest wish. I long to see Thy face, I long to realise Thy blessed presence: and thus in sweet and glowing reply the panting one exclaims, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." This portion most blessedly shows that seeking the Lord's face depends on His telling us, yea, commanding us, to do so. We use the latter word advisedly: His commands are commands of love, not of fury: they are royal commands, and they proceed from the heart of our glorious Christ who is "King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God." If He tell a child of His to seek His face, He will not let such an one seek in vain: he must find, and why? Because He will discover Himself to him: and rest assured, beloved, if you be now seeking Him, He has set you seeking, and He will reveal Himself to you. He may keep you waiting a week, a month, or even a year, but if your heart be bent on seeing Him, He will grant you a faith's apprehension of His Person: and as surely as you are now seeking Him, so surely shall you find "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." If the breathing of your soul be, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" you shall realise His companionship and revel in His sunshine to your heart's joy and spirit's delight. The Lord will constrain you and overpower you; He will take

you away in a spiritual sense from this earth : you shall lose all relation to Adam the first : fleshly ties and natural connections shall be forgotten, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life. We love to enjoy these mercies *now*, and although some think us infatuated, we heed them not, but long to realise more and more, and to be more constantly absent from the body in heart-realisation and present with the Lord in soul enjoyment. O ! to enter into something of the sweetness and blessedness of this. Christ swallowed up death in everlasting victory, and mortality is likewise swallowed up when He reveals Himself by power divine. We realise somewhat of this in every manifestation of His love : we lose mortality, we forget that we are mortal. Yes ! when we not only have life, but have it more abundantly, we do not think of our natural existence : everything connected with the creature is inundated, and we feel all life, all animation : we are in a place of broad rivers and streams, and the righteousness of Jesus covers us like the waves of the sea. Thus,

" Clad in His vesture, bright and fair,
We're like the Holy One."

How wondrous ! We are clothed upon with Christ our heavenly house, clothed with the sun, with our gracious Ishi, with our glorious Beloved. He is our robe of righteousness. He is our garment of salvation, and in this free-grace robe we shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb : He is also our tabernacle, our only abode, our sure dwelling-place, and in Him all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple in the Lord. " Here will I dwell," saith Jehovah, " for I have desired it : " and " Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." God only reveals Himself to Zion, and only His members know anything of His bright shining. " The Lord God is a sun and shield : the Lord will give grace and glory : " and when He says, " Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Jehovah is risen upon thee," when the day-star from on high beams upon the mind, in His light we see light, and we walk in the light as He is in the light, and have fellowship one with another : we have communion with our Bridegroom, partnership with our precious Jesus. How blessed it is to have the love shed abroad in the heart, to feel the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and to walk and talk with the King of kings and Lord of lords ! Natural professors are strangers to this intimacy, and to this holy reciprocity : they know nothing of the kindlings of soul which are felt when He draws us up out of ourselves, when He attracts us by His omnipotent power. We have not one desire ungranted, not one wish uncrowned : we are perfectly contented with our portion ; and the Lord says, " The lot is cast into the lap." What does this mean ? Why that the church, who is the lot of His inheritance, is cast by our covenant God into the lap of Christ, and He will keep her, and take care of her, guide her by His counsel, and afterward receive her into glory. O ! to hear Him say, " Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Gladly and willingly, dear Lord, shall we reply. Thy joy is before ours : it must

be far greater and far superior to that of the creature. There is somewhat very glorious and very blessed in these words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It shows that the joy is mutual, that there is no separatedness, no division. His joy is our joy: we participate in His joy and enjoy His joy. We realise it together, and we share His glory. The joys of the Bridegroom and of the bride, and of the Father and of the children, are but one, and the joy of the Lord is our strength. "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God," and with joy we draw water out of the wells of salvation. This is stable and vital joy, and said Jesus to His righteous Father concerning His people, "The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one." His God and Father did not say one word against it, but He approved of it, He countenanced it, and continued our glorious Christ, "I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." That is, perfect in one glory. O! how blessed. O! how transcendently blissful. When we can realise this by the Lord's constrainings and overpowerings, how delighted are we! What a holy and peaceful calm is felt! What a blest serenity is experienced! Not a ripple can be discovered on the waters: love covers all our infirmities: and we realise that we are joined to the Lord and one Spirit: that we are partakers of the divine nature. Can this be possible? Can this be true? Partakers—not of the angelic nature, but—of the divine nature? We can hardly grasp this deep, this precious truth, but by the word communicated, by the word revealed, as Jesus is so are we. How great the grace

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity!
One in the tomb, one when He rose,
One when He triumph'd o'er His foes,
One when in heav'n He took His seat
Whilst seraphs sang all hell's defeat."

Yes! it is, as Kent again says,

"One glorious Head, one body there,
Which shall at last one glory share."

This union-oneness which exists betwixt Christ and His church is beyond all description: human language fails to set it forth: no words can convey a millionth part of its blessedness: it always did, always shall, exist, and when the love of God brings us to the footstool of our Kinsman-Redeemer, we have all and abound. What made Mary break the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard? The love of Christ constraining her. O! the wondrous power of His love. O! to feel the shinations, the blowings, the meltings, the drawings, thereof.

"Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At Thy dear feet to lie:
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

We cannot get above His feet: here would we rest, and dwell at all times, knowing that He is unchanged and unchangeable. There is no

alteration, no cessation and no termination in His love : it will not cool in its fervour, it will not vary : with Jesus is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

" Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love is still the same."

Christ, our Beloved, is love personified. He has manifested love to us throughout our journey, and He will love us to an eternal day, and shine upon us for ever and ever. In the wilderness it is " Here a song and there a sigh," multitudes of time-things and time-cares perplex us, but the fervency and the constancy of His love remain unaltered : we are surrounded and shielded by love, and now sometimes we are privileged to swim in the ocean thereof.

" If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be ?"

Many things of an earthly nature are sources of trouble to us, but the Lord has in wisdom appointed them, and He has fixed the bounds of our habitation : hence what cause have we for gratitude and thankfulness ! The enemy often comes in like a flood to oppress and to harrass us, but no matter how much the tempest may rage, Christ is our peace. Oft-times are we at sea, and we have to do business in great waters, but this is that we may see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, and by and bye He will dismiss our spirits and take us home. We shall drop the clay tent, bid farewell to sin, to earth, to time, to death, and soar aloft.

" Then shall we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

We are in exile here : this is not our rest, not our home. No, no.

" Our home is not here, our dwelling's above
In His gracious heart who rests in His love."

And the Lord will see to it that we shall not settle down in this land of pits and snares. We long to be disembodied, we long for the groaning time to cease, we long to realise in all its fulness that " weight of glory" which is reserved. His love shall constrain us to pass over Jordan, and then shall we be with Him for ever and ever. Child of God, do you fear the article of death ? The Lord has said, " I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." He will be with you on this side the narrow stream and on that side, yea, the tree of life grows in the midst of the street of the river as well as on either side. He has also declared, " Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end," and to the last sand of your mortal life that has to run out He will protect you, and throughout a long eternity He will encircle you with His arms of love. He has washed you in His blood and clothed you in that robe of dazzling brightness which He wrought whilst here below. Cheer up ! You know something of the earnest grace, and according to the covenant purpose of your covenant God you shall realise full fruition.

" Should death be at hand I'll not fear undressing."

The love of Christ will constrain me to sing in the swellings of Jordan, and I shall bound with one glorious leap into eternity's vast abyss : in the article of death I shall enjoy His bright shining, and the language of my heart will be, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." O! may we realise more constantly the peace of God which passeth all understanding : may we often be filled feelingly with all the fulness of God, even with that glory into which we were afore prepared : and may we abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost.

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

THE PATHWAY TRACED OUT.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, the blessing of Him that was separated from His brethren rest upon you, the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush be experienced by you, and the well-spring of life spring up in you!

How frequently have I had it in my heart to answer your last kind and savoury spiritual epistle! But, alas! though to will has been present with me, the power to perform effectually has been absent from me: and though I have so repeatedly commenced an epistle in felt weakness, and finished it in realised power, yet what a fool I am, and how slow of heart to believe, that it shall be so again! How rarely do we realise that faith which

"Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

For a very long season have I had to walk in much darkness and deadness, with only an occasional ray of light manifested. Times of refreshing from the Lord's presence have indeed been most scarce and very rare. Dissatisfied with self, creatures and circumstances have I almost continuously been! How few can understand a child of God! And what a complicated mystery is a child of God to himself! I am not surprised that Moses should have been glad to get out of the house of Pharaoh, although his prospects there were, humanly speaking, exceedingly bright, he being heir to the throne of Egypt. It is not at all likely that one amongst the king's retinue knew him. Even the princess who adopted him for her son must have frequently thought it exceedingly strange that he did not appreciate his position. But no. The Word of the Lord tells us that he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures (?) of sin for a season. How was this? He was a child of God and was under the leading and teaching of the blessed Spirit. The fear of the Lord was in his heart, and it was in his experience what it proves to be in the experience of all real saints—

"An unctuous light to all that's right,
A bar to all that's wrong."

The fear of the Lord has characterised the Lord's people in all ages and generations, and those who have not exemplified it have not manifested the household trait, and the family feature. It is one of the first developed graces of the eternal Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead: and it matters not what a man's profession may be, what a woman's knowledge of the truth may be, if the spiritual, filial fear of the Lord be absent. It is a restraining grace. It is an humbling principle. It rules, it reigns in the heart and mind of every living child; and so high an estimate has the Word of God put upon it that it is called a "fountain of life," and so worthily are the subjects of it spoken of in the Scriptures as to be said to possess "a good understanding." It is, moreover, called "His treasure," but this "treasure" is only to be found "in the house of the wise;" that is, the Church of God, "whose house are we." How rarely do we meet with this "treasure" in our day! There are plenty of fair professors and religious pretenders, but how scarce are those in whom this fear is developed! It was ever a striking family feature in Bible saints, and it is impossible to read the history of one without seeing it beautifully exemplified; and in no case was it more gloriously manifested than in Joseph: and yet there never was an instance of a youth, a man, more maligned and slandered. But with what meekness and apparent tranquillity of mind he bore it all! In his father's house he was hated and envied. In the house of Potiphar he was belied and stigmatised; but in both places "the fear of the Lord" was strikingly apparent. Where we meet the absence of this gracious fear we may well say, "Yet lackest thou one thing." It is this inestimable grace of the Holy Ghost which prevents the living children from professing more than they have experienced. They dare not call Christ their Beloved until He claim relationship with them. They cannot say "My Lord and my God" until they possess the infallible witness of His Spirit in their heart. They are not allowed to say that their sins are pardoned previously to receiving the blood of sprinkling in the conscience, before realising the atonement in their heart. They are honest at heart, which honesty characterises their actions. They are hearers, learners, and doers of the word, but they are not empty talkers of themselves. They are "swift to hear" of *Him*, and "slow to speak" of that motley creature, that crooked serpent, *self*. The exaltation of the Lamb of God, the uplifting of the Beloved of their soul, and the glorification of the Bridegroom of their heart, cause them infinitely more delight than the possession of the Indies could possibly afford. They do like to see the crown placed upon the head of Jesus. It is their joy of heart to offer all their ascriptions of praise to the Friend who loveth at all times, to their Brother who was born for adversity, to their real and only constant Companion in tribulation. To them He is the chiefest amongst ten thousand: in their esteem He is altogether lovely. Without His presence and companionship they are truly wretched and miserable. Vainly do religious professors talk about walking by faith, trusting in the dark, and rejoicing at all times. These things do not

supply the place of their absent Beloved. They can say before His face :

" Thy presence makes Thy children weep,
Thine absence makes them sigh."

When He is feelingly present, when He is experimentally nigh, we fear no evil, we meditate no terror, and we envy no creature either on earth or in heaven his happiness. In possessing the Possessor, we possess all. In apprehending the Apprehender, we apprehend all. In realising the Person of Christ, we enjoy all. In living upon the Ocean, we embrace all rivers and streams. Dwelling in the sunlight of His love, we behold the concentration of all rays and beams. Our Jesus comprehends all, even to the fulness of the Godhead, even to the glory of the Deity, even to the self-existence of the eternal Jehovah. "Of the Son He said," and to the Son we say, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever;" and more than this can we feelingly exclaim, "This God is OUR God for ever and ever!" How favoured are we! How blest are we! How highly privileged are we! for

"Thousands in the fold of Jesus
This attainment e'er could boast,"

but,

"To His name eternal praises,
None of these shall ne'er be lost."

No, "none of these shall e'er be lost;" for, said His blessed Majesty, "It is the Father's will of all that He hath given me I should lose nothing." Hence,

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Many fears may distress them, many foes may oppose them, much darkness may becloud them, much corruption may defile them, and much hardness of heart, barrenness of mind, and confusion of spirit, may perplex and bewilder them; but, amid and through all, "The righteous shall hold on his way." How is this? "The Strength of Israel will not lie" to His children, "nor repent" of the blessings that He has given them. "He is faithful that promised."

"And sooner all nature shall change
Than one of His promises fail."

His love is not measured by His providential dispensations. The histories of saints declare this, the experiences of our own souls proclaim this. By this rule, the apostate race, the serpent's seed, the children of the devil, the wicked whom God abhors, are the favorites of Heaven, the blessed of the Lord. We read of a saint in days of yore making this mistake; hence he said, "I was envious of the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked;" but the Lord soon put this matter right with him, and constrained him to add, "These are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. * * * I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into

destruction." How true, then, is another portion of God's Word, "Better is a little that a righteous man hath than the riches of many wicked." Trials and afflictions are appointed the Lord's people here, and the greater the indulgences granted them, the heavier are their burdens. Those who are indulged with the brightest beams of heaven's light are depressed with the thickest clouds of hell's darkness. Faith must be tried. Hope must be tested. Patience must be proved. Love must undergo the severe ordeal of flood and flame. By these things the Lord proves in His people's experiences the reality of grace relationship. It is a trying process, but it is most healthful to the soul. There is more love manifested in this dinner of herbs than in the stalled ox banquet allotted the wicked. The Lord gives them the ox with His hatred, as He gave king Saul to the children of Israel; but He gives bitter herbs, with His love, to His own family. Which is the best portion? With bitter herbs there may be weeping for a night of darkness and deadness, but joy cometh in the morning of His bright appearance. The wicked have their portion in this life, but the child can say, "The Lord is my portion." Surely this is Mary's "better part." This is the "one thing needful" which shall never be taken from us. The Lord may see fit to take many things from us, and things that we could not part with, but He never takes Himself away really and truly, though He is often feelingly absent, experimentally at a distance.

" And if our dearest comforts fall,
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself He gives us still."

We have many lessons to learn before we can say with Paul, "We know that all things work together for good." Flesh and sense reason carnally; it is only faith that can reckon spiritually. Isaac is promised, faith believes it, hope expects it, and patience waits for it, though the time be protracted to a quarter of a century. Thus abides these three, hope, faith, and charity, but the greatest among the trio is charity. Like the first three of David's valiant captains are these graces of the Spirit, no other three can attain their position, strength, and glory. Heaven and earth may pass away, but these shall never pass away. These are revealed in the heart, secured in the soul, and fixed in the mind.

" Whatever loss we bear beside,
We cannot give up these."

Faith may and must be tried, but were it not in our heart we should not possess it to try. Hope may frequently appear to have left us to perish in the merciless main, but the threefold cord of love, blood and righteousness will hold it and the frail and battered bark tightly together. The spark of love may often seem to be quite extinguished, but the eternal breezes from the shores of everlasting bliss and blessedness will fan it into a brilliant flame of holy and seraphic fire. Indeed, Kent wrote most truthfully when he said concerning it,

"Though but a spark, 'tis heavenly fire;
May dwindle oft, but ne'er expire."

Beloved, how long is the time since we have exchanged epistles! Why should we not write more frequently? Can Love's theme wear out? Can the spiritual realities of an eternal world subside? Can the unseen glories of the uncreated Bridegroom of our souls fade and die away? Can the unchanging realities of the precious things of the ancient mountains and the everlasting hills pass into oblivion? Can the immaculate Rock of Ages upon which our souls rest be moved out of its fixed sockets of eternal love? Can the covenant oath of our covenant God made to our covenant Head be broken? Can the promise of everlasting life in Christ Jesus which is said to be sure to all the seed elect fall to the ground as worthless and unfulfilled? Can the blessing made to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob undergo a reversion? Can the redemption which is in Christ Jesus prove abortive? Can the living realities and lasting verities of our most holy faith explode like a bubble upon a wave? Can the solid basis of everlasting relationship to Christ, the immoveable foundation of our eternal oneness with Jesus, be swept away from under us and cause our souls, like the walls of Jericho, to fall flat to the ground in hopeless despair? Can that faith, and hope, and love, which the Lord has bestowed upon us, as a gift of matchless mercy and unmerited favour, prove to be a phantom floating in the air of a disordered intellect? Can the stronghold into which we have run for safety, with its massive walls and impregnable bulwarks, turn out to be a flitting castle in the atmosphere of fickle fiction? Have we followed hitherto cunningly devised fables? Are love, blood, and salvation mere illusions? Are inspiration, revelation, manifestation, and communion with our unchanging Beloved delusive and imaginary?

No, no, beloved! Well, then, if the now enumerated eternal blessings be unalterable mercies, unchangeably treasured up in the fulness of Christ—together with thousands more not named—for us to richly enjoy in union to His matchless and peerless person, why should we not write to each other more frequently? Why should our epistles be so intervened by space? We not only show ourselves to be slow of heart to believe His love and His faithfulness, but tardy of pen to write of His excellences and unchanging and unfading glories. Instant "out of season" we are told to be as well as "in season," but here we come infinitely short of the blest admonition. "Lord, increase our faith," our love, our zeal, our devotedness to thy cause and interest.

"Were not Thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me."

How much of our little allotment of time is devoted to the changing things of this present and mortal life! How rarely do we speak of Jesus, *to* Jesus and *for* Jesus! What almost universal darkness, deadness, and barrenness seem to reign and rule! How few and how short are our spiritual interchanges! What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? occupy our time nearly every minute from Monday morning until Saturday night, and yet the Lord

has said, and He means every word in its greatest latitude and broadest meaning, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for your body, what ye shall put on. The [spiritual] life is more than meat [natural], and the body [spiritual] is more than raiment. Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which have neither storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: HOW MUCH MORE ARE YE BETTER THAN THE FOWLS?" The Gentiles of the world seek after these things, but it is unbecoming in God's living children to devote so much thought and attention to them; for what is our natural life? It is but a vapour. Its length is but a handbreath. Indeed it soon flies away.

Here loosely to earth may we sit!	Then soar into regions of light,
Devoted to Him may we be!	With th' wings of a grace-feather'd dove,
Quite ready, when Christ shall see fit,	And bask, with ecstatic delight,
From earth and time-shadows to flee!	In th' beams of uncoolable love.

When we contemplate unchanging and spiritual realities, how time-shadows flee away! When we are privileged to gaze upon the King in His beauty, how every other object is eclipsed! When His love-thoughts open in our heart, when the grace-love and mercy-love flow into our soul, how we warble forth, in sweetest melody, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood!" When He cheers us with His blest presence, how happy and contented we in a moment become! It matters not how dark we were before; it signifies not how providentially trying things were before; how crooked, rough, and dreary our path was before; for in the twinkling of an eye, quicker than the lightning's flash, or the telegraph's vibration, we sweetly and feelingly enter into real, solid, and vital rest. Indeed, we then

"Enter into promis'd rest,
And prove the Sabbath true."

For the present, most dearly beloved, I must conclude. I need not say how welcome your epistles at all times are. Be sure and write soon. I hope that your health has improved since you last wrote, and that, above all, you are abounding in free grace blessings and basking beneath Heaven's refulgent rays of ineffable light. We should both esteem it a great favour to again see you in the flesh, in order to speak face-to-face of Him whom our souls cannot help loving, and to whom we cannot help saying, however roughly He may appear to treat us, or at whatever distance He may seem to be from us, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It is the very nature of love to love. Love is love and cannot be anything but love. We love Him with His own communicated and revealed love. He loves us with His own uncreated and—by us—unmerited love, and

"He cannot love us more,
Nor will He love us less."

Our kindest and best spiritual love to all saints.

Ever your's affectionately,

A. WILCOCKSON.

FAMILY INTERCHANGES.

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—I am sorry that circumstances have prevented me from answering your kind letter sooner, and thanking you for the "Standard," which I was very pleased to have; for although I see it regularly, I should not have noticed the interesting obituary as attaching itself to Agnes had you not have informed me. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." We may indeed say what a wondrous word is that—"in the Lord!" How it carries one back to the counsels of old which are faithfulness and truth; for truly that "*in the Lord*" has been no time work, excepting in its manifestation, but an eternal one (Jer. xxxi. 3). Ah, what a soul-absorbing, God-exalting thought that all is of grace! Certain I am that it was for nothing good in us, for we can boast of nothing but sin; but His mercy is manifested to us because He had a favour toward us in Christ. What beauties beyond all expression are contained in Ephs. i 3—6! There we see the origin of all grace here and of all glory hereafter, and there we behold the Father's everlasting love of His Church in Christ. There we perceive the choice, the predestination, the adoption, and the acceptance in the Beloved; and all, all according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the riches of the glory of His grace. It is sweet to dwell upon the Father's love, revealed to us in His dear Son, and opened up to the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. What language can express the blessedness of communion with the Holy Three in One! Oh for grace to experience a larger measure of this unspeakable privilege, to live nearer, to walk closer with our covenant God—to lie passive in His everlasting arms and know no will but His! But, O, what a conflict it is and will be to the end! We have a body of sin and death, one mass of corruption, trying to get the mastery, murmuring, rebelling, and repining at the roughness of the way; but "thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" in Jesus. In the Lord we are more than conquerors: He has overcome all His and our enemies, therefore nothing can prevail against us to hurt us. Oh for hearts to bless, praise, and adore our Triune Jehovah, and to have the eye of faith steadfastly fixed upon our precious Jesus "who is of God made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption!" We are "complete in him," "accepted in the Beloved," and He is our "all and in all." No flesh can glory in His presence.

How frequently do we see the Lord employing the weakest, feeblest, and meanest instrument to show forth His own sovereign grace and power, that His name alone may be glorified!

I have read the memoir of Agnes Beaumont with deep interest, but I thank you equally for it. May I keep the *Carte* of your dear sister? I remember her little smiling face so well: how little did we know then that she was a chosen vessel, with the eye of the Lord continually upon her! I am glad that you are under so faithful a servant of the Lord as Mr. Abrahams. I never had the privilege of hearing him, although I have often desired it when living in Town; for I used to

find it no easy matter to meet with any pasture upon which I could feed. When we through grace know the voice of the true Shepherd, we cannot rest satisfied with hearing Him dishonoured, and His great work mangled, by the notions of men who are untaught of God. In the ministry of the Word we are much favoured here, for which I desire to bless and praise the Lord.

I shall always be happy to hear of you and your's.

Ever your sincere friend in the bonds of the Gospel,

CATHERINE.

IT IS FINISHED.

WHAT blessed words, beloved, are the above when spoken with power by the eternal Spirit to the soul of a poor broken-hearted and feelingly law-condemned, devil-hunted, and sin-burdened sinner ! Truly such can say with dear Hart :

The Jews with thorns His temples crowned,
And lashed Him when His hands were bound,
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands,
By us were furnished to their hands.

They nail'd Him to th' accursed tree,
They did, my brethren, so did we ;
The soldier pierced His side, 'tis true,
But we have pierc'd Him through and through.

Oh, amazing mercy ! Unparalleled love of our precious and glorious Christ to leave the bosom of the Father and veil Himself in flesh, and in that body bleed and die for us poor hell-deserving, lost and ruined sinners ! Yes, He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Oh, thou precious Saviour, our iniquities have pierced thee, they caused thee bitter anguish and bloody sweat, and those cruel thorns that tore thy holy, sacred brow, together with the spear that pierced thy precious side, was nothing in comparison with the agony of thy sinless soul. Yes, we have pierced thee, yet, glory be to thy dear name, thou art all love toward us, and what Joseph said to his brethren, when he communed and made himself known unto them, thou art saying to us by thy still small voice : " Now, therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither ; for God did send me before you to preserve life." Oh, marvellous, matchless, mighty, complete deliverance ! Now is fulfilled that blessed portion of Scripture—" The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Oh, Satan, thou hast received such a mortal wound that thou wilt never recover : thou art under our dear Saviour's feet, and reserved in chains until the judgment day ; but art thou aware, Satan, that when thou and thy agents nailed the holy, harmless, innocent, and undefiled One, to the accursed tree, thou wast fulfilling Jehovah's great design ? but no thanks to thee, for thou hast done all in thy power to destroy God's heritage, and to snatch

His sceptre from His hand, but thou art conquered, thou art vanquished, and all thy foul and cruel designs are frustrated, and thou art cognizant of all this, and now thou dost worry, teaze, perplex, and cast down those whom thou canst not destroy; for God is a wall of fire round about us, His people, and the glory in our midst, and, glorious mercy, we are

"Sav'd in the Lord, for ever sav'd,
And in life's bundle bound."

Oh, then, believer, why art thou cast down, and why is thy countenance sad? Come, cheer up! Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise Him; who is the health of thy countenance, thy God, and thy glory. Oh, then, my soul, behold Him by the eye of faith who was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted, and say, "Was there ever sorrow like unto His sorrow?" No, never! He was pierced with the sword of divine justice; he was dealt with as the criminal, the offender; he was made a curse for us. Isaiah tells us that He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, that He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, that the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him, and that by His stripes we are healed. Oh, listen, then, to the gracious words which proceed out of His mouth! He cries with a loud voice, in accents sweet, "It is finished!" What is finished? Salvation is finished. The sins of all His people are eternally put away, and our God is well pleased with the sacrifice of His dear Son, and as well pleased with us in union to Him. Surely we can say with the apostle Paul, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" Yes, eternal thanks be unto Him who giveth us the victory through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh, glorious victory! Oh, mighty achievement of our precious Immanuel! Unto us who believe He is indeed precious, and we can sing with the heart and with the understanding also: "He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Hence "He is the Rock, and His work is perfect." And all His works praise Him, but His saints bless him. They bless Him for redeeming love and blood: they bless Him for imputed righteousness: they bless Him for covenant enactments with the great Three One before all worlds, that blessed sworn covenant, ordered in all things and sure: they bless Him for the grace relationship and union-oneness which they have to the Lord of life and glory, and they well know, by the Spirit's teaching, apart from union there can be no communion, no sympathy, with a precious Christ in what He has suffered; but to the child of God, a member of Christ's mystical body, quickened by the blessed Spirit, there is both union and communion: and we possessed relationship in Christ before the foundation of the world; for we read that we were chosen and blessed in Him ere Adam stood out in creation. Oh, glorious union! Wonderful relationship! Oh, think, my brother, my sister,

"That worms of earth should ever be,
One with incarnate deity!"

Oh, how high our relationship! How glorious our dignity! Yes, we

are a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, called out of nature's darkness, that we should shew forth the praises of Him who has formed us for His glory. Again, the poet was right when he said,

"Christ and His members ever stood
A glorious mystic man,
Lov'd with the dateless love of God
Ere time its race began."

Oh, then, are we looking to this precious, glorious Jesus for the salvation of our never dying souls? Is He all our salvation and all our desire? Are we born again? Do we know what it is to have passed from death unto life? It is said, "He that hath the Son hath life: He that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." Can we say with the apostle Paul, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me?" Does the Spirit bear witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God? Do we feel and know that we have risen with Christ? O, depend upon it, all religion that stops short of a revelation of Christ to the soul will never do for us poor sinners in the hour and article of death! How truly Hart has said,

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

Have we been brought, by the power of the Holy Ghost, with weeping and with supplication, to look upon Him whom we have pierced? If we have, as a spiritual consequence, sin is hateful to us, but Christ is infinitely precious. True, the living child of God possesses two distinct natures; one is perfectly holy, the other is altogether defiled with sin; and he learns by painful and bitter experience, that his old nature loves sin as much as ever it did; hence the conflict, the mortification, the flesh against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh: these two are contrary the one to the other, so that he cannot do the things that he would. Again, "what will ye see in the Shulamite but the company of two armies." This war-work made Paul exclaim, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" but he continues, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord; so then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." "If, then, I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." Now, if Christ be formed in our heart the hope of glory, the body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness. Do we understand any thing of these things experimentally? Are we indeed acquainted with them? If so, we are highly favoured indeed. Then let us heartily and cheerfully sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

"In my surety I am free,
His dear hands were pierc'd for me:
With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One."

London.

E. MEREDITH.

ABUNDANT IN MERCY.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Since my last journey to Hull, I have been twice to Chesterfield, and was very pleasantly received by the brethren : abundant mercy and divine goodness were with me. Indeed, I oftentimes wonder how it is that I who am so utterly unworthy of the least of His mercies, that I who feel from day to day such inward depravity and inherent corruption, should be so blest and be made to enjoy such lovingkindness on every hand. My health, my life, my daily bread, my condition, all, all proclaim that “the Lord is good,” and that “His mercy endureth for ever.” Truly I must base all the Lord’s dealings with me upon that sure and unchanging bottom—eternal election ; for no other ground but “the sure mercies of David,” and those “exceeding great and precious promises,” which are “all yea and amen in Him,” could bear me up, support me under, and carry me through the various conflicts with the world, the flesh, and the devil : yes, it is a precious truth, a blessed reality, that the peace, salvation, and blessedness found in our exalted Jesus puts a sweetness into our cup of sorrow, and turns it into what Paul calls “our light affliction.” How sweet the thought that *that* deadly weight of sin, guilt, and condemnation is for ever taken away by the precious blood of our gracious Immanuel ! Another sweet thought is, these light afflictions are all at work, and can but work out our heavenly Father’s gracious purpose, and that purpose culminates in “an eternal weight of glory.” See Rom. viii. 28 ; 2 Cor. iv. 17. How lovely the lines—

“ His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow’r.”

Ah ! beloved, the bud is and will be bitter to the flesh throughout our wilderness journey ; yet it is sweet to remember, most sweet to consider, that they must both work out and end in the “exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” But how do these contrary and conflicting things work this unspeakable blessing ? “While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen,” which are eternal : so then it is whilst we look unto Jesus, the sum and substance of eternal realities, our burdens are lightened, our sorrows are sweetened, our hearts are comforted, our cup runs over, and we bless and praise the name of the Lord.

There is a precious word, which has done my soul good many times, recorded in Heb. xii. 11 : it is this—“*Nevertheless.*” How sweetly it fills the space between the *present* chastening, which is grievous, and the *afterward* “peaceable fruit of righteousness.” Turn to the portion, beloved, for it is indeed most precious ; and do not forget, the honey which drops from the end of our Father’s chastening rod is for “them that are exercised thereby.” Oh, then, for grace to “Kiss the rod and Him who hath appointed it.”

I trust, beloved, that you know somewhat of this blessed schooling

in experience, having passed through flood and flame into the wealthy place, and having "tested that the Lord is gracious" in all His dealings and most loving in all His righteous dispensations. Yes, He is indeed

Gracious when we're filled with fear,
Because He hides His face ;
Gracious when we feel Him near,
And feast upon His grace.

Beloved, I had no intention of running on in this strain when I took my pen in hand, but I find I cannot control my thoughts.

Your's in love,

PETER.

FROM AN OLD SOLDIER.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Health and peace in Jesus who is the light of our countenance, the joy of our heart, our God, and our glory ! There are many ministers in our day who go out on the high road and abuse the sons of Zion who are walking in the glorious liberty of the gospel. Such men we must expect to come in contact with, and they are in many respects like those thieves who lurk on the Jericho road going up to Jerusalem. However, there is a cheering thought to meditate upon, and it is this : Upon this road travels the good Samaritan, Jesus King in Zion ; and He delivers all His outcasts from these men, takes them to an Inn where he pays all the reckoning, and here there is good entertainment, and musick and dancing, and songs in the night, from the inmates who sing to the Captain of their salvation who has rescued them and bound up their wounds. Here the Jericho thieves dare not molest them. This is "cheer up" indeed ! "At evening time it shall be light." With us it is well, come what will. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die."

My brother, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, stand in the evil day, girt about with truth as it is in Christ, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. You have some seals to your ministry which love constrains you highly to prize, for they are your crown of rejoicing in that day. I have read their bleedings in the "Witness" whilst lying down in the green pastures, beside the still waters of covenant love in Christ Jesus. I know not of any sweeter testimonies, "living epistles," from any other publication ; nay, I have seen none that, to me, have been half so sweet in declaring what God has done for their souls.

I shall *not* pray that the Lord may not direct your steps to London ; but my desire is that the Lord may give you peace, and that you may

" ——— lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His."

The Lord's promises shall never fail : all shall come to pass even to the verge of Jordan : and then, on the other side, where mortality is swallowed up of life, we shall "quaff immortality and joy secure." Here will the Lord bring all His redeemed with songs of everlasting triumph. This is the cheering prospect that I am on the look out for.

A dear Martyr, in Mary's day, when riding to the stake, to seal his testimony with his life, asked the sheriff to allow him to alight from his horse. This request was granted. No sooner was the dear soul on the ground than he began to dance. When he re-mounted his horse the sheriff asked him what he meant by such conduct. He replied, "I am near my Father's house : one stile more and I am there."

I quote this to show what the dear children of God can do by the power of the Spirit, who ever perfects His strength in their weakness. Lawrence Saunders, just before he suffered at the stake, in writing to his wife, said, "To number the mercies of God unto me were to number the drops of water which are in the sea, the sands on the shore, ~~for~~ the stars in the sky. O, my dear wife, and ye rest of my friends, rejoice with thanksgiving for this my present promotion, in that I am made worthy to magnify my God, not only in my life, by my slow mouth, bearing witness unto His truth, but also by my blood, to seal the same to the glory of my God and confirmation of His true church. And as yet I testify unto you that the comfort of my sweet Christ doth drive from me the fear of death ; but if my dear Husband, Christ, should, for my trial, leave me alone a little to myself, alas ! I know in what case I shall be then. But if for my proof He do so, I am sure that He will not be long or far from me. Though He stand behind the wall and hide Himself, as Solomon saith in his mystical song, yet will He peep in by a crevice to see how I do. He is a very tender hearted Joseph : though He speak roughly to his brethren and handle them harshly, and threaten grievous bondage to His best beloved Benjamin, yet he cannot keep or contain Himself from weeping. Such a Brother is our Christ unto all His brethren."

Now, my brother, we belong to the Lord's "third part" which He will bring through the fire, but our consolation is in Christ our Dwelling Place, for we are sweetly assured that "He will rest in His love." I hear the advance of the Captain of our salvation. His glory is great unto the ends of the earth ; and this man shall be the peace when the Assyrian shall come into the land. His grace is sufficient for us : His strength is made perfect in our weakness, and we may boldly say, "When I am weak, then am I strong." God the Father says of His Son, "He shall be my salvation unto the ends of the earth." Oh, the mercy to be one of the Lord's witnesses ! I have for some days past had the importance of these words laying on my heart, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear ?" It seems to me that I only escape, as it were, by the skin of my teeth. I have committed the same sins as those whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life, and who go down to hell in chains of everlasting darkness. But God has set His mark upon me and given me the spirit

of grace and supplication. My heart is purified by faith in the blood of Christ, who has "perfected for ever them that are sanctified." It is only in our own apprehension that we, who are righteous before our God in Christ, are scarcely saved; for Christ has rendered double for all our sins, and He has eternally blotted out the handwriting that was against us. God was not against us for all that, but He awoke and harnessed Himself in our flesh and blood and took vengeance for us, swallowing up death in victory. This is the only antidote to my various maladies. I told my God and Father in Christ this morning that I craved nothing less than Himself.

"Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself thou canst not give,
And I can crave no more."

London.

S. SYMONDS.

LIVING IN ANOTHER.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—You are joined to the Lord and one spirit, and so closely united to the Head that no air can come between: one in one, and no more twain, but one flesh. Christ Himself is our life, and we are His living members, forming His breathing frame. Through the Word we are partakers of the divine nature, having passed from death unto life; and, dwelling in Him our resurrection, we cannot die any more. Our most glorious Christ has said, "I am the resurrection and the life; . . . because I live, ye shall live also." In and through death and dying circumstances this is the truth and the testimony of the truth—"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me." This is unalterably the same to us and for us, who "through the law are dead to the law, that we might live unto God." As we thus live in eternal life-union and blessedness, nothing can interfere with our perfection and well-being, so that whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; therefore whether we live or die we are the Lord's." If we judge after the flesh and the sight of our eyes, the adversary is pleased, but to live and walk by faith is the way to honour the Lord with our substance, and in believing on the Son of God we endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

In days that are passed I had great trouble and perplexity arising from looking into self and attempting to live upon my feelings; but now, having a single eye for a single object, I am satisfied with the one thing needful, which is Christ in my heart the hope of glory; so that all I have or want, or ever shall have or want, is "Jesus only." I have long since outlived myself as a creature, and I often think that in Him I am raised above death and dying circumstances. Having received Christ Jesus the Lord, I walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him,

established in the faith, abounding therein with thanksgiving. I live believing that I am not my own, but that I am bought with a price. For years my greatest trouble has been about myself, though I do not belong to myself, neither have I any interest in myself, for I am the Lord's and my interest is in Him. He alone is my Portion, Inheritance and Habitation. His interest is in me, and as I am the dearly beloved of His soul, He says concerning me, and also respecting you, "I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day:" therefore by the faith of Him we will go on in His strength, casting all our care upon Him; for He careth for us. We have learned by experience that we cannot add one cubit to our stature; but as the children of God, the branches of the living Vine, the "handful of corn in the earth," we shall "all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." "Trees of righteousness," plants and branches, grow not by any effort of their own. We are plants of our Father's right hand planting, and nothing can impede our spiritual growth. In the dark as well as in the light, in the valley as well as upon the mount, when things are crooked as well as when they be straight, when the pathway is rough as well as when smooth, He says, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God:" and then follows the three underproppers or supporters of the living branches: "I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

As the Lord, our good and gracious Christ, has made me His witness, and a witness of His truth, I freely, in love, write these things unto you, knowing you to be one of the travail of His soul. It is our great privilege to rejoice in "Jesus only," and to joy in God through Him by whom, and of whom, we have now received the atonement.

I thank you, with all my heart, for your truthful epistle, which was very acceptable, an odour of a sweet smell; so that I felt in my heart where it came from, and though it passed through an earthen vessel, and it was handed to me by the wife of Boaz, it was free from the smell of Moab, the wash pot. The Lord bless thee, my sister, and comfort you concerning Himself. He has married the widow in order to raise up the name of the dead. Your dowry is sufficient whilst in the lower house for you, and thus it stands unalterably fixed by His own word: "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Your Husband says that "He will rest in His love," and that "He hateth putting away."

"Should nature alter in her course,

And darkness turn to day,

His love admits of no divorce,

He hates to put away."

Soon you will enjoy in full Jehovah thine everlasting light, thy God, and thy glory. May love, blood and salvation abound in your heart, and may Jesus in all His fulness be increasingly precious to you! May

your heart, mind and thoughts be infolded by His blessed unfoldings, and may you daily prove that He lives joyfully with the wife of His youth!

Beloved of the Lord and my companion in tribulation, in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, I do assure you that the choice of love in Love's furnace of affliction has been and now is better for me and a greater good to me than a world of so-called pleasures: yes, and even better than heaven itself without Christ.

Blessed be the Lord, I know that all things work together for good. My ever living Lord greatly indulges me, in the midst of the present furnace of affliction, by talking to me by the way, and in opening to me the scriptures. My meditations of Him are sweet, love constrains me to be glad in the Lord. I know not of one upon earth who is in a better position than am I: "for the Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him." Rejoice with me and let us magnify the Lord together. Our fleshly fears will soon all die. They evaporate now, but they seem to come again: but happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help; and He says to us, as He did to him, "Fear not to go down into Egypt [even the Egypt of death]: I will go with thee, and bring thee up again."

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

PRIVILEGES OF CHILDREN.

Sons of God, with Jesus one,

As they tread this weary waste,
Plead what He has for them done,

Of His love and mercy taste:
Now and then they sure to find
Gleams of glory fill their mind.

As they thread their homeward track,

Often fill'd with sore dismay,
He will see they have no lack,

He will chase their fears away:
Throw around His loving arms,
When the foe their soul alarms.

Cheer up then, ye favour'd few,

Satan shall not gain the day,
Jesus Christ will bring you through;

Wipe your ev'ry tear away,
Solace to the soul impart,
Quench in blood the fiery dart.

Listen not to Satan's lies,

Jesus Christ is still the same:

Well you know He ne'er denies

When you plead His mighty name:

Ever ready to receive!

Ever willing to relieve!

Cast on Him your weighty care,

Breathing out your simple tale,

Love will all your burden bear,

His compassion cannot fail:

Storms of sin you must outride,
Shelt'ring in His bleeding side.

He will press you to His breast,

Heal the wound that sin has made,

Give you solid peace and rest,

Cheer you when you are afraid:

Give Himself your constant Friend,

Love you to your journey's end.

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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BOTH SEASONABLE AND SUITABLE.

VERY DEAR FRIEND IN CHRIST OUR LIVING AND ALL-GLORIOUS HEAD,—Your welcome letter arrived quite safely this morning, for which I thank you much. It seems to me very marvellous that the Lord should lead you to write to me in such appropriate strains, but most plainly does it prove that we are taught by one Spirit, and that we are treading the same road. You tell me that you have had to walk in much darkness lately, and how lifeless and inanimate have I felt since I last wrote! How engrossed with time-bubbles! How ensnared with the beggarly elements around! "The law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin." "In me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." It is written, "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting;" and day by day do we find that "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." O! may the Lord who first quickened us into resurrection life and blessedness in union with Jesus who is "the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature," and higher than the kings of the earth," quicken us again, and bring us up again from the depths of the earth, so that we may serve Him in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter: may He kill us to the things of time, and absorb us in Himself: may He break the bonds that enchain us, and dissolve the fetters that bind us to this sin-polluted world! Then shall we soar aloft as on eagle's wings, and laying aside every weight, we shall "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus," our full-orbed Sun. We read concerning some of old that "They looked unto Him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed;" and when we behold Him, we are instantly "changed into the same image from glory to glory:" when we view His glorious Person, we forget ourselves, creatures and circumstances, and rise in contemplation from the lowlands of flesh and sense to the highlands of grace and glory, from the lower branches of the Tree of life to the topmost boughs, from whence we can gaze into eternity and warble forth joy-notes of triumphant praise. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," then echoes

in the heart: "Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," then resounds in the inmost soul. But the chord must be touched. The command must flow forth from our Beloved's lips, "Spring up, O well: sing ye unto it," before foretastes of endless happiness and precursors of full fruition can be realised: but the promise runs, and it is sure to all the seed, "The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." These *wills* and *shalls* of a covenant and an unchanging God are blessed stays, glorious strongholds in the day of trouble: and O! how great is the privilege to be enabled to say from heart-felt experience, "He *hath* said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee:" "I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"His love in times past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in sorrow to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help us quite through."

Like a shepherd He feeds and guides His flock, and we must follow the Lamb whithersoever He may lead us.

"Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee?"

Soon will storms and tempests be left behind, soon will trials and sorrows be forgotten, and it will be of little importance when we shall reach our glory-home whether the road through the wilderness have been one of great tribulation or comparatively speaking of a less afflictive nature; but all the blood-redeemed host must and shall prove that this is not their rest but a land of pits and snares, and sure I am that if the Lord give special trial He grants likewise special grace. How many times have we found under the heaviest affliction the greatest support! The deeper the need the sweeter and the more appreciated must be the deliverance. But how hard is it oftentimes to feel that all is well! How difficult to realise that every dispensation is according to God's purpose of love, and that every rough billow obeys His bidding! Indeed His way is in the whirlwind and in the storm, but again and again amid the heaving of the waves around, amid the din of war, amid the clash of arms, He causes His still small voice to be heard; and "Peace, be still:" "It is I: be not afraid," are words which, when spoken home, calm the agitated waters and quiet the ripples on the tempestuous ocean. We glide into our Harbour of safety, we sail into our Home of repose, we enter into rest: self and sin are lost sight of, and Jesus is all and in all. But short-lived are these seasons of refreshing from His benign presence, and swiftly do the moments fly when He is feelingly near. The Lord again ceases to be seen, He leaves off communing with us, clouds thicken around, and we return to our *own* place. O! what a mighty, yea, what an almighty, difference is there between His bestowings and His withholdings. When the power is present to

heal, we find His service to be perfect freedom, and with joy we draw water out of the wells of salvation; but when He suspends the showers of His love and favour, the chariot wheels drag heavily, and we feel as though we should never strike another note of praise or again sound forth the matchless glories of Zion's exalted King. We are in captivity, in exile, and we need the Lord to make bare His sovereign arm, and to attract us by His looks of loving-kindness and tender mercy: yea, we want Him to bow the heavens and come down: as you used to express it, to cause His beautiful feet, dipped in oil, to be seen on the mountain's summit. Let Him but draw near, and we "have all and abound." Let Him but say, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away," and we rise on the wings of faith and love, and dwell in Him, our pavilion; in Him, our "little Sanctuary." Darkness is under His feet and under our's likewise, and we are satisfied with favour and full with His blessing: we then possess the west and the south in living experience, we traverse the plains of the New Jerusalem, and walk up and down the lengths and breadths of Emmanuel's land plucking rich clusters of precious fruits from the vine of Sibmah—which signifies rest—and partaking of the finest of the wheat. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," and thus saith the Lord, "I will bring Israel again to his habitation and he shall feed on Carmel and Bashan, and his soul shall be satisfied upon Mount Ephraim and Gilead." Blessed consideration! He is our dwelling place, we are His: He is our portion, we are His. "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of His holiness." "In this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things. . . . And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations." And "In this mountain shall the hand of the Lord rest," or in the heart of the living child of God shall the Lord dwell. "For the Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation." He rests in His love, and "His rest shall be glorious," neither shall anything hurt nor destroy in all His holy mountain. How strikingly alike are the accounts of Ezekiel and of John respecting Mount Zion, the city of the great King, the church of the living God! The former writes: "In the visions of God brought He me into the land of Israel, and set me up upon a very high mountain, by which was as the frame of a city on the south. And He brought me hither, and behold there was a man, whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, with a line of flax in his hand, and a measuring reed," &c. (Ezek. xl.)! The latter says: "I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God. . . . And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high moun-

tain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal," &c. (Rev. xxi.) "And He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof." Christ is our foundation stone, our corner stone, and our top stone, and in Him the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple in the Lord. May we, as lively stones, offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ ; and as we have received Christ Jesus the Lord may we walk in Him, "rooted and built up in Him, steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." But, as you truthfully say, "How infinitely short do we come of the blest admonition : 'Be instant in season, 'out of season !' How rarely do we speak of Jesus, to Jesus, and for Jesus." Time-vanities engross our thoughts, earth's shadows intervene between us and our Bridegroom beloved. O ! for more rays of light, of grace, of glory. O ! for more communion and fellowship with our unseen Lord. A remark of Dr. Hawker's was quoted to me a few days since which struck me forcibly. It was this : speaking of the unsatisfactory nature of earthly things he said, "I am like a mariner putting off to sea : leaving the noise and confusion of the receding shore I am longing to catch the sounds on the opposite coast." What a beautiful simile ! and how exactly in unison with what Paul says—"Forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus !" When the Lord rivets the attention and gathers up the thoughts, when He causes the river of life to overflow its banks, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory : and when we can trace these blessings to the source from whence they spring, these pure streams to the fountain from whence they flow, how does it inspire us with gratitude and thankfulness, and how does it carry back the mind into the chamber of eternity when Jehovah loved us and blessed us, and saved us, and determined that we should be to the praise of the glory of His grace throughout a never-ending day ! Well may we sing of free, unmerited, boundless love ! Well may we rejoice in the Lord and be joyful in our God, who hath clothed us with the garments of salvation, and covered us with the robes of righteousness !

"O ! could we but with clearer eyes
His excellencies trace,
Could we *His Person* learn to prize,
We more should prize His grace."

Some seem to speak of Christ as though He were afar off in some distant clime, and they appear to regard Him abstractedly, that is, apart from His gifts, his favours, his resurrection blessings, but we read, "Him hath God exalted with His right hand a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins," and it is the goodness of God which leads men to repentance.

"Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

Yes! His mercy meeting with our vileness, and His compassion in plucking us as brands from the burning, are themes which cause a song of praise to ascend: and at every turn how applicable are those soul-humbling inquiries: "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is:" and feelingly can we say—

"Lord, if a distant glimpse of Thee,
Can give such sweet, such rich delight,
What must their joy, their transport, be
Who dwell for ever in Thy sight!"

O! the glories of grace-relationship. O! the incalculable benefits which arise from union-oneness with Jesus. "As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." Thus we see they have but one name, one interest, one heart. The desire of Jesus is toward His church, and her desire is toward Him. This reciprocity is so precious to contemplate, knowing as we do that

"The foot can't be crush'd upon earth,
And the Head be unconscious above."

In all our affliction He is afflicted, and His language to His flock of slaughter is, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and we partake of His sufferings in union with Him.

"Christ is the glorious Head,
Th' elected members we,
And children, by adoption made,
Of His own family."

"And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." How comprehensive is that word—together! We were quickened together with Christ, raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." We read, "God hath set the members, every one of them, in the body, as it hath pleased Him:" and "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." There is a soul-union, a heart-knitting, a spirit blending between them which nothing can dissolve, nothing can sever. They are united by joints and bands, being baptized into one body and made to drink into one spirit. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man," and more or less I believe this will be experienced by the living children of God under a living ministry: there will be an inward echo, a secret response,

an inner conversation, a heart vibration. His paths shall drop fatness, they shall drop upon the pastures of the wilderness. "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The preached Word is a channel of communication: hence said the Psalmist, "My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is; to see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary." Again, the written Word is another channel through which the Lord conveys comfort and consolation: but unless He speak through these instrumentalities, no solace can be realised, for power belongeth unto Him exclusively. Moreover He can make trials inlets of light and love: but His voice must be heard, His presence must be enjoyed, before we can go forth in the dances of them that make merry. In all things He shall have the pre-eminence, and He will have us continually prove that all fulness is resident in Himself, the Head, and that it is treasured up on our behalf; therefore it is of His fulness we receive. The anointing oil was poured upon the head of Aaron, but it descended to the skirts of His garments; and the Lord Jehovah hath anointed Jesus—our spiritual Aaron—with the oil of gladness above His fellows, and He hath given Him the tongue of the learned, that He should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. "For He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him." The Spirit of the Lord rested upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord, and it is this self-same spirit which is poured out upon His people. "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." O! it is blessed to be in the Spirit and to feel the Spirit to be in us. Without His quickenings, His renewings, and His revivings, we are like the mountains of Gilboa, but He has declared that His doctrine shall drop as the rain, and His speech distil as the dew; and His Word shall not return unto Him void. His voice cheers us now, and His accents sweet will invigorate us in the swellings of Jordan. Where He is there shall also His servants be: "And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads." O! blessed prospect. O! glorious anticipation.

"Then wrapt in everlasting bliss,
Midst heav'n's innumerable throng,
His love shall all my pow'rs employ,
And be the theme of endless song."

Wishing you much of His loved manifested presence, with our united kindest remembrances to you and Mrs. Wilcockson,

Believe me ever to remain,

Most affectionately your's,

E. L. THORNTON.

A LIVING TESTIMONY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As you have been so kind as to send me some extracts from your book,* I will write you one from my own heart.

For some time last winter I had lain in a dead calm and made but very little headway in spiritual things. One Friday evening I went down to my brother Ben's house to see how they did, and to my great surprise I found his wife and dear child alone. I enquired for Ben, and she, poor thing, said, with much sorrow, that the man next door had enticed him away to the public-house, and that he was quite drunk. Well, I was thunder-struck at such sad tidings, and in heart-anguish I exclaimed, "Lord, what can this mean!" I said to his wife, "Go after him and I will take care of the dear child." She therefore went; but, as drink was in him and wit was out of him, he would not come home. I then went and tried what I could do to get him back, but he was too drunk for me to succeed. When I entered the public-house it was, to me, like going into a hell upon earth; for I had never been in before, and I hope that I shall never have occasion to go into such a place again. It was now time for me to go to the station and take charge of my train,† and how I did it the Lord alone knows. How the parcels and the luggage were put out that dreadful night I cannot tell, for my trouble was too great for me to bear; but I found that His grace was all sufficient, though I had to prove it by painful experience. The devil said to me, "Do you think that the Lord will hear your prayers?" Well, I did not know what to do, but was at my wits' end. I knew that all the power was in the Lord's hands, and so I tried to pray for my brother; and the Lord heard me, for when I returned at 9.30 p.m. I made for my brother's house and was somewhat comforted at finding him at home; but when I reached my own house my wife began with me for being rather late; and she said, "I suppose you have been to Ben's: you had better go and live there altogether." But I did not tell her what was the matter. Well, we went to bed, but I could not close my eyes in sleep the whole of the night; for I felt that if my brother were to die in such a state he would surely go to hell. I have told you the dark side of my trouble, now I will endeavour to relate the bright side. The next morning being Saturday I had about three hours to wait at Tivetshall, and the Lord Himself was with me. I could neither stop in the old porter's room nor take a walk with anyone; for the dear Redeemer was come, and, like Mary, He had called for me; and I was very glad of His company; for as the sun of this world was in the east, so the Sun of Righteousness arose in my soul, and I was enabled to sit down by my Beloved and His banner over me was love. He told me that my trial was all right, and my eyes were able to see it so. I told Him that He was "the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely," and I could see such a beauty in Him that I never saw before. All the trees and all the fields had such loveliness for

* "The Way He hath Led Me" lent him by a friend.

† The writer is a railway guard.

me, that the wilderness blossomed as the rose, and the solitary place was made glad. I could have preached such a sermon then that if all Hell had attempted to stop my tongue it would not have succeeded. Whilst thus enjoying the presence of my Beloved I met with a man who began to converse with me about the trains, and I began to talk to him about my Lord, but he soon took himself off, and I was very glad of it ; for I was sucking at the breasts of my Beloved, and I could not be disturbed. I felt that He was mine and that I were His, and I could not let Him go.

Thus I have given you one of the Lord's dealings with my poor soul, and this, comparatively, but a small one ; but I find that the heavier the cross the brighter the crown of rejoicing.

Ever your's in Jesus,

W. CLARK.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GLEANER.

MY MUCH-ENDEARED FRIEND,—Grace and peace be with you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ ; and may the God of patience and consolation make all grace abound towards you amidst your varied trials, and the cruel efforts of your unwearied foe, who finding that the Shepherd of Israel is taking you out of his mouth, a poor maimed thing, like Amos iii. 12, does rage against you, and roar upon you to frighten you from Christ the stronghold, your only place of help. He points to your filthy garments, and resists the outgoings of your faith upon Him who alone can cleanse you ; he tries to strengthen unbelief and carral reason, that your eye may be turned inward instead of upward ; he tries to magnify unduly creature comforts in your esteem, that they may steal your heart from Christ, and rob your soul of peace. But "the Lord rebuke thee, O Satan : is not this a brand plucked out of the fire ?" May the Holy Ghost, my beloved, strengthen your faith and hope in God.

" If all created streams were dried,
His love remains the same ;
May we with this be satisfied,
And glory in His name.

There's naught within the creature found,
But may be found in Thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While Christ is all in me."

I myself have found in Jesus and His precious love more than I ever lost in the creature. May we through grace be enabled to enjoy thankfully what He lends, and resign it lovingly and submissively, though not unfeelingly, when He recalls. You have been, and are, tried on the most tender points. Your nearest and dearest on earth seem to droop and wither ; but the dearer than all will never fade away from your embrace. It has been well said, "He *lends* all lesser things, but He *gives* Himself." May your sorrowful heart be comforted in this "unspeakable gift," and while you are trembling at the future, may the Lord graciously encourage you, as He did me. I had long been dreading the death of my precious mother, when our minister one day read Romans viii., and spoke upon the 38th verse, especially upon those words, "Nor things to come." Oh.

what a cordial this was to my soul, that the "things to come," which I so much feared, should not separate from the love of God, which would support me through all ! Those things have taken place, the thing which I feared has come upon me ; but has the Lord proved unfaithful, or have His arm or His promise failed ? Ah, no ! I live His humble, unworthy witness of the truth of Isaiah xliii. 2 : "Ye are my witnesses, said the Lord, that I am God."

I was thankful to find, in your last letter, an earnest desire to be resigned to all the will of God. You know those sweet lines—

"Subdue my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done."

The Lord fulfil these in your experience ; it is in this sense "hard for thee to kick against the pricks : " piercing and smarting must be the result. You have painfully felt it ; you have known the fretfulness of a weaning child, may you be brought to the quietness of a "weaned one." Whatever your heavenly Father calls you to do, He will support you under ; but He will not give the manna for to-morrow, or strengthen you for the next trial, while you have it only in anticipation. "Give us this day our daily bread." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And herein I read my own foolishness ; often wearing out present strength with fears and forebodings of future trial ; thus far disregarding present mercies, and rebelling against the Lord's will, because unlawfully forestalling it. A minister once said, "The Lord gives each of His children a bundle of rods to carry, one for every day, with strength apportioned ; but they will strive to lift all at once, and thus are overburdened, because they have only strength given for the present one." Being naturally of an anxious mind, I must say that thus foolish and ignorant have I often been, and surprised when brought to discover how much I was dragging into the present hour what did not belong to it. Have you ever been caught in this snare ?

I am truly rejoiced that you discover your proneness to look within for encouragement, instead of encouraging yourself in the Lord your God. This is one great bane of your peace, and springs much from unbelief and carnal reason, which rise no higher than feelings, making all their calculations from thence. True faith, on the contrary, looks only at Christ, expecting all the soul's needs in Him, and for His sake. If worthiness is the question, "Worthy is the Lamb ;" and to make His worthiness our plea, is well-pleasing to the Father who gave Him, to the Spirit who testifies of Him, and to Him who gave Himself an all-sufficient ransom. The Holy Three are honoured when faith holds up Christ, His merits, and His blood ; but dishonoured, greatly dishonoured, when the soul seeks or wishes for aught besides, when we look within for any improved feelings or experience to ground our hope upon, or to increase our confidence before Him. We want to do something, but our Father has determined to make and keep us nothing, so that Christ may be experimentally our all, and every plea, every expectation, every hope centre

in Him—His glorious person, His law-magnifying obedience, His justice-satisfying atonement. This is the God-glorifying way of faith.

Ah, my dear friend, how welcome, under a sense of guilt and condemnation, to feel,—

“His blood a full atonement made,
And cries aloud, Forgive!”

How safe to—

“Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude!”

And say you sin is so active and unsubdued that this *seems* like presumption? True; but if sin were conquered and subdued, then there would not be a venturing on Him. Jesus is honoured by such presuming of misery upon mercy, of a real sinner upon a real Saviour. But, say you again, faith is not in the power of the creature? Certainly not. But this is no discouragement, because it is the free gift of Him who, while He says, “Look unto Me, and be ye saved,” causes the blind to see; and while He says, “Believe, and thou shalt be saved,” causes faith to come by hearing, and so enables the soul to venture itself and its sins upon Him. “Stretch forth thy hand,” He said, not because there was innate power in the withered hand, for it was dead, but power was with His word: the hand was stretched out in the obedience of faith, and made whole as the other. So, dearest friend, though your soul be impotent as that withered hand, your poor, poor friend must set before you the way of faith, and the object of faith, even Jesus, the sin-bearing, sin-removing, sin-pardoning Saviour, whose name was so called, because He should save His people from their sins. And she does this, not because there is power in her, or power in you, but because there is power in Him, and because “there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”

To Him I affectionately commend you, that by the power of the Holy Ghost it may be unto you as John. xi. 25.

Accept warm love and best wishes from one who longs much after you in the bowels of Jesus Christ, and remains most affectionately your's,

RUTH.

SWEET CONSIDERATIONS.

How sweet to dwell in Christ our God,
Our Brother near allied,
To drink full draughts of precious blood,
Drawn from His pierced side.

'Tis sweet to rest in Love's embrace,
Recline on Jesu's arm,
To sit and sing in heavenly place,
Above all hell's alarm.

'Tis sweet indeed to feel His heart
With holy wrath to burn,
To know He cannot from us part,
Or from His presence spurn.

How sweet to rest assured of this,
That He and I are one;
That He is mine and I am His,
By love, and blood, and bone.

Extremely sweet it is to find
His bowels melt for me,
And be assured this Friend so kind,
No fault can ever see.

Ah, more than sweet, I must confess,
It is, though I am vile,
He finds it in His heart to bless,
And loves on me to smile. A. W.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE ;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death till they see the Kingdom of God."—Luke ix. 27.

AND we know that faithful is He who hath promised, who also will do it. "God is not a man that He should lie, neither the son of man that He should repent." What He declares He will assuredly verify and fulfil in His own way and at His own time. He said to His disciples that they should not taste of death till they had seen the kingdom of God, and in eight days this promise was fulfilled, for on the Mount He was transfigured before them. Now, will the words of our text apply to one or more of the Lord's people here? Are there any of His saints in our presence who have not seen the kingdom of God, who have not beheld the King in His beauty, in His uncreated glory? The kingdom of God and the King who resides and dwells in the hearts of His members are one and the same, and if there be a child of God here who has never had a full revelation of the Lord's love to his soul, these words are applicable in his instance: he shall not die without a sight of the King, he shall not depart hence without a faith's view of Jehovah Jesus. There are some before us who can testify of having seen Him, and of having realised His kingdom in their inner heart, in their inmost soul, as revealed by mercy, by love, by power divine: they can look back to the time when they beheld death swallowed up in endless victory, and where they could sing with Kent—

"Now free from sin, I walk at large,
This Breaker's blood's my soul's discharge."

How many here are free? How many can realise this wondrous liberty, this holy freedom, this blest emancipation? What are the effects produced thereby? Brokenness of heart, contrition of soul.

"At His dear feet, content, we lay,
As sinners sav'd, and homage pay."

We walk up and down the lengths and breadths of Emmanuel's land, and this is a glorious, a sacred, and a holy land: it is the glory and the envy of all lands: there are no thorns and no briars therein, there are no Canaanites and no Hittites; indeed there is nothing in it to harass and perplex, to teaze and to dismay: it is a land flowing with milk and honey: its inhabitants feed upon the finest of the wheat, with honey out of the rock are they satisfied, and living streams from the river of His pleasures refresh and cheer them. We love to partake of bread corn bruised, and when the waters of life run in the dry places like a river, when the well springs up, and when the glory of God beams upon our unworthy heads, we realise that closeness of intimacy with our Beloved which shall never be dissolved, and we rejoice in that bond of love which shall never be snapped asunder. We then say in heart-

realisation and soul-enjoyment, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." The best thing a man possesses is faith, and what says the word of God? "Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "Faith is the gift of God," and "the gift of God is eternal life;" and yet we cannot obtain love for faith? No! we cannot purchase it, we cannot exchange it, but the Lord bestows it freely, and it flows gloriously and blessedly from His heart of love. We are utterly undeserving of His mercy, and there is not one child of God under the canopy of God's heaven who has seen the kingdom of God, and enjoyed that kingdom and realised it, to whom the Lord has manifested His covenant love, and displayed His matchless glories, before the vision of his faith, on the ground of his having merited these mercies. O! no:

"'Tis all of sov'reign grace that we
Do not as others do."

We are as equally unworthy of His favour and of enjoying His presence as was the dying thief. According to the riches of His grace, according to His free-grace goodness and great love He has plucked us as brands from the burning, and we can join Toplady in saying—

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing."

The Lord has established and set up His kingdom in our heart, and to realise His kingdom is to enjoy God's Christ; and to hold communion and fellowship with the King of kings and Lord of lords. O! if the Lord show you His kingdom to-night, you will have such a sight as perhaps you have never had before; that is, if He have never yet beamed upon you in holy brilliancy, if you have never felt His overpowerings, His overwhelmings, His blood constrainings. Perhaps there is one here who is longing to see the King in His beauty, and who is saying to the Lord, "Shew me Thy glory." This desire is founded on love and arises from the drawings of His heart. Jesus said to His Father, "The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them," and when He gives us this glory *feelingly*, when He manifests it by almighty power, we bask under His sunshine, we live on His love, we dwell in His sight, and we swim in the ocean of His favour: we feel His intertwining arms, His wondrous embrace, and we prove the truth of His own words, "I, saith the Jehovah, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her." We then exclaim, and not till then, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love." "There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams." Where? On the mount of transfiguration where He displays and manifests His glory. When the Angel of the everlasting covenant wrestled with Jacob we read, "He blessed him *there*," and where was this? Upon this glorious mount, upon the mount of God, upon the highest place of all. Here we too sit and sing in heavenly places when the Lord manifests forth His glory,

when He reveals His kingdom to our immortal minds. How glorious were those words He uttered to Abraham :—"Fear not : I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. Walk before me, and be thou perfect." Ah ! child of God, let the Lord say this to you, and in one moment you will realise that you are perfect in His perfections, complete in His dignity and comeliness. He did not say, I will be thy shield and thy exceeding great reward eventually, but it is written in the *present* tense. He is our shield now, He is our shade now : when dangers fly around He protects us by His almighty power ; and you and I, beloved, know something of the need of the application of that exhortation—"Take unto you the whole armour of God." "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Nothing like the shield, this liquid shield of blood, will daunt the enemy : Christ is our shield, hence there is no line to be drawn between the shield of faith and the blood of the covenant. Life is in the blood, and it is the blood of Jesus that expiates all the crimes, puts away all the sins, and nullifies all the offences of His Bride, His Hephzibah. O ! what a glorious reward is our precious Christ, what a blessed shield, what a blissful rest. He far exceeds heaven ; yea, to possess Him is far more sweet than the possession of ten thousand times ten thousand heavens. Had he have promised us heaven, if we should be faithful unto death, would it have satisfied our minds ? No ! Christ is eternally and infinitely more than aught beside to us, and this Lord Jesus is "Emmanuel, God with us." He is a Friend that loveth at all times ; our Brother born for adversity. He is our portion, our reward. What portion, what reward, has the Son of the Father's love ? His church. We read, "The Lord's portion is His people," and for the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame. "Behold," it is written, "His reward is with Him, and His work before Him," as though His Father and our Father, His God and our God, would say to Him, This people I have formed for myself shall be your joy, your crown of glory, your reward ; and not only was the bride *before* Him, but she was likewise *with* Him. He had to endure the fury and the fiery wrath of Jehovah before He could claim and take possession of His joy, His choice treasure, and His treasury. He had to go through a sea of trouble and to pass through a furnace of fire, heated seven-time hotter than it was wont : He endured a perfect amount of heat, and this was more terrible than enduring hell : we know not what anguish, what deep waters, He waded through to reach His Bride, His inheritance ; but He thought the suffering nothing for the love which He bore her, for the union He felt to her. He loved His body the Church, and still He watches over her, and when He beams upon us, when His goodness is manifested to us, when His peace inundates us, and when His righteousness covers us, how elated and rejoiced are we ! We want nothing beside, we crave nothing else, but we are satisfied with "Jesus only ;" and "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more." We are united to Him, we are allied to Him, we are joined to the Lord and one-

Spirit; and when He manifests Himself to us in His own uncreated glory, when He raises us above time-things and sublunary matters, we realise that we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones—

“Bound in life's bundle, call'd His own,
As sons of peace to Him foreknown.”

We feel that *that* bond which binds and ties us to Him can never be dissolved, and we enter into the blest assurance that our names are sculptured on His heart, registered in heaven. Sin cannot deprive us of our possession, the world and Satan cannot, neither can our fickleness and waywardness. Nothing can interfere with eternal realities, with covenant engagements, with vital truths. A name once enrolled in His book cannot be erased, cannot be blotted out.

“Once in Christ in Christ for ever.”

He hateth putting away. He resteth in His love, hence

“Did Jesus once upon thee shine,
Then Jesus is for ever thine.”

Yes! “for ever thine.” There is not the least shadow of doubt about it. He is your's for ever and ever. “Ah,” say you, “but I want to realise it again: I want the King of glory to reveal Himself. I want to see the kingdom of God. I want to behold Jesus as that kingdom.” Yes! He is both King and Kingdom, both the Kingdom of grace and the Kingdom of glory, and when His kingdom comes we can say, “Thy will be done,” let Thy pleasure be performed. O! when Christ comes in the power of His own Spirit, we are transformed and transported; we are changed into the same image from glory to glory; and we realise that “As He is, so are we in this world,” that we are gloriously one, everlastingly entire. When the uncreated Jehovah shines upon us, we revel in love, blood and salvation: yea, if but one beam strike the mind and invigorate the soul, we are absorbed and lost in wonder, love and praise. “But,” says some troubled child of God, “I see death, and I cannot realise His kingdom. I tremble at the thought of dissolution, and I cannot behold the Lord God Omnipotent who reigneth. I know if I do not see Him and realise Him here I shall not enjoy His blessing to an eternal day, and I am much exercised and agitated about my interest in Christ Jesus.” Well, He will yet manifest Himself and reveal Himself to you. When Jesus was transfigured before His disciples they saw His kingdom, and we too have been equally privileged: we have beheld His glory, and we have sat down with Him in His kingdom. Rest assured, in His time, you shall also experience these precious mercies of the ancient mountains and everlasting hills. Many are satisfied to anticipate these things when they shall leave the stage of time, but says the living child of God, “I want to realise them before I shall get home to glory, I want to enjoy them this side death: I want the Lord to verify the contents of this portion in my heart now—“I will make the place of my feet glorious.” Yes! this is it: if you wait for a development of God's mercy and a manifestation of God's love until time shall be no more, you will wait too long. O! do not be satisfied

with things in the future; yea, I know if the Holy Ghost be your Teacher you will not be able to give Him rest until He draw you by His constraining power and bring you to His feet. How blessed is it to see God's kingdom, and to behold Jesus in His kingdom! Could you see His kingdom without beholding Him? No! He is the Kingdom, and He is the King with whom you converse and sit down. "Well," say you, "I can understand how the Lord is the King, but I cannot comprehend how He can be the Kingdom likewise." He is both, nevertheless, and you must realise Him as both, enjoy Him as both, but spiritual children alone can grasp these things, the natural mind cannot. It is by faith we realise the kingdom-state, and this is a gracious state, a glorious state, a blessed state, a living state, and when drawn into it we feel drawn into Christ, drawn into His heart, drawn into His bosom, drawn into His side of love. How screened and shaded are we by His almighty mercy! Nothing can be compared to resting in His embrace. Indeed

"'Tis heav'n to dwell in His embrace,
And no where else but there;"

and when His glory beams on our mind we feel, "Lord, it is good to be here," though we may not express our thoughts in words. It is good to be where the Lord is, and when we realise His presence-power, when He raises us on the mount of communion, when He privileges us to see His face, and when He chases away sublunary subjects from the mind, we rejoice in the Bridgroom of our soul, in the Ishi of our heart. Still,

"'Tis well when on the mount
We feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When we the furnace prove."

The latter place is not so pleasant as is the former, and when in captivity, when in a strange land, it is hard work to sing the Lord's song. I apprehend this song to be Solomon's: He must indite it, and He must inspire us to sing it: He must fire our heart, He must enflame our soul. One sings—

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take."

This is a glorious exhortation, this is a blessed admonition, but we know the Lord must communicate power: if He warm the heart, by the revelation of His love, it is easy to rehearse His righteous acts; but when the heart is cold and callous, when nothing but distance is experienced between our Beloved and our soul, we mourn and sigh instead of exult and rejoice in Him. Child of God, may He enable you to forget time-sorrows! May He cheer you! May His blest presence abound in your heart! Then you will say—

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing myself away
To everlasting bliss."

Nothing is half so glorious. O! to sit and sing oneself away. We are

often tied and bound to earth, we are often engrossed with the beggarly elements of this time-state, but this is what our heart ever wishes to realise, this is what our soul continually desires to enjoy. We love to see our glorious Christ appear in His refulgent glory: we love Him to ravish our minds with His beams of uncreated light: and when we get glimpses of Him, when we see the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filling the temple, when we hear one cry unto another and say, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory," our hearts are full of His praise. The Lord is the cause of all true rejoicing, and our singing depends on His attuning the soul. He has said, "Ye now therefore have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." This is secret rejoicing; this is not the exulting of the intellectual mind, but the exulting of the inner powers of the soul, and none but the members of Christ's body can enter into the glad emotions which are felt when the Lord communicates His love feelingly and experimentally. But these joyful times are not very lasting, these seasons of clear shining are not of long duration; and, child of God, if the Lord commune with you for one five minutes, it will be beyond all human powers to portray: one glimpse of His Person will beggar all description and kill you to time-things: you will feel that oneness of life which exists between you and your Head, you will enjoy the intertwining of His love, and know that you are bound up in the bundle of life with Him. We would be on the mount constantly and continually, but it is His will we should descend. The disciples whilst there felt a shadow pass over them: this was called a bright one, but they feared as they entered into it: and if they feared when entering a bright cloud, how much more is it probable that we shall fear when entering a thick, dense one! What an almighty difference is there between His bestowings and His withholdings! How often is His glory eclipsed and His clear shining succeeded by a cloud! and after having had a manifestation of Himself, how frequently does the stormy wind arise and the raging tempest blow! "It was now dark, and Jesus was not yet come." He brings light with Him, but it is an infinite mercy that He is equally with us in the storm as in the calm. There can be no storm without His permission: "He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." We are daily learning that contrary winds obey His command. What says the Lord? "Awake, O north wind." We do not like the chilling and cutting northern gales, but they are for our own good and for His glory, and when they have performed what He has purposed He invites and welcomes the south wind: He says, "Come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. But is it love in the Beloved to cause the wintry blast to blow upon His lilies. Yes! He will shield and shelter them: it shall not cut them off or prevent their blooming, and when it has accomplished His will and had the desired effect, He will waft a breeze from the sunny south. "Ah," says a child of God, "I can say, 'Come, thou south' when the cutting north wind is blowing: I am often tired of the latter, and I long for the former. It

is a welcome wind from the south, but frequently when I am enjoying it, when glory beams upon my mind, and when streams from the river of His pleasures run into my soul, I rejoice, but it is with trembling." Yes! we perfectly comprehend what you mean: you rejoice in the disclosure of God's love, but, say you, what is to follow this realisation, this enjoyment? Now I am on the mount of communion, but I know I shall have a cloudy and a dark day after this. I believe the child of God is always on the look out for some trouble if he realise his Lord's presence feelingly and experimentally, if he enjoy His favour specially. Yes! if he be more than usually favoured, he expects some burden, some rough road, some stormy wind, a long season of darkness, a cloudy dispensation: he says I have been indulged and so privileged lately; the Lord has so blessedly drawn me up from self and sin to be entirely lost in Him, in Christ my God above, that I dread the future: perhaps there will be a famine of hearing the word of the Lord. Well, the Lord has promised to keep the souls of His people alive in famine: He will comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places: and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Hence, why these apprehensions? Why these fears?

"What groundless fears are these
That make thee mourning go?"

He will dissolve you under His brilliant beams, and you shall be broken down and overpowered by His constrainings of love. Never mind the valley: never mind the furnace. Only gold will bear the test, the trial, and the precious metal will not lose its weight by being purified from the dross and the tin. How blessed to contemplate that you possess gold! and the trial of your faith is much more precious than of gold which perisheth. You shall be saved, yet so as by fire. A little furnace work, a little flood-work, a few rough winds, a few tossings will not harm you: you are a plant of His right hand planting; you have enjoyed His kingdom, and you shall enjoy it to the end of the chapter. "O," says one, "I am looking forward to all enjoyments by and bye: I expect to enjoy God's kingdom in the upper regions." Ah! something must be known and felt *here*. It is written, "The kingdom of God is within you." Christ is formed in the heart the hope of glory, and we have not to scale the height or to descend into the deep, for the Word is nigh us, even in our mouth and in our heart. Christ is the Word, and He is the Kingdom too, and we rejoice to know that we have not tasted of death until we have beheld Him and seen death abolished by His dying and an everlasting victory obtained. How glorious to know that He is "death of deaths and hell's destruction!" The fount of life has swallowed up the fount of death, and we have seen it actually swept away in the disclosure and in the manifestation of God's kingdom. Once we feared we should taste of death before seeing the Lord's Christ: once we thought we should endure an eternal hell, but when the Lord made Himself known to us, and revealed to us the fact that He had brought the strongholds of sin

and Satan to ruin, and had marched through the territories of death, when we viewed Him as our conquering Captain, as our mighty Deliverer, we felt that Christ was the spiritual Kingdom of God and we realised that we were on the living side of death, eternally beyond death and dying circumstances: we rejoiced that our Maker was our Husband, and we could say with the Church, He is the "chiefest among ten thousand: yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." We are married to Him, united to Him, joined to Him, and death cannot reach us in Him. He declares, "He that seeketh my life seeketh thy life: but with me thou shalt be in safeguard." He will guide us and protect us: He will watch over us through life's stormy passage: and He will come again and receive us unto Himself, that where He is there we may be also. All God's children are overcomers, and we shall overcome and sit with Him in His throne, even as He has overcome and is set down with His Father in His throne. We overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and when His wondrous atoning sacrifice absorbs all our thoughts, our heart is enlarged into the fulness of Jehovah's love. O! to have His blood applied to the conscience. O! to feel this blessed river run into the soul. We then honour the Lord with our substance, and with the first fruits of our increase, and when He pours His love into our heart, we delight to pour it out in praise to Him. Whilst dwelling in tents of flesh we could not bear much of His glory, the "eternal weight" would be infinitely too dazzling. That is reserved, but we realise the earnest, the antepast, and when rays from the Sun of Righteousness beam upon us, when the Lord makes His words spirit and life, and manifests to us His own eternal love, we are raised above all transitory things. It is the joy of our heart to praise Him when He unfolds to us His thoughts of peace, when He sees us *feelingly*, when He looks into our heart. He is our retreat, our residence, our only safe dwelling-place: we live in Him, and He lives in us. We do not like the shadows which alternate His bright shining, but the cloud is as useful to us as is the manifestation of Jehovah Jesus' love, and He is as much with us in the valley of humiliation as on the mount of transfiguration. We should prefer a smoother pathway, but He has allotted and marked it out in infinite wisdom, and He says, "This is the way; walk ye in it." O! to hear His glorious voice, to enjoy His peace, and to experience His sweet presence. May He lead us more and more into the realisation of His kingdom as set up in our own souls, as established in our own hearts, and may we feel that He is reigning there, as King supreme, God over all, blessed for evermore! May He constrain us to touch, in notes divine, that harp which all His harpers possess, and, feeling the fire of His love within, may we forget earth and earth's sorrows, sing His matchless praises, and magnify Him for that stone in which is a new name written in lines of love, of blood, of mercy, of light, of power, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it!

May the Lord add His blessing! Amen.

UNITARIANISM REFUTED.

(Continued from page 215.)

Thus the first promise in the Bible is fulfilled, namely, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed ; it [Heb. *Eva*, the unchangeable and eternal *Alehim*] shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel" (Gen. iii. 15 ; Gal. iv. 4, 5).

The next thing to notice in the question is relative to the giving up of the kingdom to the Father. This makes no change of Persons, or any alteration in their natures ; for this same Jesus, the Mediator, *Al Alehim*, Jehovah, will, at the end, deliver up the kingdom [the election or church, see Jno. vi. 37 ; xvii. 9, 10 : a kingdom of priests, Exod. xix. 6] to *Aleh*, the Father, with, "Here am I and the children which God hath given me" (Isaiah viii. 18 ; Heb. ii. 13). This still proves His eternal and unchangeable power, in raising the dead, in dividing the sheep from the goats, and in presenting the children "faultless before the throne of His glory" (Jude 24). This also will be an open and final display of the glory of the Mediator, with regard to time, appearing as the Servant, Prophet, Priest, and King, delivering up the Church to the Father of whom He had received them, and in turning the wicked into hell (Psa. ix. 17). Then the Son, as Servant, will be subject [As He always had been, though not inferior as touching His Godhead] to Him that put all things under Him, that God [*Alehim* the Holy Ones] may be all in all to each member of the body of Christ. The whole elect body will then be raised to its predestinated state of eternal glory, and and eternally realise and know the *Alehim*, the Holy Ones, their Glory (Isa. lx. 19 ; 1 Jno. iii. 12) ; and we Trinitarians rejoice now, and we shall for ever rejoice, that He who is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is our God and Father also. The glory of the Son of God, "Emmanuel, God with us," will remain unsullied, whatever objections men may raise against it.

Q.—Did Paul understand Christ to be God when he said, "All things are your's, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's" [Not God, but God's] : and when he said, "The head of every man is Christ ; and the head of the woman is the man ; and the head of Christ is God" (1 Cor. iii. 21-23 ; 1 Cor. xi. 3) ?

A.—Having already proved that Paul knew Christ to be God, these two scriptures do not prove that he denies Him as such ; but I shall not go over the same ground again. I shall proceed to answer the question from the Word of God, and although my questioner is still endeavouring to becloud the glory of Christ as God, yet he fails to establish his doctrine of falsehood by saying that Christ is God's and not God. He should have said what He was and is as God's, but no such thing is mentioned ; for it would have exposed the foolishness of Unitarianism. I bless my covenant God that these two scriptures are most precious to me, as the first of them, in and by the power of the Holy Ghost, set my soul at liberty, when it was proclaimed in my heart with power. I was

in the depth of misery, under a sight and sense of my lost state by nature as a transgressor of God's law, and the before-named portion delivered me from guilt, terror, and condemnation, and it produced peace with God, enabling me to rejoice "in God my Saviour."

Christ is God's "only begotten Son" (Jno. i. 18), His "dear Son" (Col. i. 12), and His "beloved Son" (Matt. iii. 17). Then will ye "say of Him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said, I am the Son of God" (Jno. x. 36)? Christ is the image of God (Col. i. 15; Heb. i. 3); He is God's unspeakable gift (2 Cor. ix. 15); the salvation of God (Isa. xlix. 6); the covenant of God to the people (Isa. xlii. 6; xlix. 8); the Head of His body the Church (Eph. i. 22); the elect servant of God (Isa. xlii. 1); the foundation of God (Isa. xxviii. 6; 1 Cor. iii. 8-11; 2 Tim. ii. 19); and He is the Man Jehovah's Fellow (Zec. xiii. 7), and God's righteousness (Rom. iii. 22).

The foregoing scriptures form a most blessed constellation of testimonies of Christ in the glories of His Person and the fulness of His Mediatorship, and of the excellencies of His Headship to His body the Church. In Him we, who are spiritually minded, rejoice that He is the Son of God and God eternal, "Jehovah our Righteousness" (Jer. xxiii. 6); and this will be the eternal security and blessedness of the election of grace—"All are your's, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's:" and it will follow to the eternal confusion of all Unitarians that "the head of every [elected] man is Christ, and the head of the [virtuous] woman is the man [Christ Jesus]; and the head of Christ [the Father's Servant] is God," the Godhead giving life and power to the Manhood, and the Man-nature, or "the body of His flesh," existing or subsisting in oneness with the Mighty God.

Q.—Did the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews know that Christ was God—or, indeed, more than a man—when he said that Christ was made like unto His brethren in all things, tempted in all points as we are, and made perfect through sufferings (Heb. ii. 10-18; iv. 15)?

A.—It is quite evident that the writer well knew Christ to be God, as the following scriptures most blessedly prove: "Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person, and upholding all things by the Word of His power [This He could not be or do were He not God] . . . But unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: . . . And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thine hands" (Heb. i. 3-10). This personal testimony only belongs to Christ, and it proves that the writer knew Christ to be God. I will now refer my questioner to what is recorded in Job xxxviii. 6, 7, and if he can read the Hebrew text he will there find that the Son of God laid the foundation of the earth. The portion reads thus: "Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together? My Son *Alehim*." This proves Him to be God—*Eloah*, the eternal unchangeable One. His being tempted in all points like unto His brethren is another

proof of His being God as well as Man. The devil attempted to turn Unitarian once, but he was foiled. To Christ he said, "If thou be the Son of God," etc.; but Christ answered, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Again, the devil said, "All these things will I give thee," etc., but Jesus replied, "Get thee hence, Satan: it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve" (Mat. iv). This testifies who was tempted and how He was tempted in all points like unto His brethren with the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life: and His being made like unto His brethren in all things is another proof of the glory of Him who is both God and Man. Had He have been man only, He must have been *born* like unto His brethren in all things; but it is said that He was *made* like unto them in all things. This sets forth the dignity of His Person, and shows that in all things He has the pre-eminence (Col. i. 18). He, the Word, was made flesh (Jno. i. 14): He was made of a woman [not of a man], made under the law (Gal. iv. 5): He was made sin for us who knew no sin (2 Cor. 21): He was made the curse of the law for us (Gal. iii. 13): and He made Himself of no reputation (Phil. ii. 7). By the preceding portions we have plainly set forth the truth of His being made like unto His brethren, and in His being made like unto them He "remembered us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever" (Ps. cxxxvi. 23). This also proves the depth of the humiliation of the Son of God and it fully explains the way in which the Church is exalted to inherit the throne of glory.

Again: His being made perfect through [not by] suffering opens another glorious testimony of the Almighty Person of Christ, and it proves the glory of His finished work and sacrifice, as also the perfection of Christ as the Mediator; therefore let the scriptures be consulted, and His Godhead is established to a demonstration. Had He only have been man, He must have sunk under the sufferings which He had to endure. He suffered being tempted (Heb. ii. 18): He suffered the terrors of God, and His fierce wrath lay hard upon Him (Psa. lxxx. viii. 7-15): He suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, to bring them to God (1 Pet. iii. 18): He suffered death (Heb. ii. 9): and thus His office of Priest and Mediator became perfect; for He obeyed the Father, fulfilled the law, abolished death, and delivered His Church from the wrath to come (1 Thes. i. 10). Hence He is able to succour them that are tempted (Heb. ii. 18). These truths all combine to prove Jesus to be a complete Saviour, a perfect Mediator, an effectual Advocate, and a successful Intercessor. He is "Immanuel, God with us," manifest in the flesh of His Church, and Zion's perfection of beauty out of which God shines. He is, also, Christ "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. 4).

Q.—Did the Apostle John, the supposed author of the book of the Revelations, understand Christ to be God, or more than a man, when he described Christ as the Lamb that was slain, and when it is said (1st chap. 1) that God gave the revelation to Jesus Christ, who must have been previously ignorant of it, or how could it have been a revelation to Him?

4.—It is very certain that John knew that Christ was God; for he saith, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God, and God was the Word" (John i. 1). "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He (God) laid down His life for us" (1 John iii. 16). And John certainly understood the testimony of Jesus, who said unto him, "I am Alpha and Omega (the first and the last), the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty" (Rev. i. 8). And what he heard and saw he assuredly believed; it is plain that he saw and heard the Elders saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created" (Rev. iv. 11). This proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that John knew that He was God and was not ignorant that He was Man, and as God and man He was the Lamb in the midst of the throne, as it had been slain; and His receiving the revelation of the Father does not prove His ignorance of it, but it sets Him forth in the glory of His Mediatorship, as "The way, the truth, and the life" (John xiv. 6), and as the only medium of communication between God and men. And that all the revelation Jehovah hath made of Himself, whether to the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, or to any other of the church on earth, is and has been in and by the Person of the Son. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared (or revealed) Him" (John i. 18). And this testifies of the unalterable nature of the council, covenant, and purpose of the Holy Ones; so that all revelation comes to us in, through and by "Emmanuel, God with us;" and He saith, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9). Therefore His receiving the Revelation makes nothing for the creed of the Unitarian, or against Christ the wisdom of God, but it plainly declares Him to be the same God and Man in heaven that was on earth, and these things are amongst the mysteries of our most holy faith, known, enjoyed and believed by those who have a spiritual mind; and it is plain to them that understand, though it is foolishness to natural men, and what they cannot comprehend they deny.

(To be continued.)

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

Let not your heart be troubled, child,
Nor let it be afraid,
Your God will stem the torrent wild,
And make the howling tempest mild—
He'll grant you timely aid.
What cause have you to be dismayed?
Why shrink at troubles near?
Can His kind help e'er be delayed?
When you through foaming billows wade?
His presence sure to cheer.
Indeed He'll come, and that with power,
And you shall surely find
That Israel's God ne'er sleeps an hour
To let the dog of hell devour,
But will his fury bind,

A. W.

NO GOOD THING IN THE FLESH.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Though you have not heard from me, yet if you think you have been out of my thoughts and affections, you are very much mistaken. I trust this will never be, and because we are in Him, who is “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” O what a blessed union to feel! A nominal Christ would be utterly useless; and, therefore, I say with blessed Paul: “That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection.” How you go on in the best things, I cannot say; as for myself, I think the older I get, the worse I get. Never did I hate myself so much before as now, and because of my indifference towards the best of all Friends, and one who has done so much for me. O this hard heart of mine! Can Jesus possibly dwell within? Sometimes I think, after all, I must perish; for who can have less love, less zeal, less real mental devotion than I have? Ah, my brother, I want no one to smite me: for I must smite myself, even as poor Ephraim did. When a ray of light does come into my soul, and I do feel Jesus precious, if I deceive not myself, then it is that I could do I know not what for the Lord; while I feel ready to get into any hiding place, as it were, owing to my shame and confusion, and the sense I have of such overcoming mercy. It is then I say, Lord, do not leave me any more, otherwise I shall sink deeper than ever in darkness, wretchedness, and hardness of heart. Were it not for a drop of comfort now and then, I never could hold up my head at all in the church of Christ, while I cannot help looking upon myself oftentimes as being only a cumber-ground among them. Some dream of sanctification in the flesh. Well, I am perfectly satisfied if I had not a higher sanctification than this, I should as surely be damned as that I am writing to you. If I live at all to God, it is entirely owing to what Christ is made to me and what He is in me. God grant we may know nothing among ourselves save Christ and Him crucified. My soul is full of troubles, for I fear my wife is sinking fast. O how much she is altered in her poor weak helpless tabernacle within the last few days! I was obliged yesterday to call in the doctor, but I fear it is to no purpose. May the Lord give me grace and strength to bear up under the present trials, and those that may await me!

“Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.”

I have proved by experience, that if Jesus do but smile, I am in a moment carried above all transitory things? but when He hides His face, my very soul seems full of horror. I sometimes think that if the ungodly could have the sense of being forsaken of God, as I sometimes have, this would make them tremble indeed at the thoughts of eternal banishment from His presence, and the glory of His power. But I must check my pen, or I shall have my brother say, “A fool is known by his

much talk." I send you a list, or circular, concerning my new issue; and leave it in your hands to aid me in procuring a few subscribers, if possible. I leave the whole in the Lord's hands, after working hard with my pen, and praying much over my poor performances. May God bless you, and your's, is the prayer of your unworthy brother in Him,

B. TAYLOR.

CHILDREN OF THE HOUSEHOLD ENCOURAGED.

Ye children of God, by adoption and grace,
Call'd out of this sin-smitten world,
No longer to sorrow and sighing give place,
Look up to the banner unfurl'd.

See Jesus your Captain exalted on high,
Triumphant o'er death and the grave,
With holy delight and rejoicing draw nigh,
And prove Him almighty to save.

He never expects any virtue to find
In children to Adam allied,
Then leave all your good works and bad works behind,
And shelter alone in His side.

He purchas'd your freedom by drinking the gall,
He rescued from Hell and despair;
The curse of His Father, He suffer'd it all,
The whole of your sin He did bear.

All jots and all tittles of law He fulfill'd,
Your debt so amazing He paid;
Your enemy Satan for ever He kill'd,
And peace everlasting Has made.

See, conquest eternal encircles His brow,
He governs the hosts of the skies,
And though thus exalted, delighteth to bow
His ear to your groans and your sighs.

No matter how weak and how feeble you feel,
Howe'er undeserving His grace,
His goodness towards you is certainly real;
He holds you within His embrace.

And though He occasion'ly *seems* to deny
The very request of your heart,
'Tis only your faith and your patience to try;
He will His compassion impart.

Your mind He will wean from the creatures around,
Your heart, He will have it entire,
His blood of atonement your soul shall surround,
Your spirit He'll kindle with fire.

And then you in raptures shall praise His dear name,
With joy and increasing delight,
Prove the intensity of Love's hallow'd flame,
Eternally live in His sight.

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

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BRIGHT BEAMS FROM THE WEST.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN CHRIST OUR ETERNALLY GLORIOUS LORD,—I heartily thank you for your last very welcome but long-looked for epistle. Its contents are heart-cheering and soul-elevating, and though we are far distant from each other in the flesh, yet, being one in spirit, how sweet is it to meet sometimes and recount the wonders and the excellencies of our exalted King who watches over all His children, guiding them with His eye, directing their every step and granting them daily strength for daily needs! Power belongeth unto Him, likewise mercies and forgivenesses: righteousness and salvation also are blessings which are treasured up in His fulness. Who can measure the love of His heart? Who can express the value of the blood of the covenant? Who can describe the purity of His spotless righteousness? Indeed, when the full tide of delight from the river of His pleasures runs in and inundates us, we are lost and swallowed up, self is forgotten and Christ is to us all and in all. Speak of heaven—we realise it in earnest: speak of glory—we enjoy it in the first-fruits thereof: by the Spirit of the Lord we are changed into His image, and we enter for a season into that joy and bliss which overwhelm the glorified host now before the throne. And gladly would we at such times bid farewell to earth, and speed our way home: cheerfully would we say adieu to time, and launch into eternity: joyously would we shut our eyes to this world, and wake up in the presence-chamber. But it may be the Lord will have us tarry below yet a few more days and weeks: perhaps there remain a few more rough paths to be trodden, a few more enemies to be encountered. Nevertheless, “A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.” His summons will surely resound in our heart, “The Master is come, and calleth for *thee*,” for has He not graciously whispered, “I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also?” Yes! all glory to His name: hence, though still in the wilderness, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Ah!

“—— who loved us long before
The wheels of time began to move,
Whose love when time shall be no more,
Will still be everlasting love.”

Even here we may sing of a victory obtained, of a conquest completed, but when we shall reach the other shore, how exultingly will we unite in magnifying Him who hath made us victors, and in crowning Him Lord of all! Then shall we say to our loving and lovely Ishi, "It was a true report that we heard in our own land of Thy acts and of Thy wisdom; and behold the half was not told us, nay the millionth part was not declared." All the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are in Him, the fulness of the godhead bodily is resident in Him, who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person: yea, the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shines resplendently in the Person of Jesus Christ. O! what a glorious God is our's: what a compassionate High Priest: what a precious Friend and Brother!

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

Infinite mercy! "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." Amid the tossings and exercises we experience below, what a stronghold is this—none can pluck us out of His hand! Thus saith Jehovah, "I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand." This doubtless must refer to Christ primarily, but as members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones, we dwell with Him in love. How blessedly is the reciprocity which exists between Jesus and His people set forth in the Song of Solomon! When we read this book under the Holy Spirit's teaching and direct ministration, what glories open before us at every turn! I know some would rob us of this precious part of the Word of God, but had they spiritual eyes to discover what is hidden beneath its surface, had they spiritual hearts to realise that partnership and communion which God's saints enjoy with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, methinks they too would esteem it and call it by the appellation which one of our old writers has affixed to it, namely—"The heart of the Bible." Verily there are enwrapt within its folds mysteries which are hidden from the wise and prudent, but which are revealed unto the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty and experienced in the hearts of the living in Jerusalem. How ardent was the desire of the church to be brought feelingly into the inner chambers of love and union, into the banqueting house! Says she: "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon." And how easy did she find it to be to soar aloft when the command had been given, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!" how easy to say in the assured language of faith, "My beloved is mine, and I am His" when He had whispered, "O my dove in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely!" His word is with power, and we can bless our covenant God that hearing the voice of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, is not to us a mere

imagination but a glorious reality, and we can appeal to Him in the words of the Psalmist: "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." His doctrine still drops as the rain; His speech still distils as the dew; and again and again does He allure us and bring us into the wilderness that He may speak comfortably unto us, even into positions of need that He may deliver us with an high hand and with an outstretched arm. O! dear friend, is it not in love that the Lord lays heavy weights upon us, and causes us oftentimes to pass through the furnace and the flood? Is it not for our profit that He chastens us and reproveth us in measure? His word declares such to be the case. Afflictions—whether temporal or spiritual—come not forth of the dust, neither do troubles spring out of the ground. They are dealt in weight and in measure, and the Lord has promised to stay His rough wind in the day of His east wind. "He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men," but He chastens for our soul's good, that we may be partakers of His holiness. A sentence you once uttered recurs to the mind which is exactly in point: "The Lord afflicts His children that He may hear from them." Yes! this is it. Should we cry, "O Lord, I am oppressed: undertake for me," if we knew nothing of oppression? Surely not. Could we say with one of old, "Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise Thy name," were we never in the prison-house, never in captivity, never in exile? Most assuredly not. But where is the fury of the oppressor? What though ten thousand foes may compass us round about, since God is for us, who can be against us? "Thus saith the Lord, which maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters; which bringeth forth the chariot and horse, the army and power; they shall lie down together, they shall not rise: they are extinct, they are quenched as tow." He stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people. Surely the wrath of man shall praise Him: the remainder of wrath shall He restrain. To every billow that threatens our destruction His divine mandate is, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

"What from Christ that soul shall sever
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal cov'nant stands."

This grace covenant is ordered in all things and sure, and

"'Twas made with Jesus for His bride
Before the sinner fell."

Hence our bulwarks are impregnable, our place of defence ever shall be the munitions of rocks: not one of the stakes of our heavenly tabernacle—that house not made with hands—shall be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. Time-things may fluctuate, eternal verities cannot: it is impossible that they can be shaken.

I have been thinking lately how beautifully the position of the church of the living God is set forth in Isa. xl. 10. We there read, "Behold His reward is with Him," and continues the Holy Ghost by

the prophet, "His work before Him;" and most certainly His mystic body is His reward. "For the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." "His work is honourable and glorious: and His righteousness endureth for ever." In Isaiah's day salvation work was not actually accomplished, although it was virtually, being completed in God's mind from the foundation of the world; but now, for ever, blessed be His name, Jesus has finished transgression, made an end of sins, made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." What then remains? Nothing but the revelation thereof, the application of that blood which feelingly cleanseth from all sin, the experimental imputation of that righteousness which is unto all and upon all them that believe. But believing is not a creature act: faith is the gift of God, and faith revels in unseen realities. It has nothing to do with tangible things, with things that are visible, but it soars beyond and infinitely above this lower sphere: it lives in eternity: its food is immortal. Faith! what is it? "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And when in lively exercise, what can it not accomplish? It can level mountains and raise valleys: it can triumph in the darkest hour and surmount the most towering obstacle. But what is it that produces faith? The voice of our Beloved. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of the Lord," not the literal word, but the revealed Word, even Christ in the power of His Spirit. Here we are brought to our rallying point—the Person of our all-glorious Bridegroom, without whom we can do *nothing*. It is by His Spirit we cry "Abba Father:" it is by His powerful drawings and constrainings we shake ourselves from the dust and put on our beautiful garments. Well may we ask the Lord to grant us much of that "anointing which teacheth:" well may we entreat Him to lead us into Himself, into His mind, into His will. O! to comprehend more fully the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Here we can swim delightfully; here we can each exclaim, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Earnestly do we desire more communion with Him, more realised union-fellowship. We seem to live at such a distance, and our thoughts, alas! are so engrossed with the things of time. It is only now and then we view earthly vanities in their true light: it is only occasionally we feel that our life is but a vapour, that our days are but as an handbreadth: still there are times when we can rejoice that such is the case. Knowing as we do by divine teaching that our new life—our spiritual life—is "hid with Christ in God." Therefore it is secure, untouchable, and unbounded. It is eternal—everlasting: it was with the Father, and was manifested unto us, and said Jesus concerning His sheep, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish," and again, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." It is true they must drop the clay tabernacle and leave this earthly cage, but mortality shall be

swallowed up of life, and "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." I know that this is the case now in measure when the Lord reveals Himself gloriously and precious, when He causes copious showers to descend, and when He fills our earthen vessels with His heavenly treasure, but it will be one continuous shout of Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb, when time with us shall be no longer! Christ will then be glorified in us and we in Him: He will be admired by us and we by Him: and even now His language to us is, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee," because thou art "perfect through my comeliness put upon thee." Faith-life will then be changed to one perpetual glory-life; and when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. There appears to be something especially glorious in this expression—*as He is*. As He is in all His meridian splendour! As He is in all His radiance, grandeur and surpassing beauty! And we shall be satisfied—yea, eternally contented. Yes!

"We'll gaze on Him, world without end,
And feast on His ravishing love."

But I must conclude.

With our united remembrances to you and to Mrs. Wilcockson,
Believe me to remain in Him,
Ever your's very affectionately,

E. L. THORNTON.

Hartley Villa, Plymouth, July 11th, 1869.

THE DOCTRINES OF GRACE

ARE held by many, but loved by few. How rarely do we meet with one who really and truly knows the truth for himself! The doctrines of grace may be held tenaciously and contended for zealously by persons who are utterly unconscious of the necessity of the grace of those doctrines being realised under the inspiring and revealing power of the Holy Ghost. We consider that persons who are thus deceived are under a greater illusion of hell than any section of professors. True they are nearer to the kingdom of God in profession, but they are farthest off as regards real possession. They have a name to live amongst household children, but they are destitute of the knowledge of the preciousness of that living name which is infinitely and eternally above every name. Profess to believe in Christ they do, but the living faith, which is God's gift, which enables the blood-bought family to realise their interest in the Lord, they are perfect strangers to. The Word says that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of the Lord," and Christ says, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." But the person who holds the doctrines in his natural judgment

only can know nothing whatever of the voice of the Church's Beloved. His voice is exclusively heard by sheep of the one fold, and those who are strangers to the power of the Word have no reason whatever to conclude themselves sheep. They are infinitely more like goats. Christ says, "My sheep hear my voice:" hence it follows, that those who do not hear His voice are not His sheep: at least they lack the proof of being His sheep. As a sovereign, the Lord, the great and the good Shepherd, uses what instrumentality He pleases in order to speak to His sheep. The great means employed by the Lord are the Scriptures of truth. These He uses both privately and publicly, and in a special manner publicly; but He is not to be limited by man, or circumscribed by the creature. Generally, however, where His children reside within reasonable distance of the preached Word, it is there that he meets with them. Hence the Word of God exhorts the living children not to forsake the assembling of themselves together as the manner of some is, seeing that it is in the assembly of the saints where the Lord deigns to meet with and to bless His own offspring. Our opinion of those who rarely, if ever, assemble with the children, at the appointed hours of worship, be there profession what it may, give very sorry evidence of being alive from the dead. Those who can treat the means of grace with such indifference can know but little, if anything, of the God of the means. We are necessitated, from a long experience of religious "men and things," to put down much of the free-grace profession of the day as *valueless*. We would much prefer using another adjective—*valuable*, but we dare not. The inconsistency of professors is a source of great anxiety to us, and we are bound to say that if it caused themselves half the anxious thoughts that it does us, their inconsistent conduct would soon be superseded by conformity to the precepts laid down in the Word. Although none would more scrupulously contend for a salvation all of grace, without human help or creature aid, than would we, but at the same time we are bound to insist upon a conscientious course of conduct being pursued by those who profess to love that all-gracious and all-glorious saving name of Jesus. When we see those who mingle with the Lord's children on Sunday visiting and receiving visits from worldlings all the week we cannot help saying that they are a disgrace to their profession. Many, we are aware, are lawfully prevented from meeting with the saints at any other time but on Sundays, but there are others who absent themselves purposely: at least, they allow the least thing to deter them from going to the house of God. Perhaps an unlooked-for friend "pops in" just at the time when the person professing to know and love the truth ought to "pop out" to hear "the Gospel of the blessed God" preached: the result is, the friend is most courteously entertained and the house of God neglected. This is done without any remorse of conscience, and other things, equally frivolous, are allowed from time to time to form excuses from attending the week night service. Does the Holy Ghost, the teacher of all God's elect, inculcate this spirit of indifference touching the means of God's appointment? We "trow not." Contrariwise: we believe that the

ever-blessed Spirit would arouse the living child from such a state of soul lethargy; and if it were not to be done with mild means, He would lovingly but faithfully use "terrible things in righteousness" to bring such an one into his or her right mind. We have found, as a rule, that those who have been regular attendants on the week night services have worn better and stood longer, and have contributed more to the cause, than have those who have neglected these services. Is it a small matter to forsake the house of God? Is it a thing of no moment to despise the means of grace? One would think so if the actions of many professors were consulted. To use the mildest phrase and the most modified terms in our power concerning such persons we would say that we *stand in doubt* of them. The Lord, it is true, alone knoweth them that are His, but He has also told us in His word that by their fruits we are to know them. Hence we would say with Hart,

"When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree.'"

But we do not call neglecting the house of God good fruit: we do not call associating with worldlings good fruit: we do not consider withholding the means which ought to go toward the support of the cause of truth good fruit: we do not think that living, walking, acting, and talking as do the world can be good fruit. If the fore-going be good fruits, then we have sadly wronged several upon whom the eye of our mind is now resting. The Lord says, and He ought to be esteemed the best judge of the matter, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If this be true, and we dare not question it, it is a standard raised infinitely too high for the professors of whom we are now writing; but we are well aware that it is a standard which will never be lowered.

Ruth said to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," and we believe that the language of the heart of the Moabitish damsel is the breathing of soul of all Heaven's offspring. We have "no opinion" of those, who profess to love the truth, who feel more at home with the world than with the church. We consider that their "religion is vain," that "they are dead" in sin "while they live" in a profession: and when we say the world, we mean the mere professing world as well as the non-professing world: we mean, in a word, "the rest" that "were blinded." If, reader, these latter be your companions, you do not evince your love to the truth by living for the truth. If all your time be devoted to time-things, you are no living witness of the vital realities of eternity. If natural causes lay nearer your heart than does God's cause, you exemplify a sorry evidence of having passed from death into life. If you were the possessor of eternal life in Christ, you would, as a necessary result of that life, want spiritual food to sustain that life which you derive from Christ. If the cause of truth lay near your heart, you would be careful to do all in your power to support it. If the children of God were your brethren, you would be glad to cultivate their acquaintance, and you would highly esteem the communion

of saints. If the Christ of God were your object, His truth would form your subject; and this not merely in the doctrine thereof, but in the power of His Spirit. Indeed you would with the poet say of Zion,

"There my best friends and kindred dwell."

We have ever maintained, since we have been called by God to bear witness to His truth, that it is one of the rarest things in the world to meet with a real possessor amongst those who possess much of this world's goods. As a rule, with but solitary exceptions, they have their exclusive portion in this life. We have been *blamed* for this our well-grounded opinion, but hitherto we have not been *shamed*. The Word speaks most emphatically in favor of what we hold in this respect. Does it not say, "Blessed be ye poor, for your's is the kingdom of heaven?" Do we not read that "the common people heard Him gladly?" Is it not expressly written that there are "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called? but God hath chosen [And of this choice He will never repent] the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen weak things of the world to confound the things which are [seemingly] mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence." Is it not, also, said, "To the poor the gospel is preached?" Did not Christ, too, open His commission by adverting to the poor? Let His Divine Majesty speak for Himself. He says, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor"—emphatically "*the poor*," but there is not one word about the rich. The Lord has further said, "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people." The Lord, also, set the rich and poor in striking contrast in the case of Dives and Lazarus; and those of His followers, when He walked this sin-polluted earth, were, for the most part, extremely poor. We do not believe that one of the apostles, after they were called to preach, could boast of possessing *twenty shillings*. We much question whether they all possessed, Judas excepted, *twenty-pence*. Even our dear Lord Himself could not pay a trifling tribute when it was demanded by the powers that then were. Hence He sent Peter to get the amount, and not a penny over, out of a fish's mouth. Of Him it was truly said, "This **POOR MAN** cried, and the Lord heard Him." We likewise read of Him: "There was a little city, and few men within it: and there came a great king against it: . . . Now there was found in it a poor wise man [The man Christ Jesus], and He by His wisdom delivered the city: yet no man remembered that same poor man." We have no hesitation in stating, that poverty is made a part of the heir of heaven's blessing, and that riches are a part of the heir of hell's curse. Poverty we are aware, in itself, is a grievous thing, but there are but few of the Lord's children who could get on well without it. The Lord knows this: He acts accordingly: and in order to meet His children here, "He that was *rich* for our sakes became *poor*." Cheer up, ye poor

of the flock, and envy not the rich man his time-portion, seeing you have endurable riches in righteousness in Christ your blessed Lord, seeing you can sing heartily and cheerfully with the poet :

“ I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since thou, O God, art mine.”

You have no need to desire a better portion than that which you already possess in Him ; and though He be pleased, for wise purposes, to keep you extremely poor during the time-state, you know that you are for ever in His favour and affection, and that nothing can separate you from His love. You are bound in the bundle of life with the Lord your God, and none can pluck you out of the loving hands of your best Friend, your ever-kind Beloved. He has numbered your footsteps in wisdom, He has apportioned your lot in love, and He will ever have you in safe keeping and secure guidance. Cheer up, most dearly beloved, the road may be thorny, the pathway may be rough, time-things may assume a most gloomy aspect, and the devil may tease, torment, worry, and perplex you, and even make you fret against your best Friend, but soon, very soon, you will have done with the lower house, and then you will enter into the joy of your Lord. Indeed,

“ Eternal joys shall soon repay
The sorrows of the good old way.”

(To be continued.)

REAL AND SPIRITUAL BREATHINGS.

HONORED AND DEAR SIR,—I trust that your notice on the wrapper of this month's WITNESS will be a sufficient apology for the liberty that I take in addressing you. I trust that I am one of the Lord's poor, to whom you have very kindly offered a volume of the WITNESS “ Without money and without price.” I have been made to feel that if one good thought would gain salvation for my soul, I am too poor to produce it. I am desiring and longing to hear the voice of the Son of God and live—live to love Him and to praise Him. I am fully persuaded that Jesus is the only name under heaven whereby any can be saved, that He is the only foundation, the only Rock, the only Hiding Place, and the only Refuge from the wrath to come : and I can add, “ This is all my salvation and all my desire, though He make it not to grow.” But I have to groan over a heart as hard as adamant, as cold as a Lapland winter, and as barren as the mountains of Gilboa, which causes me to fear that no saving change can ever have been effected. I feel, with dear, tried Hart, that

“ The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The sea can roar, the mountains shake,
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine :”

and yet sometimes the Lord is pleased to give me a revival in the midst

of my bondage, either from the written or the preached word. He has very greatly blessed many of your testimonies to my soul during the time that you preached in the Assembly Rooms, at Plymouth, when I have been ready to give up all for lost. I especially remember the sermon that you preached from Deut. xxxiii. 27. This was a great lift to me, and it abode with me many days: but still I cannot "read my title clear," and I often fear that my hope will prove to be that of the hypocrite. I earnestly beg the Lord not to permit me to be deceived.

Pardon my digression. My object in writing to you is to solicit the favour of a copy of the ninth volume of the WITNESS, if you have it and feel at liberty to send it. I have only been enabled to purchase a few numbers occasionally. Miss T. has kindly completed the tenth volume for me, and she is now presenting me monthly with the eleventh. I hope that the Lord will continue to crown your labours with success, and give you testimonies from time to time that you do not labour in vain and spend your strength for nought.

Begging your forgiveness for all that you see amiss,

Allow me to subscribe myself,

Your humble servant,

Plymouth, July 21, 1869.

D. L. F.

HONORED AND DEAR SIR,—I desire to return you many thanks for your very kind present which Mr. T. kindly forwarded me last evening. May the Lord be pleased to bless the perusal thereof to my soul, and give me to realise my interest in Jesus. I have been revived many times in the midst of my bondage whilst listening to your testimonies from time to time at the Assembly Rooms. Many of the precious "Gleanings from the Pulpit" now appearing in the WITNESS I was privileged to hear from your lips. It has been living bread cast upon troubled waters, and I trust that in this way it may be found and fed upon by the gracious ministry of God the eternal Spirit; for I feel that I may hear and read without any real benefit unless it be made spirit and life to my soul. *I can take nothing for granted.* Many, many sweet encouragements have I had from my late beloved minister, the Rev. G. D. Doudney, and he being "dead yet speaketh" through his precious "Gospel Cottage Lectures." It is very good and gracious of the Lord to convey His blessing through His own appointed instruments. But I want to be "stablished, strengthened, settled," and enabled to testify of the Lord's mercy and faithfulness; and I want, moreover, to be privileged to say, "He hath done excellent things," instead of being employed in talking of my own miseries, doubts and fears.

May the Lord continue to stand by you, encourage and strengthen you, and still own and bless your labours both from the pulpit and the press,

So prays,

Your humble and obliged servant,

Plymouth, August 1, 1869.

D. L. F.

DIFFERENCE IN LETTER AND SPIRIT.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—We desire to be thankful to you for sending the WITNESS to us again this month, although it seems like imposing upon good nature. We have given it to a friend, with the hope that she may profit by it, as we had already procured one through the bookseller. We read several of the articles without the least due or savor. To me they were dry and dead, and I threw the book on the table as an unsavoury thing. If I had not have before sucked sweetness from the WITNESS, I should have concluded it to be a dry breast to my soul. I went to bed in a wretched state of mind, and experienced a very restless night owing to severe rheumatic pains in my legs. In the morning as I lay awake, I determined to destroy all the letters that I had received from my friends, and to discontinue all spiritual correspondence, for I felt myself to be such a dark, benighted creature. Whilst seated at the breakfast table I took up the WITNESS again and commenced reading the opening address. I exclaimed, "Can this be the book that I read last evening! What a change! I *then* felt all *darkness*, but *now* it seems all *light*. It *then* appeared all *shell*, but *now* it is all kernal! What a mighty difference!" As I read on I cried, I blest, I praised, and I longed for the time to come to fly away and be at rest. I rose from the breakfast table and longed to both write and speak to the dear children of God. How great the change! But David says that the wicked have none; therefore they fear not God.

I find, dear brother, that there are many in our day who profess to know and love the Lord, but they would much prefer hearing a fool in a play house to hearing the experience of a child of God. I am glad to get hold of an experimental piece to read, and in this way I often get food for my poor soul. I believe that the dear Lord has made you both honest and faithful, and He has caused your words to be sweet and savoury; for both my wife and myself have found your works profitable to our souls, thus proving them not to be a dry breast. Put a living child to a dry breast, and how soon it will show its dissatisfaction by kicking and crying! Put it to one that is full of milk, and how different will be its behaviour! Here it will suck and be satisfied. Is not this the case spiritually with a child of God? If the ministry be a dry breast, the living child will starve, but the dead professor will be puffed up with pride; "for the dead know not anything" spiritually, although they are first and foremost in church matters at the house of God. How is it that these latter run so fast? Because they have no burden to carry. Poor Bunyan found in his pilgrimage, as all other children find in their pilgrimage, that he could not travel very fast on account of the burden that he had to bear. The Lord says that His people shall not make haste. A minister said to me the other day, "I must be going; for what a state poor souls are in!" Yes, and they may run, but they have no message from God. Ahimaaz ran, in the days

of David, and He saw a great tumult, but he bare no tidings. The Lord says, respecting those who are not anointed by Him, "They shall not profit my people at all, for I sent them not." All profession without the new birth is vain and useless, and all those who are the subjects of it are living souls; and if living souls, they will sigh, cry, and groan for the Lord's presence. They cannot go on long without it, and yet in their darkest moments they can say,

"Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes,
Above your highest mirth
My saddest hours I prize:
For though my cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

Now, my brother, what is preaching without the Lord's presence in the Word but a dry breast? What are all means of grace without the grace of the means? Indeed they are but dead and dry. The breathing of our heart under the Word is, "Favor me with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people." With all my heart and soul I would say, "Favor me; poor, unworthy me, with a kiss, a smile, a look of love!" A smile from dear Jesus makes all seemingly wrong matters right in a moment. Some might say, "And what do you know about a smile or a kiss from the Lord?" I hope that I have been privileged to have many, and all of them have been most undeserved. A good man said to me the other day in the house of God, "Come and sit beside me." Oh I thought what a mercy to be considered worthy to sit with one of the Lord's dear children! and O, infinitely greater is the favor to be privileged to sit with the Lord of life and glory! The latter thought crumbled me into nothingness before the Lord, and by the eye of faith I saw such a beauty in Christ, with a feeling persuasion that He was my Beloved and my Friend. At that time I

"Could say in faith, from doubting free,
How sweet thy fruit and shade to me."

It may be further asked, "When did you get a kiss from the Lord?" Song i. 2.

To the supposed question I answer that although my memory is so bad, that I cannot even think of the text when I get out of the house of God, and so find with Paul that the good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do, yet this visitation of love was so special and so blessed that I cannot quite forget it. It was many years ago, and the sweetness has long since passed away, but it is afresh renewed whenever the Lord is again pleased to favor me with another token of His love. The spot, the circumstances, and the sweetness are all then brought with vividness to the mind.

Between twenty and thirty years ago I was one morning in great darkness of mind, and I suffered much from the temptations of the devil. When I arose from my bed I felt that I could not kneel down and pray to the Lord, for I felt that He would cut me off for such awful mockery. As I was about to leave the house to proceed to my work

there appeared just a glimmer of light beaming upon the mind which gave me a little encouragement: I then fell down on my wife's old nursing chair and tried to pray, and in a few moments the dear Lord gave me a smile; so that I was enabled by Love's constraining to call Him "my Lord and my God," which caused me to wet the old chair with my tears of joy. I said, My dear Saviour, I do want to call thee my dear Father. Do, O pray do enable me to call thee Father! In a moment I was so melted down at my dear Lord's feet with such a blessed feeling that it was sweetly pressed out of my soul—"Dear Father, blessed Father, loving Father!" I talked to Him just like a little child, and my time having arrived that I must leave the house for my work, I said, "Dear Father, I must go to work!" I went to my employ with the sweet enjoyment of His blessed presence until 8 o'clock, and then He withdrew; but what a mercy, my brother, that the words of the poet are true:

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine,
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

J. ANSCOMBE.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GLEANER.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—Grace and peace be with you, and may the God of consolation shortly fill you with joy and peace in believing. May He turn your eyes away from the mystery of iniquity within, to the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, stretched upon the cross for you, redeeming you from the deserved curse of the law by being made a curse for you, bearing your very sins (which seem to you greater than any other) in His own body on the tree. This is the only sight which can heal your wounded heart and bring rest to your weary, labouring spirit. You are bowed down with the burden of sin, even as the poor woman was with the infirmity wherewith Satan had bound her for eighteen years, and, like her, you can in no wise lift up yourself. It must be a power out of yourself that shall loose you from your heavy burden and bitter bondage.

Poor heart! you are hopeless and helpless unless "the Deliverer" appear on your behalf; and He will do it, for He never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye Me in vain." You are seeking Him and His favour, and you think you shall never find it; but "His thoughts are not as your thoughts," for "as the heavens are higher than the earth," so are His thoughts and ways above yours. You look at your own deserving, and judge by things seen and felt. He judges righteous judgment, and has found a wondrous way in which He can honourably deal with you according to the deservings of another.

O my beloved friend, how will your heart leap and your tongue sing when this secret is opened to you in power! How will your burden fall off when you get a faith-view of the cross and of the precious sufferer thereon! These words, perhaps, seem now to you like idle tales as regards

your personal experience, and you believe them not with any comforting application. "Power belongeth unto God," but truly I can believe on your behalf, and have no doubt you will be as a brand plucked from the burning, a trophy of redeeming love, a jewel of my Saviour's crown, and that as chief sinners we shall ere long sing together, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

You may perhaps say, "You cannot know how bad I am, or you would not feel so sure." And *you* do not know how bad *I* am, or you would not think yourself worse. The arm that reached me (low indeed in the pit of corruption) can reach you, the blood that cleansed me can cleanse you, the love that sealed my pardon can seal yours. Notwithstanding all you can say concerning your bad case, I fully expect that in the Lord's time you will send me an Ebenezer stone inscribed with pardon free and full. Thereon we will sit down together, and taking the harp from the willow, sing, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes," "Grace, grace unto it." What! do you think you have outstained the blood, the love, the power, or the will of Him who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, and who said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?" Nay, do not so wrong your own soul and the sinner-receiving Saviour. His invitation, His promise, is to you, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I was thankful to hear you had some alleviation of bodily affliction, and sincerely hope it will prove permanent, if that will be for your good. It must be distressing to suffer acutely in body and soul too. You kindly mention my health. Through mercy it is considerably established, so that I can engage in the activities of life. Perhaps you know that this was very contrary to my wish. I was very tired of my wilderness-school, and longed for my glory-home, having such bright views thereof as bedimmed earth and all in it. Yes! I, who once lay trembling at the mouth of the pit, and felt that by my own corruptions I was preparing for those everlasting burnings, have, by sovereign grace, been taken thence into Beulah's happy land. I have been in the very suburbs of celestial bliss, have felt joys unutterable, and desired to drop this fettering clay, and to be for ever with my Lord. But He denied my pressing suit, and sent me back to tell His wondrous love to sister sinners. Oh, would that it might reach your heart, and that mercy-drops of precious blood might take your guilt and grief away!

It seems your affliction came upon you contrary to human probability, and when you were on the pinnacle of worldly ease and honour, and perhaps of fleshly pride. So did Nebuchadnezzar's. He was suddenly brought down from his greatness, lost his mental understanding, his mental powers, so that he might well say, "I was as a beast before Thee." Yet I verily believe the Lord had a favour towards him, to do him good in his latter end; for at the end of the days "he lifted up his eyes to heaven," and spake like one chastened, but not killed, as one judged in himself that he should not be condemned with the world. Read his humble praise and confession,—Daniel vi. 34,—and pick up a crumb of

encouragement, if the great Master will let it fall thus from His table for you. You know it is not a new or strange thing He is doing with you ; for He has said, "The loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low ; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." It is one thing to read this in words, but quite another to come under the discipline of it, to find all our ornaments taken away, and truly discover, instead of our imagined beauty, the loathsomeness of our corruption ; instead of a girdle, keeping all in order, a rent ; instead of well-set hair, to please ourselves and others, baldness ; instead of a stomacher, a girding of sackcloth ; and burning in the conscience instead of beauty. Ah, to go through all this is fearful indeed ! I have known it, you now know it, and the poor heart fears that such an abased, polluted creature must only be "a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction." But this is only the spirit of judgment and the spirit of burning, praying the daughters of Zion that the branch of the Lord may be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth excellent and comely ; and these very poor creatures shall be called holy, and found written among the living in Jerusalem.

You speak of the rising of your heart in independence against the Lord's dealings to make you dependent. This is exactly His way. Just where we would not have the cross, it shall be laid on ; and where nature is the most sensitive it shall least be spared. The reason is plain—the deeply-rooted evil needs the caustic and the knife. Your independence might have passed with you for a virtue, had not close dealing with it by a skilful hand brought out its hidden hideousness, and now you stand aghast at the discovery. But remember, you do not now begin to be so vile, you always were so in God's sight, but the calm surface hid it from your own eyes. He has broken up the fountain of this great deep, and is discovering your iniquity to turn away your captivity, in which you have willingly been held by the very evil you now deplore. "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man" to "withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." He will give you a humble, thankful spirit, affectionately willing to be dependent, if it will glorify Him.

You speak of being thought obstinate in rejecting comfort. The very same thing was said to me, while truly my heart groaned for it, but I had no power either to believe or receive. However, when the day of His power came, I was made willing enough. This day is what *you* are waiting for, and you shall not wait in vain, as the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it—Isaiah xxx. 18 ; Lamentations iii. 25, 26. You speak of some sweet words and promises coming to your mind with comfort, and that afterwards you thought it was presumption to take them as yours. This is the enemy trying to snatch the morsel from your hungry soul. He would have you reject everything because you do not get a full deliverance, but I pray you receive without fear those little hints of the Lord's kindness to thee, lest thou grieve His Holy Spirit, who thus helps thee with a little help.

And now I commit you to Him who is able to do for you exceeding abundantly above all I can ask or think ; who will perfect that which

concerneth you, and it shall be to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved. May the Holy Ghost witness it in your soul.

Believed me, dearly beloved, affectionately your's,

RUTH.

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.

TO MY VERY DEAR RUTH,—I again address you in the holy and sacred ties of love and blood, and in the pure relationship that we have with Immanuel. We are bound together in the bundle of life with the Lord our God, and in the knowledge thereof, under the ministry of the eternal Spirit, we say, Oh the dep'h of these deep things of God! "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." On the ground of this unalterable relationship that we have with Him I would just look in upon you to see how you do; but I would not intrude upon you so as to interrupt your sweet converse with Jesus the mighty God of Jacob: and as I love a warm heart I find that there are none so full of love and heat as His whom our souls love; and in the love and heat of His heart ours are more than assimilated; for it is but one heart that we possess, and God our Redeemer says, "Your heart shall live for ever." The heart of Christ is ours, and we have none beside with life: He Himself is our life, and we are His breathing frame. Our breath is not in our nostrils to breathe as creatures for a few days, but every spiritual breath that we draw is in eternal life, and we only breathe in life in Jesus. We live not in Adam earthy. Ah, no! All is death in him; but it is in the Second Adam that we live, and move, and have our being, as it is written: "But of Him [God the Father] are ye in Christ Jesus." This plainly declares our origin to be of God in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world: and on the ground of this sacred and mysterious union to Christ is that holy promise formed which says concerning the members of Christ, "The redeemed of the Lord shall return." We live both in oneness of life and nature with Christ, therefore we have at all times unalterable cause to rejoice in Jesus our Lord and to have no confidence in the flesh. I can see no beauty or comeliness in any but Christ, and what excellencies and glories we have opened to our spiritual understanding in that portion which says that "His visage was more marred than any man's, and His form more than the sons of men." It is sweet to have the mind fixed on Him and the heart full of love and blood to esteem Him who was stricken, smitten of God and afflicted, and to sing with the heart and with the understanding also, "But he was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." It was here, in this deep profound, where I first saw the glory, beauty, and majesty of my altogether lovely and precious, precious Lord Jesus: and I still

love to view Him here, in the full streams of His love, in depths beyond an angel's ken or finite minds to fathom. He the High Priest and Holy One of God came down into the dust of death, to save His bride, to whom His soul did cleave as Husband unto wife; and they are no more twain, but one flesh. Oh, sacred mystery and deep the most profound! This sacred mystery is only known by Him who is our Father and our Husband in all its fullness; and yet He Himself being our Portion, we are in Him in full possession of the same; that is, of all the things that He did when He came down to our world to put on His new clothing, and thus become the word made flesh. In this nature He "dwelt among us and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It is here where we see Him as God in our nature, the invisible Jehovah made visible to the eye of that faith which is His gift, our everlasting Light, our God, and our Glory. At we, His members, by faith, go down in the valley of His humiliation, and have fellowship with Him in His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death, we are humbled into nothingness and Christ becomes to us all and in all. We also rise in Him in resurrection fullness, glory and blessedness, and we experience that truth which is written, "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of the light." This is "as having nothing, yet possessing all things:" "cast down, but not destroyed: always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." Ah, beloved, how the glory, beauty, suitability, and preciousness of our Beloved shine forth upon our spiritual mind! I love to behold the glory of Him who is the God of glory, and the Lord of glory, whom they crucified and hung upon the tree: for it is in Him only that I can glory and of Him alone I can sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

Beloved, let us walk together a few more steps in the land of Beulah and sweetly drink the spiced wine and the juice of the pomegranate, and with dove's eyes behold Him who is Beauty and Glory, the Branch Jehovah, with His vesture dipped in blood, whose robes do stream eternal light, and whose garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia: and here with Him, in depths profound, the Most High God, we hear Him say, "I am a worm and no man." "I watch and am alone as a sparrow upon the house-top. I am like a pelican in the wilderness, and an owl in a desert place, or an old ruinous building." I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with my weeping. I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. I hid not my face from shame and spitting. Oh, wondrous depth of depths, the Lord of glory, the Man of sorrows, the God of the whole earth, purchased His church with His own blood! Here let us pause. Now let us join the heavenly host, who ushered in His holy incarnation when He left His upper throne of glory for His lower throne of glory, in singing with sweetest melody, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the

government shall be upon His shoulder ; and His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The 'everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." This He "of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth," and of whom Paul wrote, saying, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God," "the hidden wisdom in a mystery," "the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory," "that we should be to the praise of His glory."

One word more. I desire to lisp His praise, with tongue ready to speak elegantly, who is the Most High God, yet "Immanuel, God with us ;" but I leave the elegant speaking for purer realms, above all clouds and darkness, where we shall be like Him, all immortal, and see Him as He is. Whilst dwelling in lowlands He is precious and altogether lovely, and most suitable in all places unto us. How dear the mercy to ponder over, and precious the truth to dwell upon, that it is He Himself who is our Life, that we live our spiritual life in Him, and that He alone our Life lives in us ; therefore it may be truly said of us, "Neither can they die any more, being the children of God, the children of the resurrection ;" and, "Upon such the second death hath no power." Jesus our gracious Lord, our glorious Mediator, and great High Priest, suffered death, went through all its substance ; yea, He death abolished and sin destroyed, and He overcame him that had the power of death, crying with His expiring breath, "It is finished." Here ; yes, here in these most wondrous depths I see His glory beaming forth ; yea, His holiness in melody most sweet I hear, in sounds that vibrate in my heart, to give comfort and real joy, as Jesus speaks them in the deep of humiliation, saying, "For innumerable evils have compassed me about : mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up. They are more than the hairs of my head : therefore my heart forsaketh me." "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts : all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me : " and we, His members, the travail of His soul, do sing to Him our song of praise, saying, "Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation ; and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great." With our heart and mind we also say to Him, "Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." "His work is honorable and glorious," but it is His Person, the "glorious Jehovah" Jesus, who is "unto us a place of broad rivers and streams." He also is "Jehovah our Righteousness," Jehovah our everlasting Light, our God, and our glory : and how sweet it is to sing of this precious Lord Jesus, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble ; therefore will we not fear."

"I will bless the Lord at all times" with you for His loving-kindness toward you in your "light affliction," and where the afflicted members are there the Head Physician will be. He is still and ever Jehovah-Rophi, the Lord that healeth thee, and who maketh all thy bed in thy affliction. "He healeth all our diseases," and we read of Him, "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." To HIM be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Peace be unto you and love with faith, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. I trust that your body is better and that Jesus is precious. Soon that which is in part shall be done away, and that which is perfect shall for ever have come.

"A few more days and we shall rise,
To take our portion in the skies,
And sing, without a throbbing breast,
All things were ordered for the best."

"Now the Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means. The Lord be with you all. The salutation of [Arthur] Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write."

Your's in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

FROM A DEEPLY TRIED BROTHER.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Once more I am favored, through the tender mercies of my covenant Jehovah-Jireh, to greet you in the precious name of our glorious and ever-adorable Prince Immanuel "who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father, to whom be glory for ever. Amen." Well might Hart say,

"What creatures beside are favored like us,
Forgiven, supplied, and banqueted thus,
By God our good Father, who gave us His Son,
And sent Him to gather His children in one!"

There is but one fold, one Shepherd, and but one "Bishop of our souls," and "we love Him because He first loved us." Oh, had He not have loved us and blessed us in eternity, ere "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," we should still have been "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity," walking the broad road that leadeth to destruction, "enemies to God by wicked works," "vessels of wrath fitted for destruction;" but O, mercy of mercies, marvel of marvels, our God "has not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh, the riches of His distinguishing grace! Oh, what amazing love of His heart to stop us in our mad career of sin and folly! It was Himself alone who put a cry into our heart for mercy, and it was by the Spirit only that we were brought with weeping and with supplication, to look upon Him whom we have pierced, and to joyfully exclaim with the poet:

"Oh those looks from Calvary's mountain!
What compassion they reveal!
Those dear eyes, so sweetly closing,
Clos'd the mouth of raging hell."

Ah! He dies, but with my Jesus
Dies the awful curse of God,
And a world of human evils
Now expire in Calvary's blood."

How discriminating is the Love of Jehovah's heart! Why did He love Jacob with an everlasting love and leave Esau his brother to perish in his sin? Because it was His sovereign will and pleasure so to do. He

had ever loved Jacob and viewed Him as a "member of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." Esau was of the serpent's seed, and not an heir of glory. Oh, are we more amiable and less vile by nature than are those who never participate in God's great salvation, than those who never realise the love of God shed abroad in the heart? Ah, no! We well know by inward experience that there is nothing lovely or comely in ourselves as creatures, lost, ruined and undone, that could possibly merit the Lord's esteem. How do we account, then, for being thus highly favoured? Ah, say you, the fact is, we belong to the Lord's elect family, and we were eternally loved, blessed, and set apart with Christ as the members of His mystical body from everlasting, and we were "predestinated conformed to the image of His Son" in that covenant ordered in all things and sure to the elect seed. Our glorious Kinsman and Redeemer rejoiced over us, the habitable parts of His earth,

"Long ere the day-star knew its place,
Or planets went their round."

Well may we exclaim, then, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"

Dear brother, the hamper of clothes came safely. Many, many thanks to you and yours for them. How nicely they fitted! We cannot find words with which to thank you sufficiently for your kindness. May the Lord God of Israel abundantly bless you both and make your souls continually as a well watered garden! I am sorry to say that my work is still very slack. I am at work about two days a week.

Hoping that you and your family are all well,

Believe me, my dear brother, yours affectionately,
25, Berwick-St., Oxford-St., London.

E. MEREDITH.

[Should any of our readers feel it in their heart to contribute to the necessity of our deeply tried brother we shall esteem it a great favour. Either money or left off wearing apparel would be most gratefully received. He has a wife and four children [three sons and one daughter], the eldest of which has not yet reached nine years of age. He was a continual attendant upon our ministry at Beulah, and is a real lover of God's eternal truth; hence our sympathies are specially drawn out in his case. For many weeks he has been unable to hear the Word preached on account of his clothes being worn out. He is by trade a lithographer, and on account of machinery being now generally applied to his branch of business he can only get employment two days in a week. Every day's experience reminds us more and more of the Lord's people being *emphatically* "a poor people." Well, the Lord ever especially cared for the poor, and He Himself condescended to become poorer than any of His brethren, for He literally declared, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head:" and yet all things were created by Him and for Him, and He was, is, and ever will remain, "God over all, blessed for ever more." More than pleased shall we be to hear from our brother that some of our readers have sent him something in the shape of money or clothes.—Ed.]



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